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SEPTEMBER, 1923

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ARTICLES and photographs are desired. For material which the Magazine can use, generous remuneration is made. Contributions should be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and postage.

IMMEDIATELY after the terrific eruption of the world's largest crater, Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, a National Geographic Society expedition was sent to make observations of this remarkable phenomenon. Four expeditions have followed and the extraordinary scientific data resultant given to the world. In this vicinity an eighth wonder of the world was discovered and explored—"The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a vast area of steaming, spouting fissures. As a result of The Society's discoveries this area has been created a National Monument by proclamation of the President of the United States.

AT an expense of over $50,000 The Society sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Inca race. Their discoveries form a large share of our knowledge of a civilization which was waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru.

THE Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the historic expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole.

NOT long ago The Society granted $25,000, and in addition $75,000 was given by individual members through The Society to the Federal Government when the congressional appropriation for the purchase was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees of California were thereby saved for the American people and incorporated into a National Park.

THE Society is conducting extensive explorations and excavations in northwestern New Mexico, which was one of the most densely populated areas in North America before Columbus came, a region where prehistoric peoples lived in vast communal dwellings whose ruins are ranked second to none of ancient times in point of architecture, and whose customs, ceremonies and name have been engulfed in an oblivion more complete than any other people who left traces comparable to theirs.

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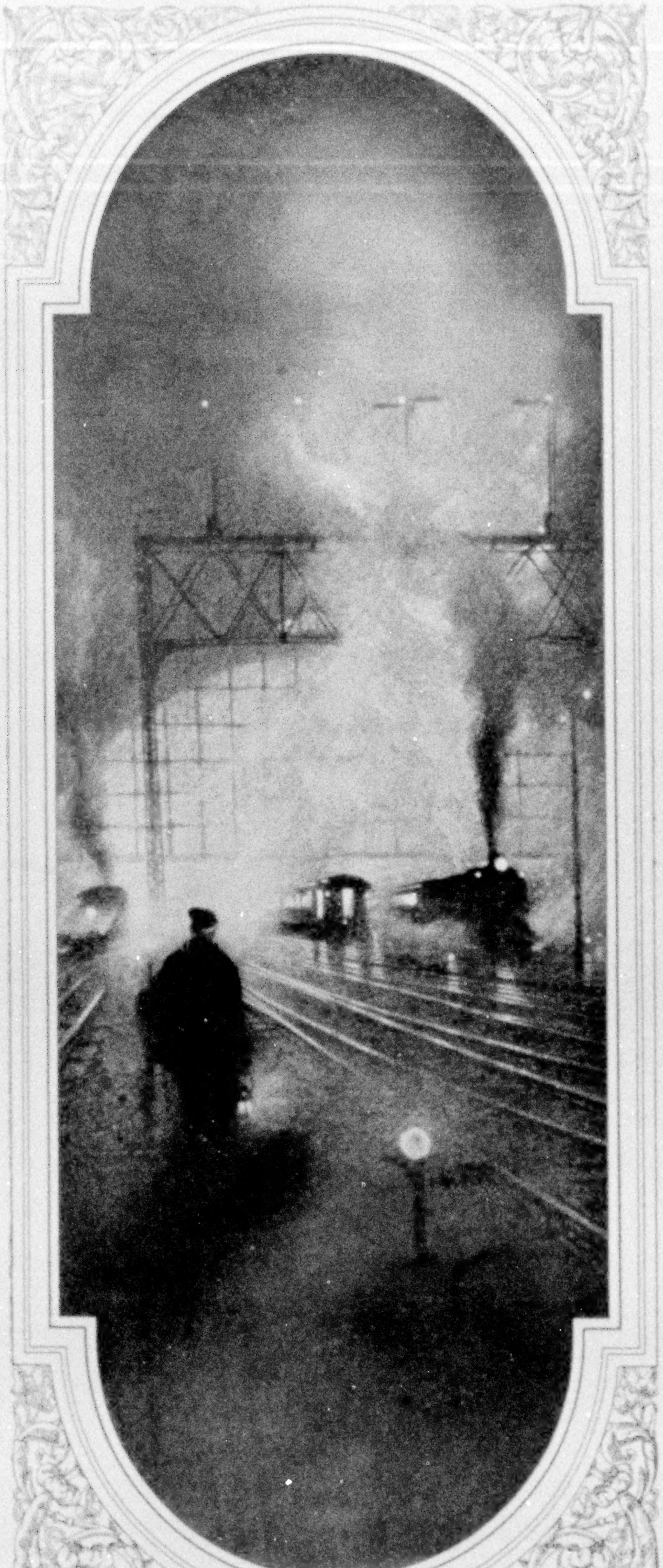

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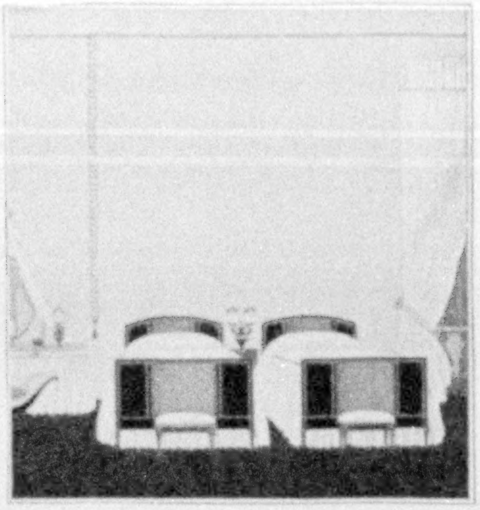

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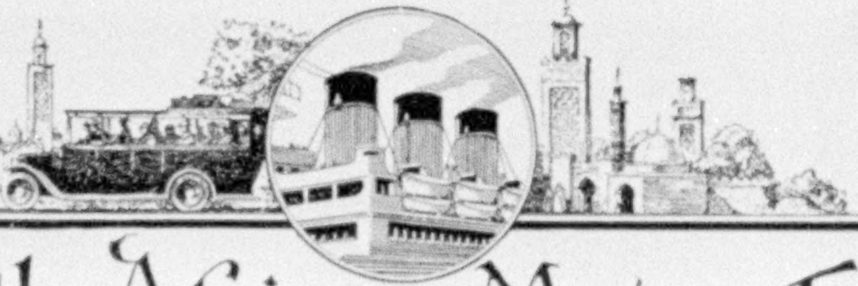

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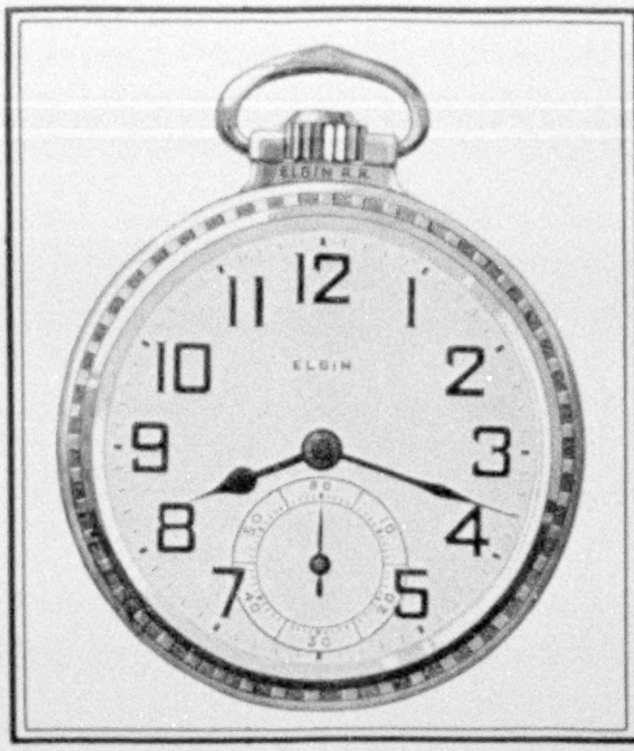

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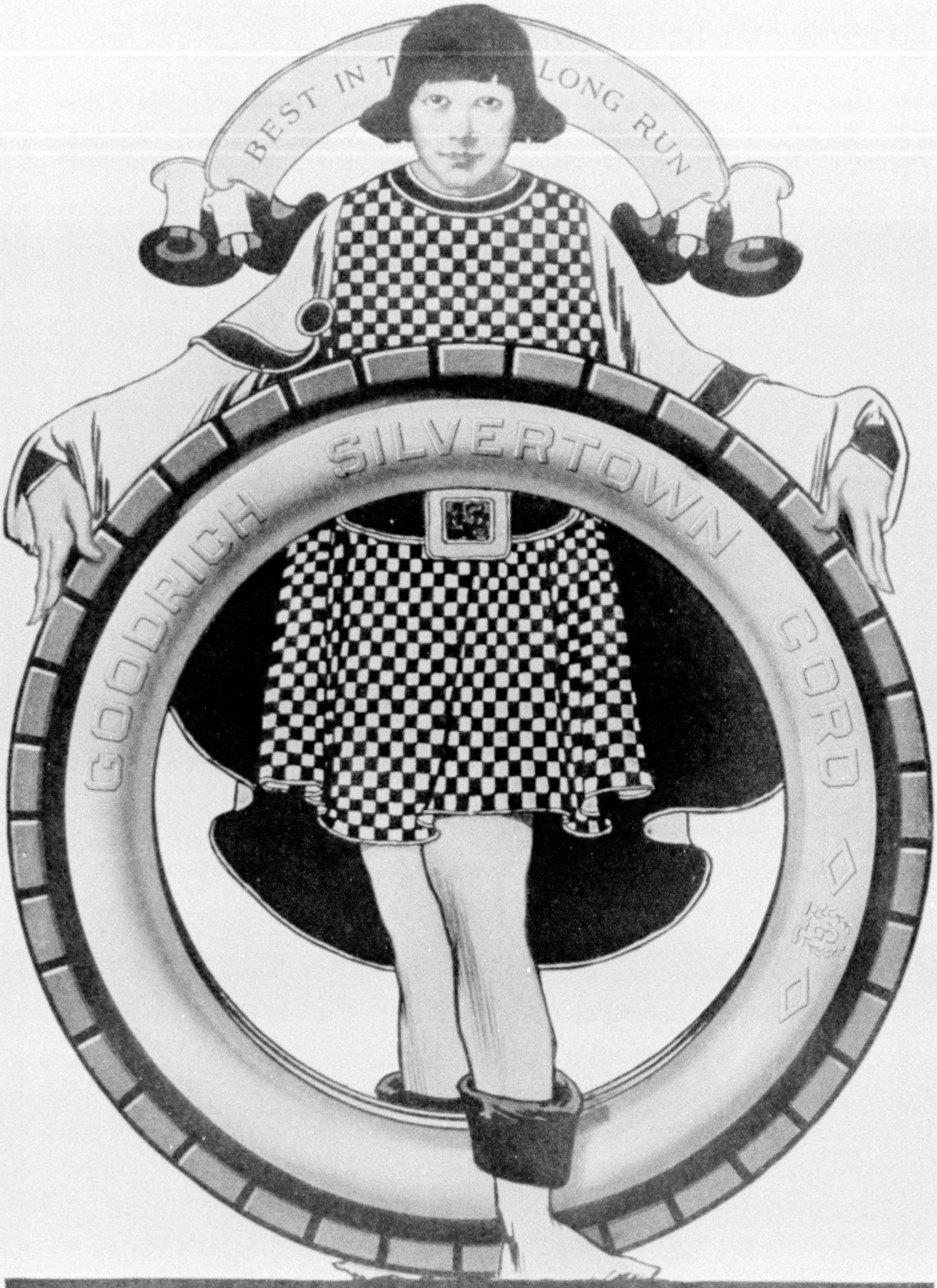

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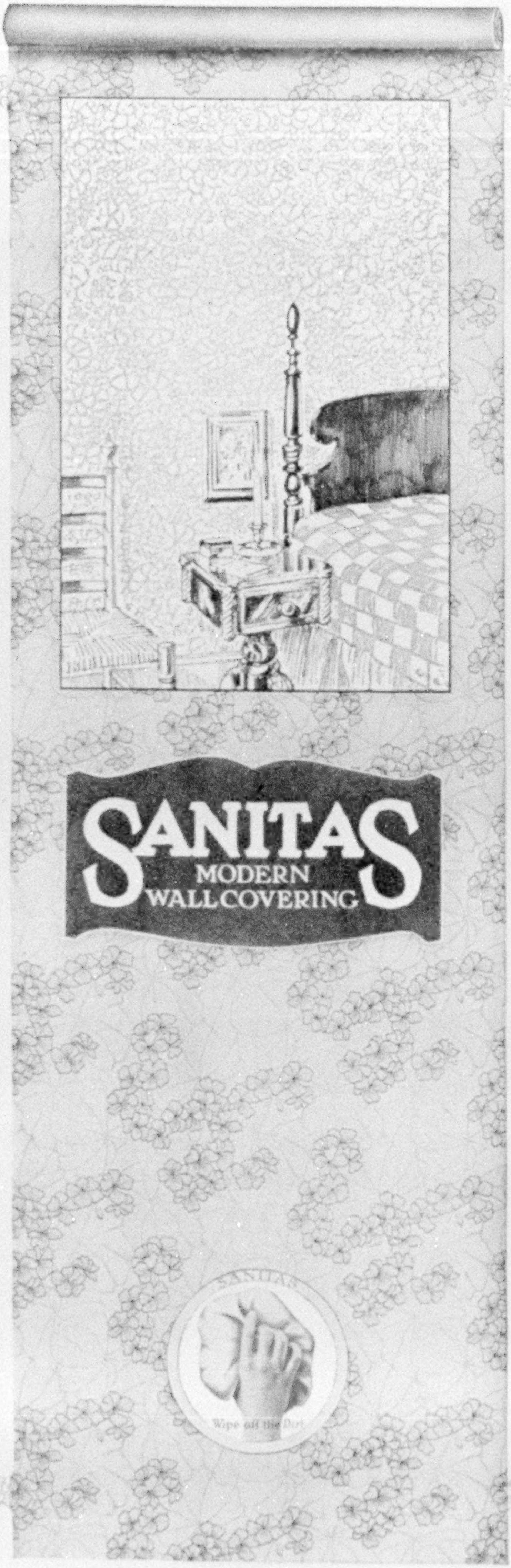

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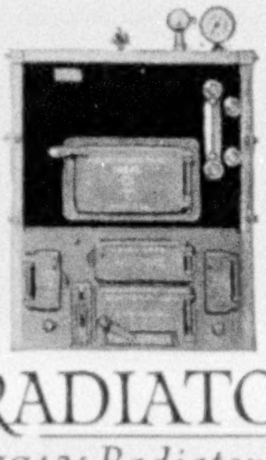

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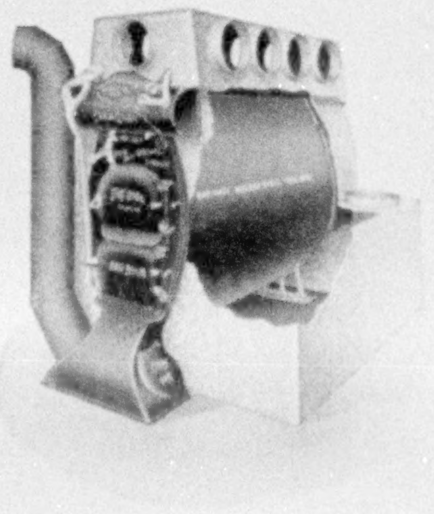

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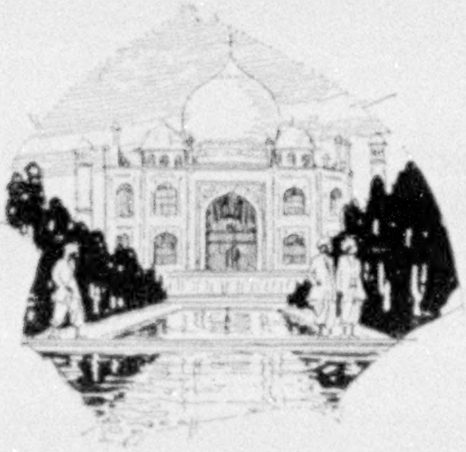

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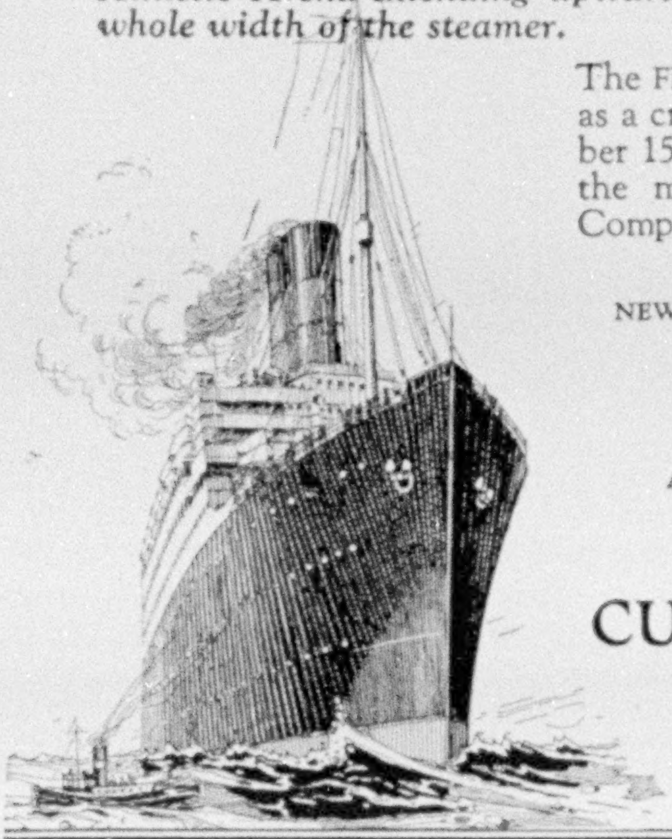

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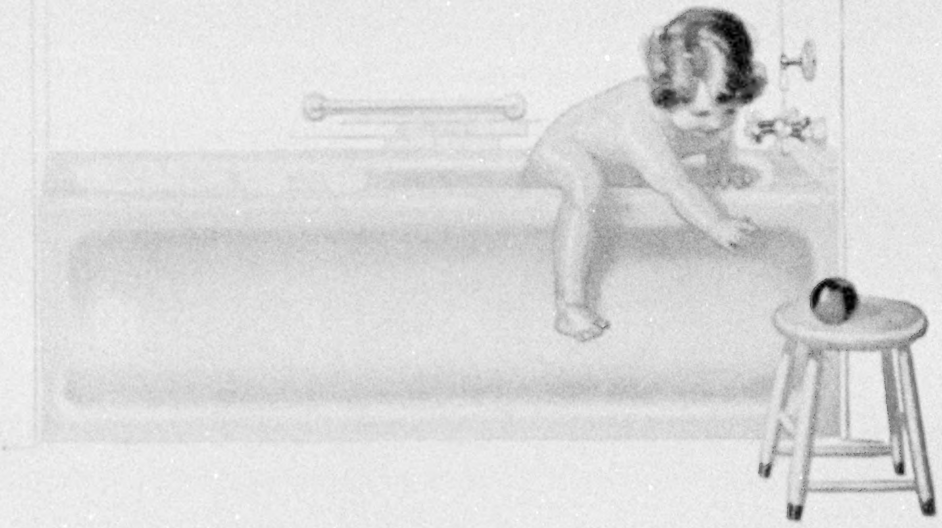

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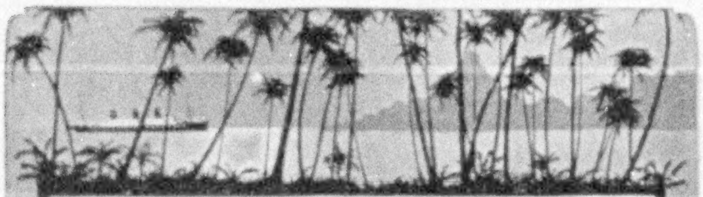

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including the

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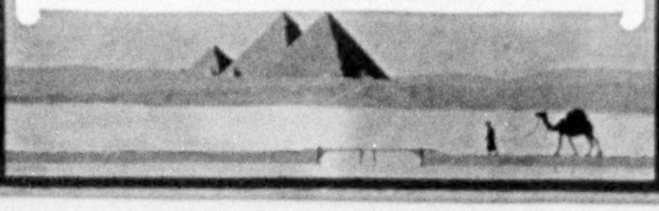

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Henry B. Rankin, of Springfield, Illinois, has been a shut-in for thirty-nine years

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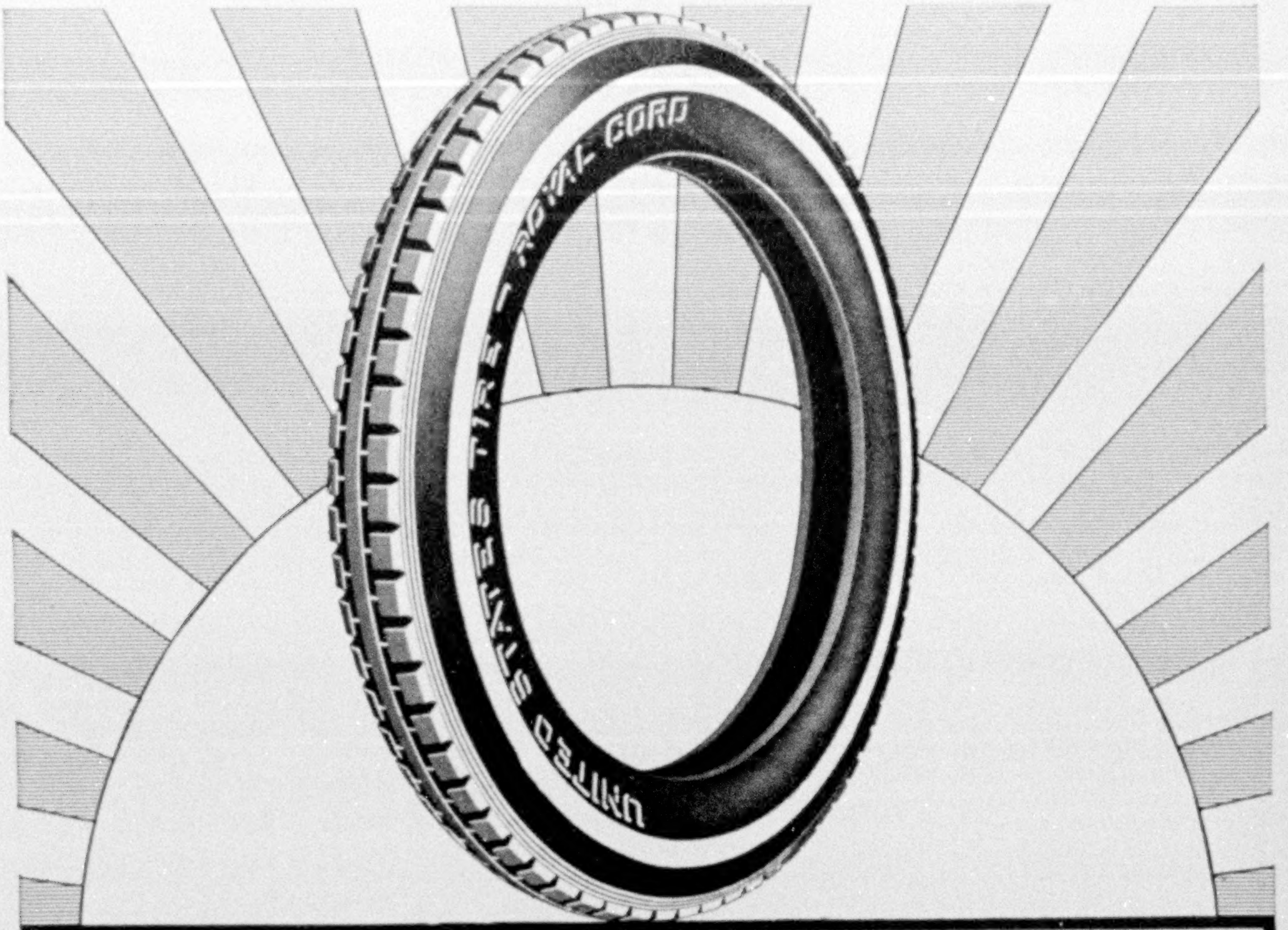

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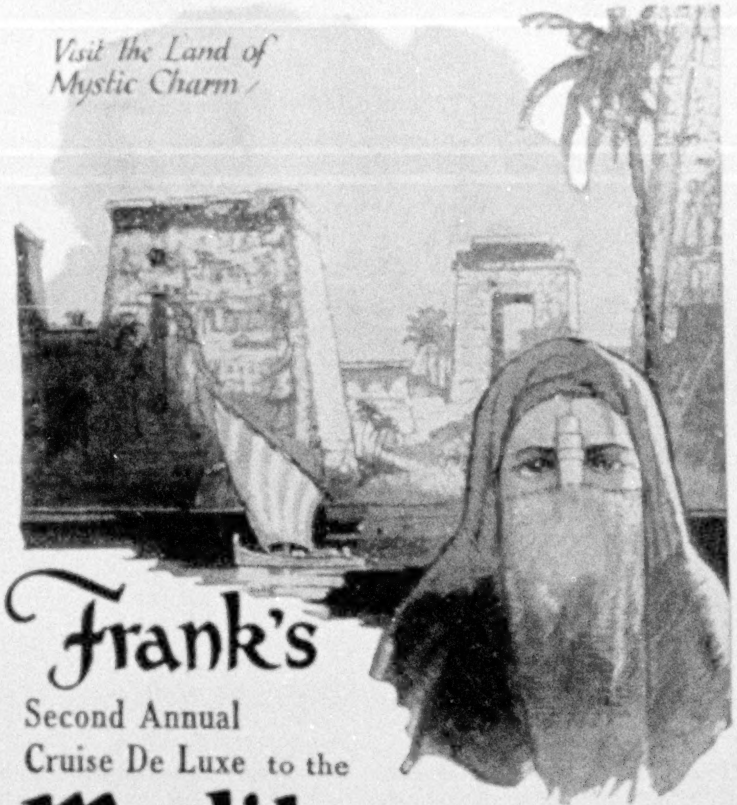

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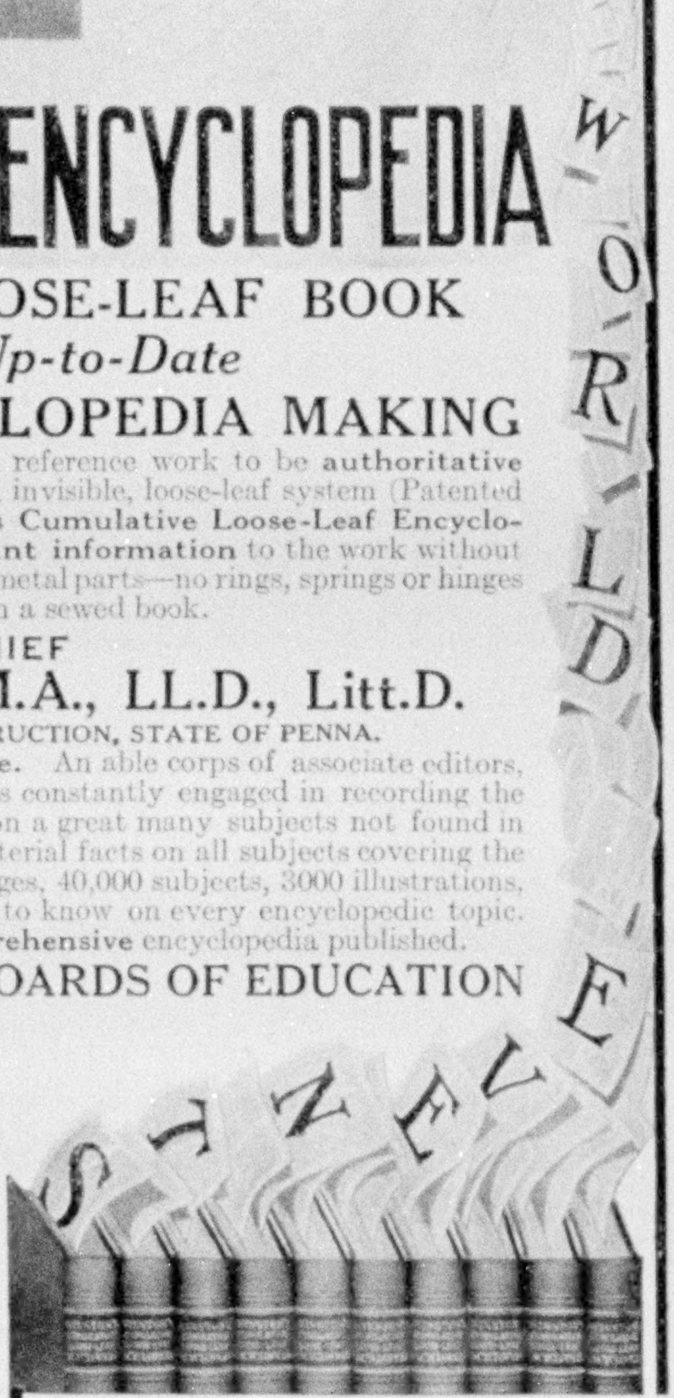

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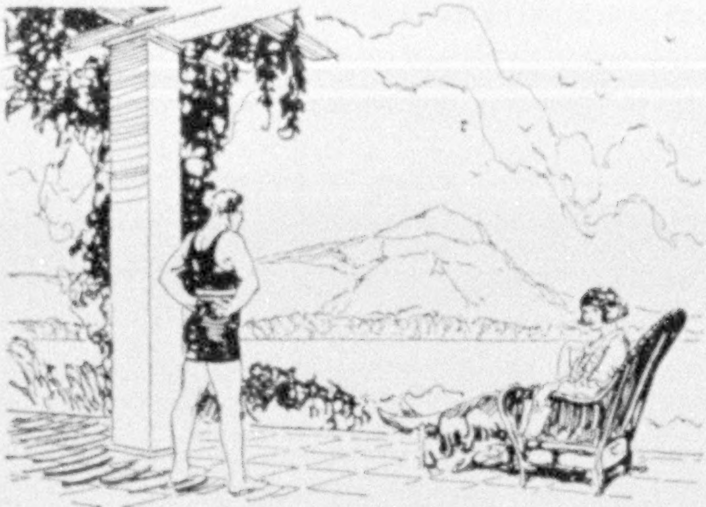

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Do you love them enough—these children of yours? Are you going to play fair with them?

Just because they have rosy cheeks and bright eyes, don't make the common mistake of taking it for granted that your youngsters must be perfectly well. What do *you* know about eyes, throats, ears, teeth, lungs, hearts, posture, etc.?

Wherever tests have been made, records usually show that the boys and girls who are backward in their studies are suffering from some physical defect which, if taken in time, could be easily corrected. They aren't *dull*—they're *sick*.

Make sure that *your* children are in fit condition to go back to school. There are four things at least to do immediately.

© PIRIE MAC DONALD

And He was a Sickly Child!

In writing of his delicate boyhood, Theodore Roosevelt said, "The recollection of my experience gives me a keen sympathy with those who are trying in our public schools and elsewhere to remove the physical cause of deficiency in children, who are often unjustly blamed for being obstinate or unambitious or stupid".

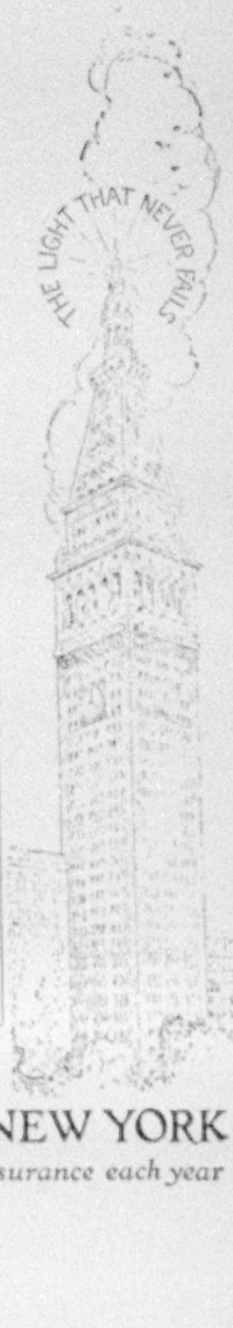
1. *Eyes.* Children who cannot see clearly are under a constant nervous strain which is bound to affect their health. Have your children's eyes examined by a competent eye specialist.

2. *Throats.* Have your children examined for adenoids and diseased tonsils. Total deafness and many serious illnesses often come from neglecting this danger zone.

3. *Ears.* Thousands of children are thought dull in school because they cannot hear distinctly. If anything is wrong with your child's hearing consult a specialist.

4. *Teeth.* Much sickness comes from decayed teeth. Physicians say that poison may be carried in the blood from the tooth to other parts of the body. Take your children to a dentist.

Send your boys and girls back to school this fall as healthy as possible. The day is not far off when these youngsters of ours will be the backbone of the Nation—*make them strong!*



Dr. S. Josephine Baker, former Director of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of New York City, states that "approximately 35% of the children of school age have one or more physical abnormalities:" and she adds that this condition is "universal".

It is most important that health examinations be made regularly in the public schools for the sake of those children who could not otherwise be taken care of.

In many cities this work is first undertaken by a group of benevolent, public-spirited men and women who have supported a program of medical examinations and free clinics in the public schools. The work is usually taken over later by the city and an appropriation voted to cover necessary expenses. That may be the way in which the work can best be begun in your community.

The best time for preventive work is in pre-school days—from babyhood to six years. Just as the best time to take care of the health of the baby is before it is born, so the best time to take care of the school child is before it enters school, rather than after.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published three booklets on the care of children which it will be glad to send you—"Care of the Teeth", "Tonsils and Adenoids" and "Eyesight and Health". You will find them helpful.

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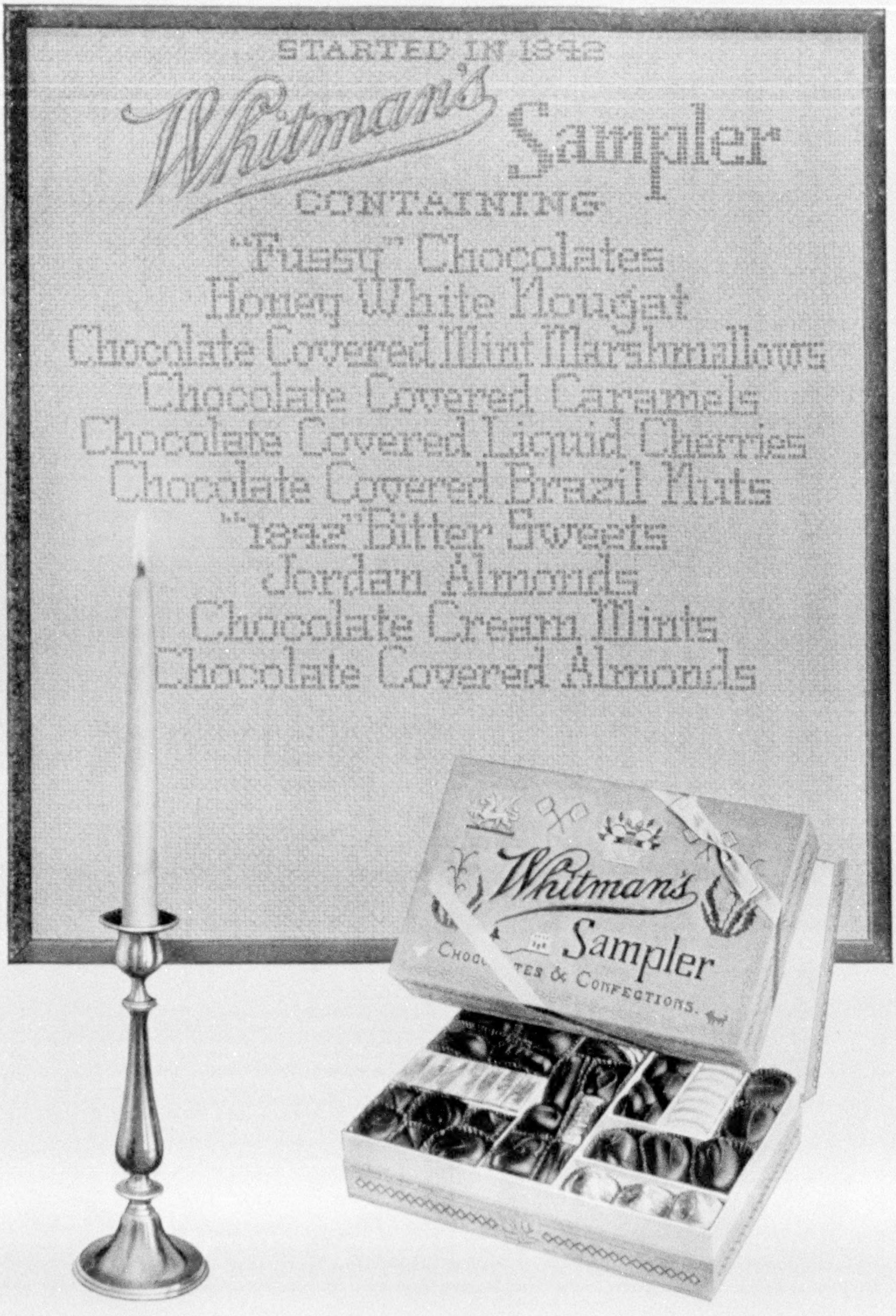
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An Everyday Scen

PEASANT HOME IN CORSICA

Scene in the Home Life of the Simple People Among Whom Napoleon Bonaparte Was Born a Century and a Half Ago

PEASANT HOME IN CORSICA

An Everyday Scene in the Home Life of the Simple People Among Whom Napoleon Bonaparte Was Born a Century a

Photograph by Clifton Adams

...ury and a Half Ago

VOL. XLIV, No. 3 WASHINGTON SEPTEMBER, 1923

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

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THE COASTS OF CORSICA

Impressions of a Winter's Stay in the Island Birthplace of Napoleon

BY MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

Staff Correspondent of the National Geographic Magazine

AUTHOR OF "AT THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN," "THROUGH THE HEART OF HINDUSTAN," "RUSSIA'S ORPHAN RACES," "THE DESCENDANTS OF CONFUCIUS," ETC., IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

IF CORSICA were a woman instead of an island, she would suffer many temptations, for she is very beautiful and very poor. Her perfumed mantle of maquis is rent here and there, revealing the beauty of her rounded form. The delightful odor that Napoleon remembered in his dreams is as subtle as it is insistent.

Submerged by wave after wave of history and conquest, home of a race full of passion but free from low crime, the scented isle south of the Côte d'Azur offers a distinctive reward to those who leave the rush and display of the Continent to visit vendettaland.

Corsica, like every other country, is a land of contrasts. But, more than most, it is the land of paradox. Behind the striking beauty of the island, concealed beneath the commonplace exteriors of the people, there is a mystery, a contrary quality which first escapes observation and later intrudes everywhere. Probably nowhere is a generalization more likely to be true and false at the same time.

One goes to Corsica, as did Boswell's friend, expecting to find every bandit a menace. He remains to find the man with the gun the most unromantic of mortals. Melodrama heroes have accomplished more with the glitter of a silver spoon held revolverwise than the most Tartarinesque of Corsicans attempt when loaded to the belt. Yet personal encounter between natives is still a commonplace.

Corsica, where women go safely alone by night and gendarmes travel in pairs by day, where there are hundreds of bridges and no rivers, where every one expects the visitor to pay verbal tribute to "Kalliste" (Most Beautiful) and few can name the mountains in whose shadow they were born!

Banditry is still a byword and thievery is abhorred. The innkeepers boast of what grand things they would do if there were more tourists, and neglect the few they have. The sun gives the land its charm; and the snow, its beauty and health. The roads are blocked by horses, mules, and donkeys, few of them laden, and the automobile, even for the single traveler, offers the cheapest means of transportation. The perfume of the maquis and the smells of the streets are alike indescribable.

Animals, made roommates, are treated cruelly, and children, seldom at home, are generally allowed to do as they please.

Life is somber and death is still the supreme event to those whose monotonous days are as tenaciously clung to as in happier and less lovely lands.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

AT THE PUBLIC LAUNDRY OF AJACCIO

Had she lived a century and a half ago she, too, might have been a Mme. Sans Gêne and credited the future Emperor for the price of his week's washing.

The mountain sides are terraced with infinite labor and the most fertile plains are left untilled. The sea is all around and mariners are few. Bad sailors that they are, the Corsicans claim kinship with Columbus, and, indomitable fighters, they ignore Napoleon. Sacred personages, pictured on many walls, are profaned on most male lips.

The donkeys and pigs feed on chestnuts of such quality that few in richer lands could afford, and every third child seems underfed.

But as one looks back on Corsica from the confetti-strewn Corso in Nice, he longs for the simple, unspoiled, paradoxical paradise to the south, so comfortless, yet so compelling in its charm. With however little earnestness life in Corsica seems to be conducted, it is real. In Nice, life is acted; in Corsica it is lived—and lost.

Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

A SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE GEOGRAPHICAL RELATION OF CORSICA TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY, FRANCE

SETTING SAIL FROM MARSEILLE AT TWILIGHT

We sail at twilight from Marseille, with the shadow of the great cathedral on the busy port and the bibulous sun departing in a ruddy glow and turning over the responsibilities of the harbor to the blinking lighthouses.

The propeller takes hold, and we edge our way out of the Bassin de la Joliette, Corsica-bound.

The domes of the Byzantine cathedral melt into the dark dome of the sky. The Transporter Bridge, weblike in the haze, saws its way across the seemingly tiny form of Notre Dame de la Garde, high on her barren hill. Beyond the battlements of Fort St. Jean the entrance of the Old Port yawns and then closes behind the School of Medicine.

On our right, black islands loom larger and larger. Against the henna sky, the light near the Château d'If flashes its signals. Marseille is now a formless mass, touched here and there with spirit flames until there comes a dull glow like a distant forest fire. A three-master slides across the moon.

We begin to dip to the waves, whose sound rises and dies away beneath our prow. To our left is the glittering necklace of lights that stretches along the Corniche Road to the place where Mont Rose closes the long beach as Diamond Head puts a period to the similar curve at Waikiki.

The steamer is built for freight, with passengers mere impedimenta to be tolerated. Our cabin, a bare, cheerless dungeon shared by three, is below the water line. The food is fair, the bedding clean. What more can one ask of a vessel which will bring one at sunrise to the Gulf of Ajaccio, with the Îles Sanguinaires—with British readers one dare not call them the Bloody Islands—standing guard on the left and a great line of mountains, from the side of which the old monastery of Chiavari enjoys a matchless view, bathing their feet in the blue to the south and east?

FORTY THOUSAND CORSICANS DIED FOR FRANCE IN THE WORLD WAR

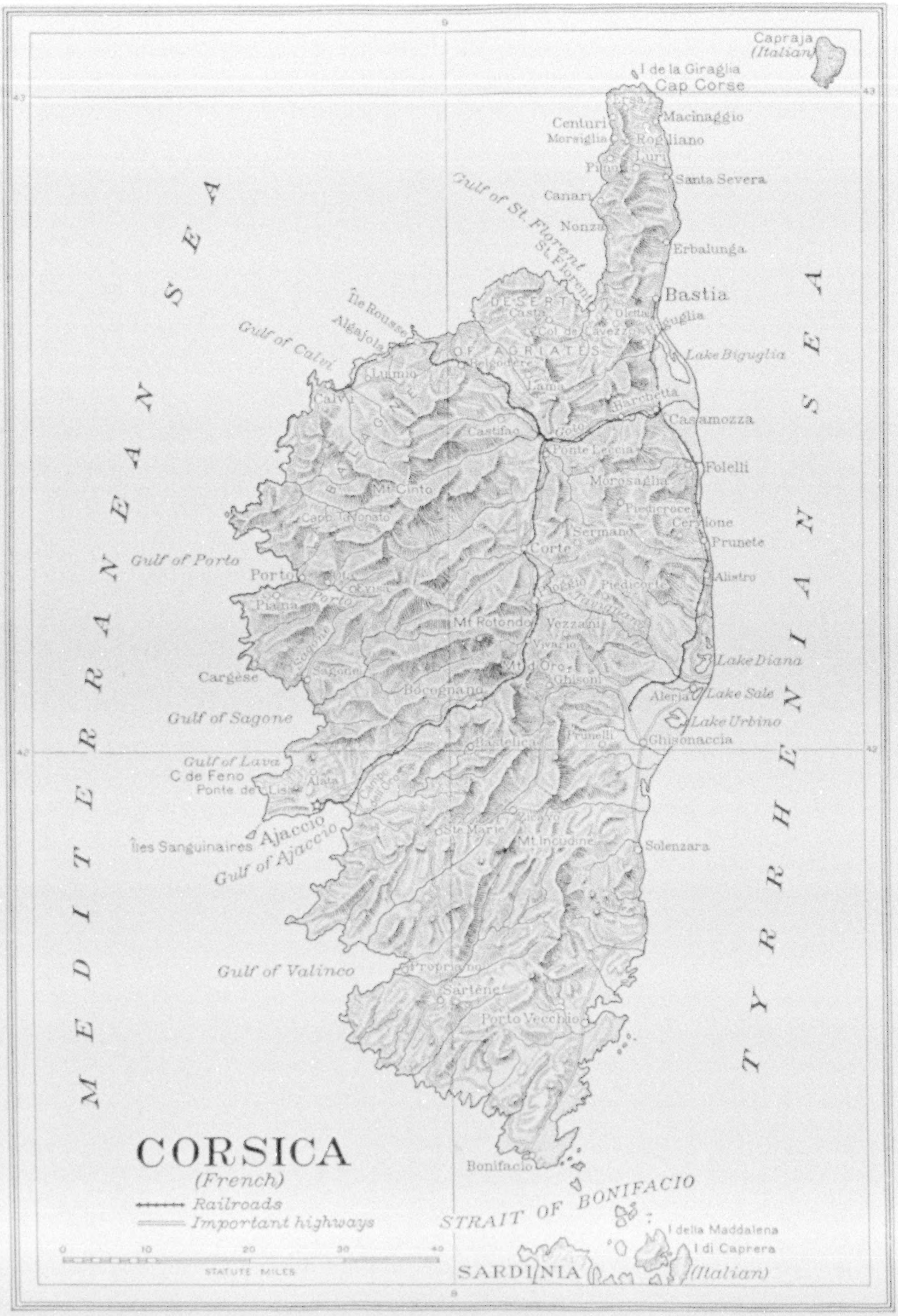
The Gulf of Ajaccio lays its spell upon the traveler. One almost looks for the smoking cone of Vesuvius, for he knows that these same waters have played hide and seek in the Blue Grotto of Capri.

The comfortable hotel stands in a huge garden, nicely tamed in front, but savage with cactus, aloes, and maquis behind. The directress throws wide the windows to the balmy air and asks:

"Is it not a lovely climate that we have in Ajaccio?"

Oranges hung heavy on the trees beneath my window. The roses had begun

XUM



Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

A MAP OF THE ISLAND OF CORSICA

This Mediterranean possession of France has an area about equal to that of Porto Rico, but with less than one-fourth the population.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE STARTING POINT FOR A TRIP TO CORSICA—MARSEILLE

This crowded Vieux Port was the original port of the city. The modern church of Notre Dame de la Garde, overlooking the city from the heights, is beloved by seafaring men.

to drop their petals before the rigors of December.

In postwar Europe the interest in Corsica is almost unique. Life has undergone comparatively slight changes. No new boundary touches the people, nor any change of governmental control or nationality. Corsican mountain lads fought splendidly on the fields of France and 40,000 of them, out of a population of less than 300,000, gave their lives for "la belle patrie"; but no treaty resulting from the war affected the inner life of the Corsican people. An excess-profits tax is unknown to the thousands who, always living with a minimum of effort, have never known what capital and surplus are.

The movement toward the cities, so striking elsewhere, has affected Corsica little. The largest of its industries hires but a handful of men. Beyond the coasts there are only three towns that have a population of more than 3,000, and the thousand or so inhabitants credited by the census to a single village are really divided among several hamlets, included under one name but scattered about the hillside in a fashion which reveals separatist tendencies even in town affairs.

By following the coast we shall see most of the larger villages of the island and by so much lose sight of the true Corsican, who looks down in a real as well as a figurative sense on those who live in what to him are crowded cities.

CORSICA LACKS THE COLOR OF SARDINIA

Nowhere has Nature so queened it over her subjects. The people add nothing to the scene. Certainly they do not give it its interest. From the attractive widow's weeds of the Cours Napoléon or the Place St. Nicolas to the somber costume with green-black headshawl which frames the sallow, wrinkled faces of the old women of the interior, costume never flares forth with lambent color as it does in Sardinia.*

*See "The Island of Sardinia and Its People," by Guido Costa, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for January, 1923.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

WHERE A WOMAN SAVED NAPOLEON FROM DEATH

The commemorative tablet on the wall reads: "Before this cathedral, on the evening of Easter Monday, April 8, 1792, in the course of the bloody disorders between the Ajacciens and the National Guard, Napoleon Bonaparte, Lieutenant-Colonel, Second in Command of the Second Battalion of the National Guard of Corsica, was in danger of death, and was saved by Marianne Ternano, his kinswoman, who, through the passageway of her home, had him go into the seminary, the barracks of the battalion."

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE MONUMENT TO NAPOLEON ON THE PLACE DU DIAMANT: AJACCIO

This statue to Corsica's "Little Corporal" is derisively styled "The Inkstand." The four standing figures represent Napoleon's brothers (see text, page 232).

in India, or on the Dalmatian coast. The men wear brown corduroy; sometimes their sashes are broad enough and bright enough to add pigment to the picture.

But the Corsicans are humble folk. They gladly subordinate themselves to the scenery, saying that the land is so beautiful that it needs no polychrome costumes to make it attractive. And when one sees with what indifferent success the town folk do wear colors, he quickly reconciles himself to the somber garb which stands out so modestly against the beauty of the land itself.

The Corsican is to France what the Georgian was to Russia. He is not constitutionally lazy; but the idea of subordination to man, time clock, or season is abhorrent to him. He would rather be a shabby gentleman than a rich servant.

Countless tiny terraces, where crops grow at such cost of labor as one finds among the Ifugaos of the Philippines or among the Chinese, testify to the fact that the Corsican is not truly slovenly. A certain thrift and foresight are habitual with him.

THE GREEKS GAVE CORSICA THE NAME "MOST BEAUTIFUL"

When the Greeks, no amateurs in beauty, called Corsica "Kalliste"—Most Beautiful — they referred to rugged coasts where blood-red rocks plunge deep into the sea, where a soft haze carries the succession of loveliness across wide plains, between tall mountains, to some distant snow-clad peak, all opalescent under the soft glow of departing day, where cascades pour their shower of pearls against rock cliffs as black as ebony.

Corsica is interesting because it is Corsica. With all its discomforts, the laggard land is worth a visit because it is laggard. Such unspoiled spots are so few in the modern world that one can tolerate petty inconveniences for the sake of knowing a people who have been little affected by modernism.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

SCHOOLGIRLS GOING BACK TO THEIR CLASSES DOWN BY THE OLD SEA WALL OF AJACCIO

Photograph by Clifton Adams

GIRLS OF AN AJACCIO ATHLETIC CLUB RESTING IN THE PLACE DU DIAMANT AFTER AN EXHIBITION DRILL

Like their French sisters, Corsican girls have begun to take a lively interest in sports.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE OUTDOOR SHRINE OF A CORSICAN HOUSEHOLD

Here and there about the towns, on walls and on corners of houses, are statuettes of the Virgin or of some saint, which are decorated with flowers and before which lighted candles are placed on fête days.

The dainty vestibule through which I entered this interesting land was Ajaccio, a chameleon city whose soft tints change with every sweep of cloud and angle of sun, a city now old ivory set in blue, now mauve and gray against the purpling peaks.

AJACCIO, NAPOLEON'S HOME TOWN

Ajaccio was founded by the Genoese in the same year that a fellow-citizen of theirs, after chasing a dream across stormy seas, discovered America. Genoa did not comprehend at that time which was the main event and which was the sideshow.

In 1811, Napoleon, having been born there 42 years earlier, made it the capital of Corsica because his mother, Letizia Ramolino Bonaparte, desired it. Perhaps it is for this reason, as much as for the fact that he honored the town by being born there, that Ajaccio, alone among the cities of Corsica, still votes Bonapartist.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

CORSICAN BOYS ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL

Each has his own books and pen and ink. Their school day is a long one—from eight in the morning until five in the evening—but with frequent play periods. Boys and girls attend separate schools.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

REPAIRING FISHING NETS ON THE AJACCIO QUAY

Although the present city of Ajaccio owes its existence to the Genoese, who founded it, tradition says that the original settlement in this vicinity was established by Ajax, the Greek hero, from whom the town derives its name. The earlier city was destroyed by the Saracens in the tenth century.

Ajaccio is Napoleon's home town. One is never allowed to forget that. But he did Corsica the great dishonor of quitting her shores, and few Corsicans seem to care much about him. To-day Napoleon is to Ajaccio what Fujiyama is to Japan and the Capitol to Washington—a sort of trade-mark of the place, with souvenirs of all sorts bearing his likeness and post cards picturing his home in the Rue St. Charles and his battles across half the world.

Officially, Ajaccio has done well by her renowned son. The boulevard of the city is the Cours Napoléon. The visitor who arrives by sea lands on the Quai Napoléon. There is the Rue du Roi de Rome and the Rue Napoléon. There is the Place du Premier Consul, the Casa Napoléon, Napoleon's Grotto, the Café Napoléon, and the Cinéma Napoléon. The people make the concession of smoking Petit Caporal cigarettes.

Napoleon's house is a barrack-like

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

MAKING LOBSTER TRAPS OF WITHES FROM STRIPPED MYRTLE BRANCHES: AJACCIO

structure, which it would be impossible to see in its proper perspective if the destruction of two houses opposite had not made possible the little Place Letizia, from which one can view the whole height of four stories, the upper three marked by eighteen regular windows, as well as the family arms and the tablet reading "NAPOLÉON I EST NÉ DANS CETTE MAISON LE XV AOÛT 1769." The people call it a three-story house, since in Corsica the lower story, which may be given to shops or stables, does not count.

IN THE ROOM WHERE NAPOLEON WAS BORN

The interior, like some interiors in Palestine, is a hindrance to imagination rather than a help. The furniture looks lonesome in the bare rooms, as if, after the intimate life it knew, it has been forgotten, even by the caretaker, who lives opposite and only enters the cold rooms when foreign curiosity promises a fee. There is the bed in which Napoleon was born, the chair in which his beautiful mother was brought from the cathedral with genius struggling for birth. But the strongest impression one has on seeing the Casa Napoléon is the beauty and completeness of Mount Vernon.

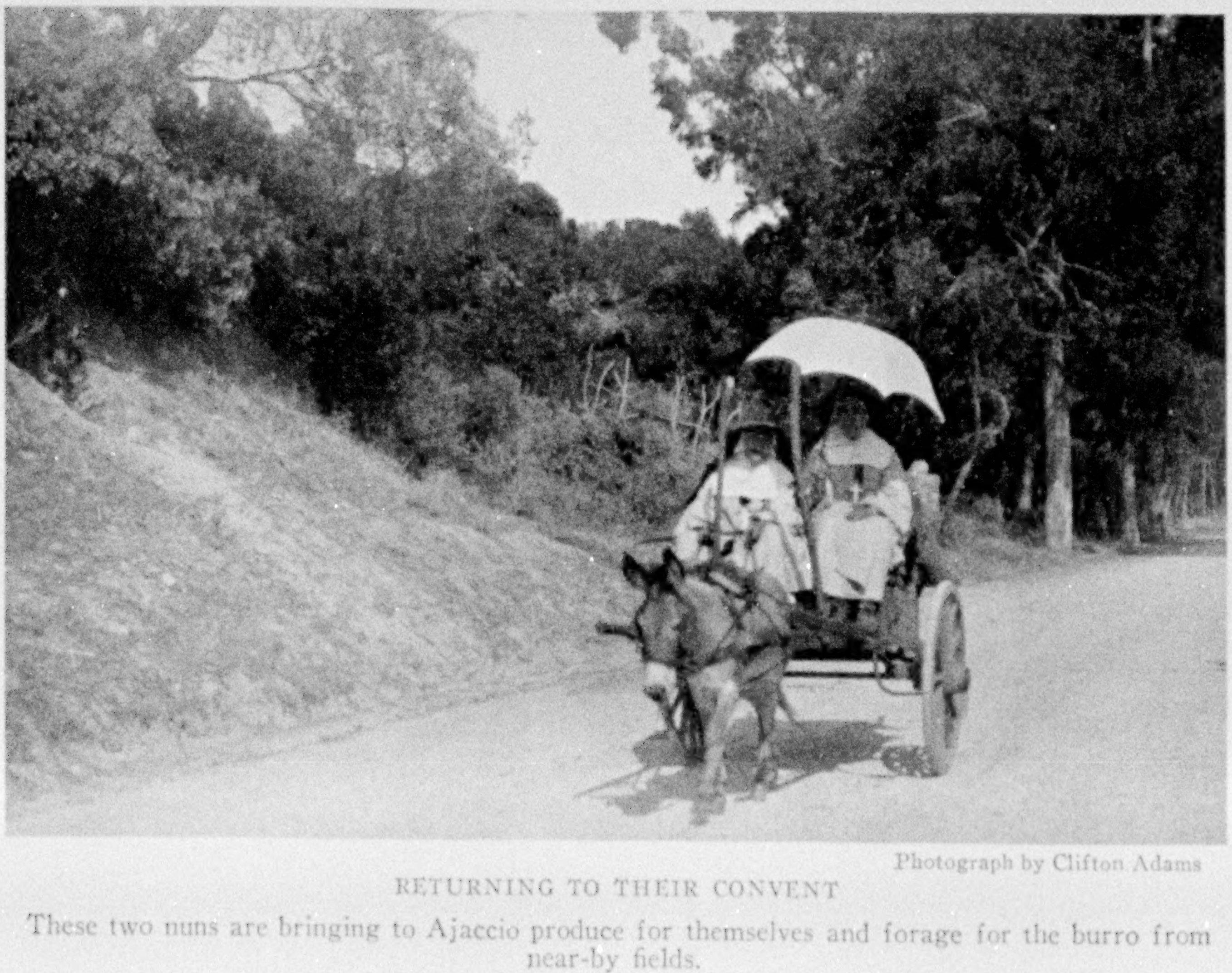
Ajaccio has two statues of its hero, neither very good, but both escaping the not-entirely-Prussian idea of picturing the great military genius in uniform. In the Place des Palmiers the statue shows the consul as a rather emaciated river god standing among four very wooden lions.

The statue on the Place du Diamant is much better. Yet the facetious among the people long since gave it the name of "The Inkstand." The story goes that the sculptor committed suicide because he failed to put a horseshoe on the free foot of the steed upon which Napoleon sits in the garb of a Roman emperor, holding a terrestrial globe on which Victory is poised (see page 227).

On the four corners of the pedestal are Napoleon's brothers, garbed as lictors. The figures are the work of four different sculptors and the pedestal of red granite is from the precipice of Appietto, which rises from the plain behind Ajaccio. As if this table ornament needed a couple of calendar pads flanking it, there are two tablets of Victory, at the

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A CORSICAN LABORER BRINGING IN BRUSHWOOD MEETS A MILKMAID HOMEWARD BOUND FROM AJACCIO TO ALATA



Photograph by Clifton Adams

RETURNING TO THEIR CONVENT

These two nuns are bringing to Ajaccio produce for themselves and forage for the burro from near-by fields.

XUM

Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE EVENING MEAL

Some of the dining-rooms of Corsican peasants are spacious and filled with fine old furniture and many queer pieces of bric-a-brac.

bottom of which there are circular benches where old men sit and children play horse.

Bastia has the only other statue of Napoleon that I have seen in Corsica, and there, too, he is pictured in flowing robes. These statues may lack something of the Michelangelo touch, but the last two reveal a robustness and erect bearing that one little suspected of Napoleon.

The robed statues in Corsica come as a welcome relief to those who instinctively picture the author of the best sentence about the Pyramids as an undersized soldier ever trying, by pressing a spring concealed beneath his third coat button, to make his caricature head, with its transverse hat, disappear between his round shoulders.

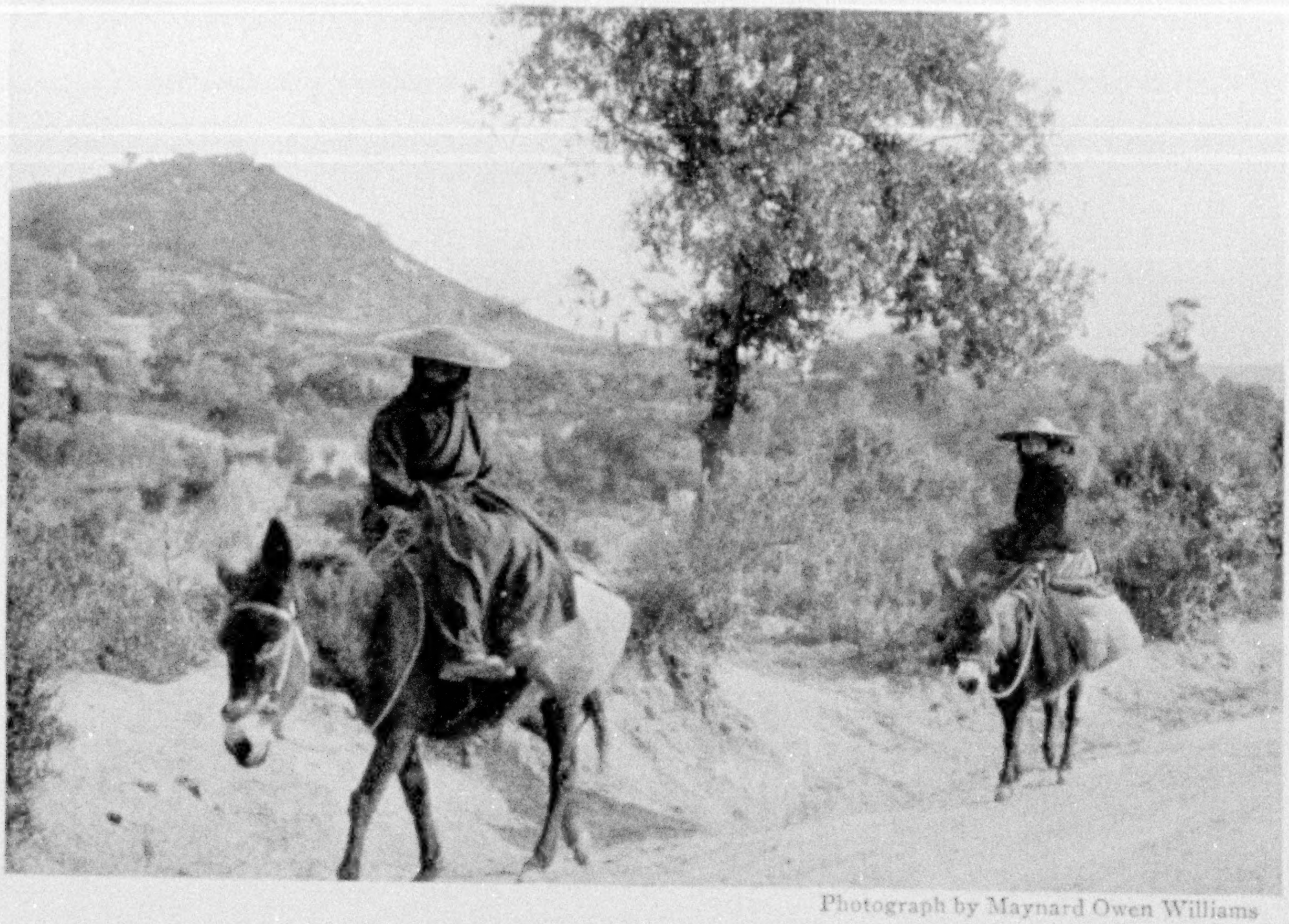
STREET LIFE IN AJACCIO

But, quite aside from Napoleon, Ajaccio is well worth knowing. It is a place in which to dream, to soak in the warmth of the sun, and to pass idle hours in the contemplation of mountain and plain and sea. Its climate is such as one associates with oranges and roses at Christmas.

People from the outside world will tell you that the Ajaccien is lazy. He is. Ajaccio never heard of a time clock, and would not punch one if it were introduced. As long as there is sun, there are crowds to enjoy it.

Boys play marbles, pitch pennies, or kick anything which by the stretch of the youthful imagination can be considered a football. Little girls, with arms full of rubber balls of various sizes, keep three of them bounding at once against wall and sidewalk and throw in a few slaps of the hands behind their backs to show that dullness is not necessarily allied to leisure. Young Corsica vibrates with energy; animal spirits abound. It is evident that it takes training and age to steady down to slow-speed pastimes.

Young men and women promenade back and forth—an attractive, well-mannered lot—with school books on their



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

ON THEIR WAY TO THEIR INLAND HOME AFTER A VISIT TO CORSICA'S CAPITAL ON THE COAST

Note the pancake-shaped grass hats, a peculiarity of the Corsican woman's costume.

arms. Amid much wasting of time, Ajaccio has many crowded schools and eager pupils.

The gravel square of the Place du Diamant is always dotted with people whose talk, be it in French, Italian, or Corsican, is sure to be accompanied by much wrist movement. One of the first things a Corsican chauffeur has to learn is to curse effectively without hurling his car at the awkward carts which wait till the last moment and then swing their long loads across the narrow road.

Down to the left, near the sea wall, there is the sunning place of the old men. The grandmothers always seem to have toddling descendants whose first steps in life require supervision. But to the old men children are only a temporary distraction.

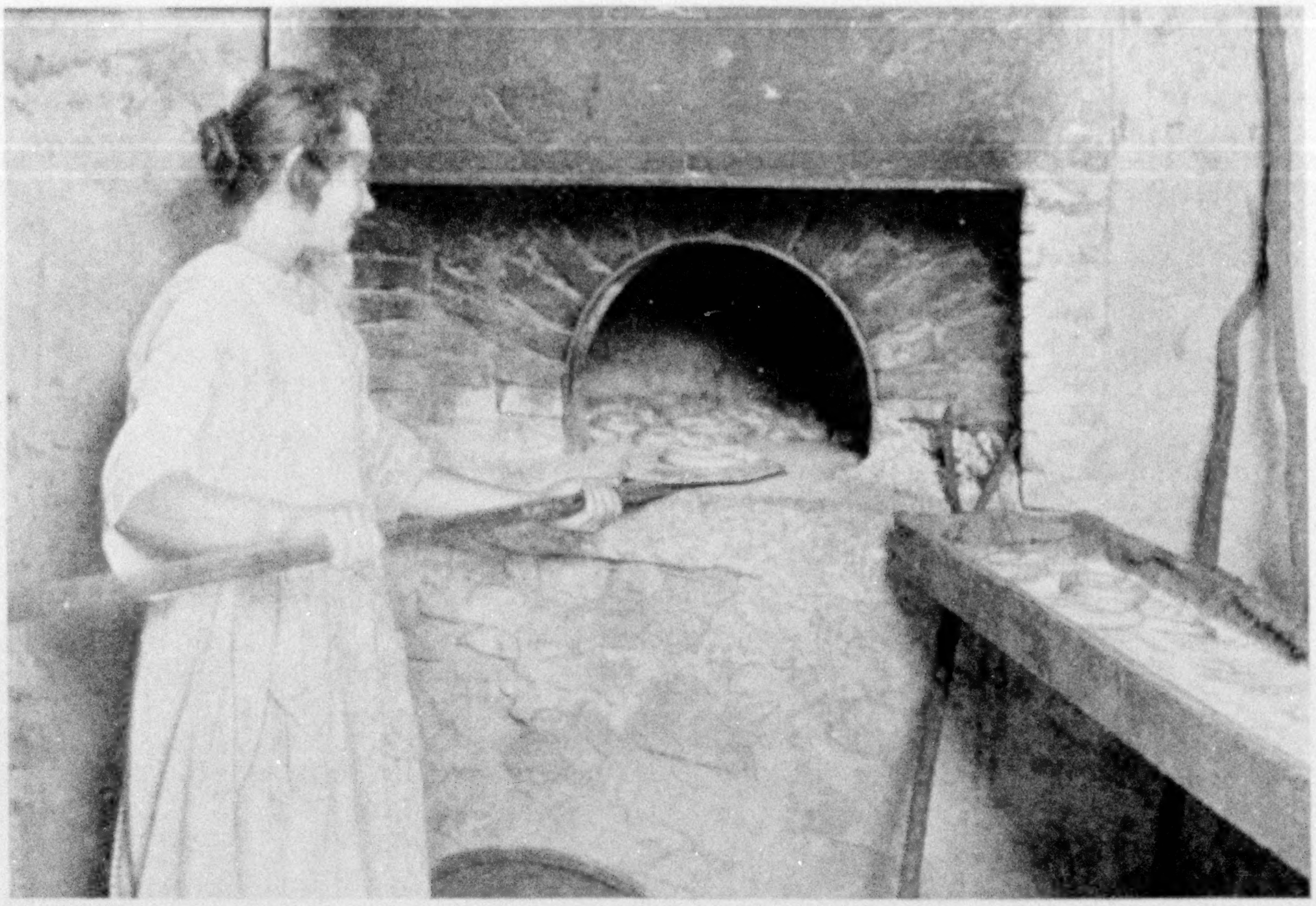
During the brief recess of the parochial school, long queues of noisy children fill the street which runs down to ancient bastions whose only enemy is the sea. But back against the wall, which reflects the heat onto backs long bent with age, there is always a pathetic group of fine-faced old men, soaking up the warmth and talking politics.

Just around the corner a dozen women and girls, with cold-numbed feet, wet in spite of heavy wool socks and wooden shoes, are washing their linen at set tubs, for which they pay four sous a day.

NO EVIDENCES OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE HERE

The Ajaccien is lazy. But who among us has the right to cast the first stone of criticism? The visiting Britisher uses gun and dog as thin veils for vagabondage. The modern Miss Nevils who swarm Ajaccio in winter dab away at sketches which may or may not ever decorate a wall, but which serve as an excuse for sitting in the sun and drinking in the beauty of the place.

True, the Britisher is on a holiday. But by that very sign he is doing what he likes. And that is what the Ajaccien is doing—passing pleasant hours amid pleasant scenes. He knows that time is money, and has no desire to hoard it or multiply it. The fact that he has little



BAKING CORSICAN PRETZELS

Photographs by Clifton Adams

GLOVE PROSPECTS FOR ITALY

One of the home industries of Corsica is the preparation of kid skins for exportation. Madame said these skins drying in the sun before her home would be sent to Italy to be made into gloves.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

ROASTING COFFEE

The berries are always bought green and roasted over a fire of maquis twigs or charcoal in an iron roaster which is a part of the kitchen equipment. The beverage prepared in Corsica is black, strong, and bitter.

appreciation of art or scenic beauty is just like the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, and has nothing to do with the case. The sunshine warms the cockles of his heart and he gladly welcomes it.

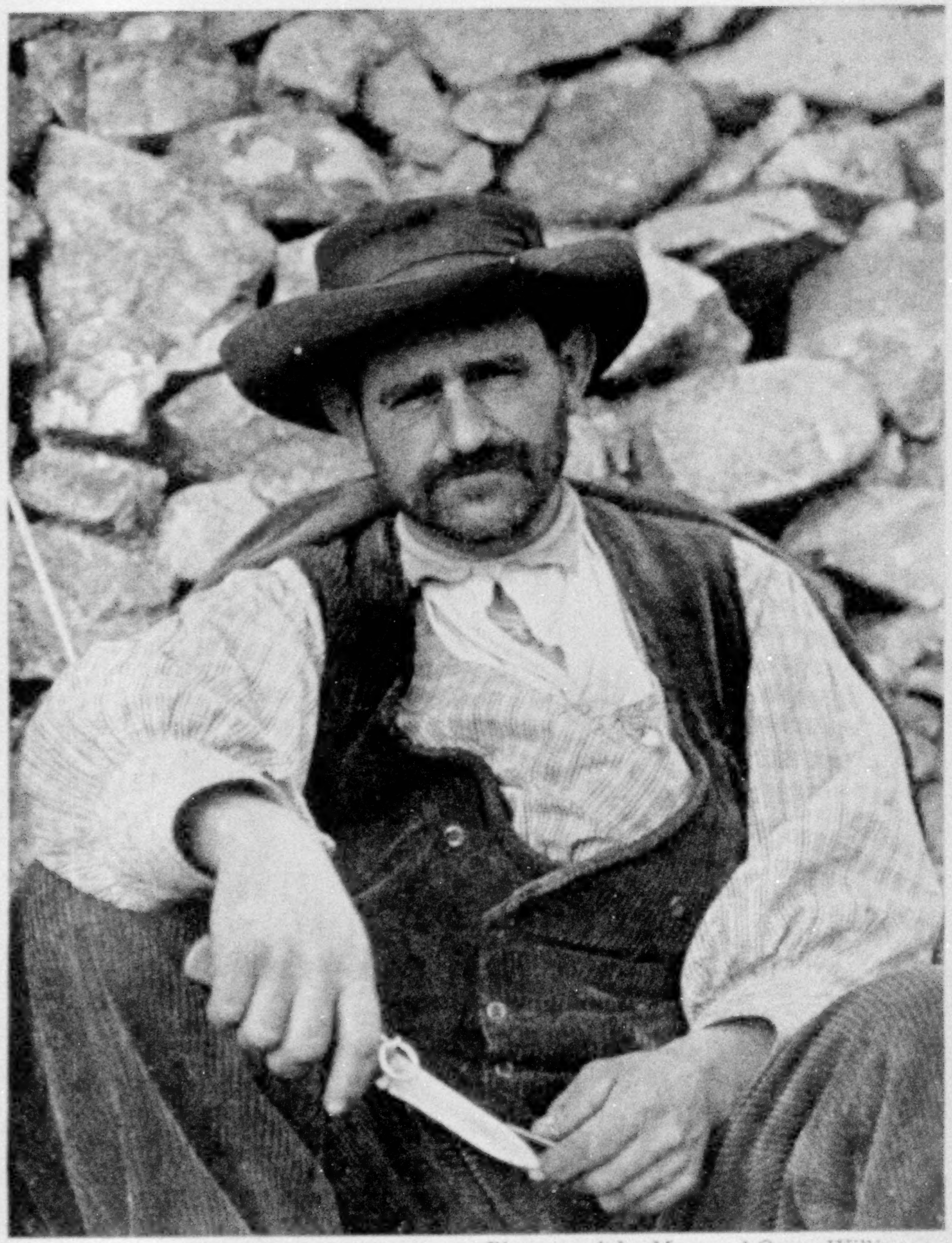
Ajaccio sits astride Monte Salario, from which the stone for many of its well-built homes was obtained, and looks off to a crown of mountains stretching from the east to the south. The bright jewel of this circlet is Monte d'Oro, 7,845 feet high and snow-clad for a good part of the year. The green hill which is background for pink and cream Ajaccio splits the city into the form of a Y with long, widespread arms and a short, thick base where the old citadel stands.

The right arm of the Y is the Cours Napoléon, which runs almost due north and changes from a city street into a Route Nationale near the railway station. The other arm, the Boulevard Grandval, runs southwest and terminates at the Place du Casone, a bare drill ground, beyond which two tip-tilted rocks form the

Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE CAMARADERIE OF A CORSICAN WINE SHOP

The hanging cluster of maquis shows that "good cheer" is to be had. Some of the little shops serve meals at noon and at night; between hours the customers seek diversion with cards and light wines of the country.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

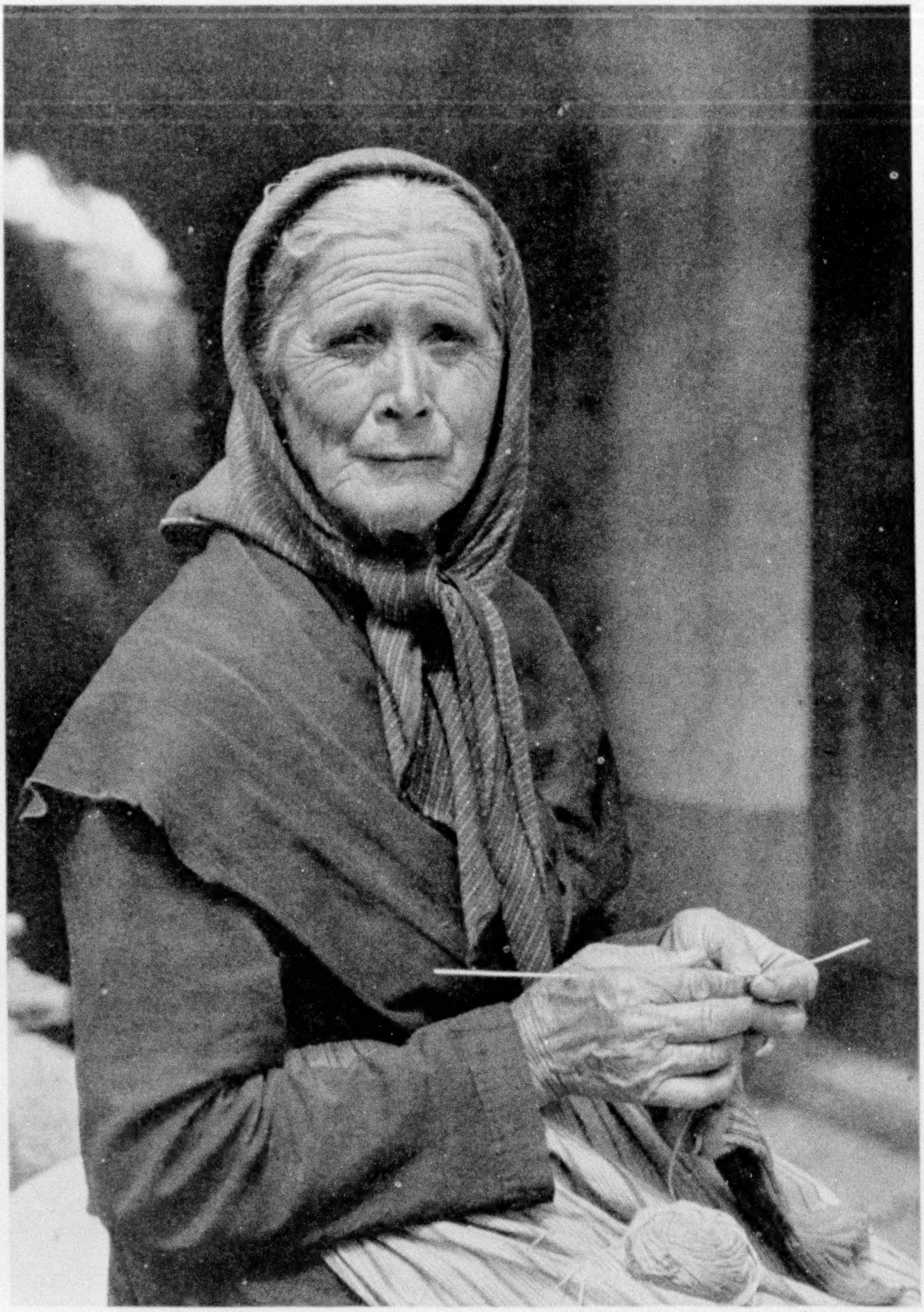
A CORSICAN SHEPHERD OF AJACCIO

There are communal grazing grounds, for which such men pay a tax for the privilege of feeding their flocks upon them. The knife and the stick to whittle are as frequently in play as on our own farmsides.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE CORSICAN GOURD IS USED AS A WINE AND WATER FLAGON

These gourds are highly prized by the peasants, who often decorate them with fancy designs. The old coach-driver is enjoying a cool draft from the canteen of a friend from the vineyards of Cap Corse.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

THIS CORSICAN GRANDMOTHER HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED ALL HER LIFE TO THE ROUGH TASKS OF THE HOUSEHOLD

The old women seem as active as the younger ones and very few are to be found sitting in the chimney corners.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

TWO GIRLS OF SOUTHERN CORSICA

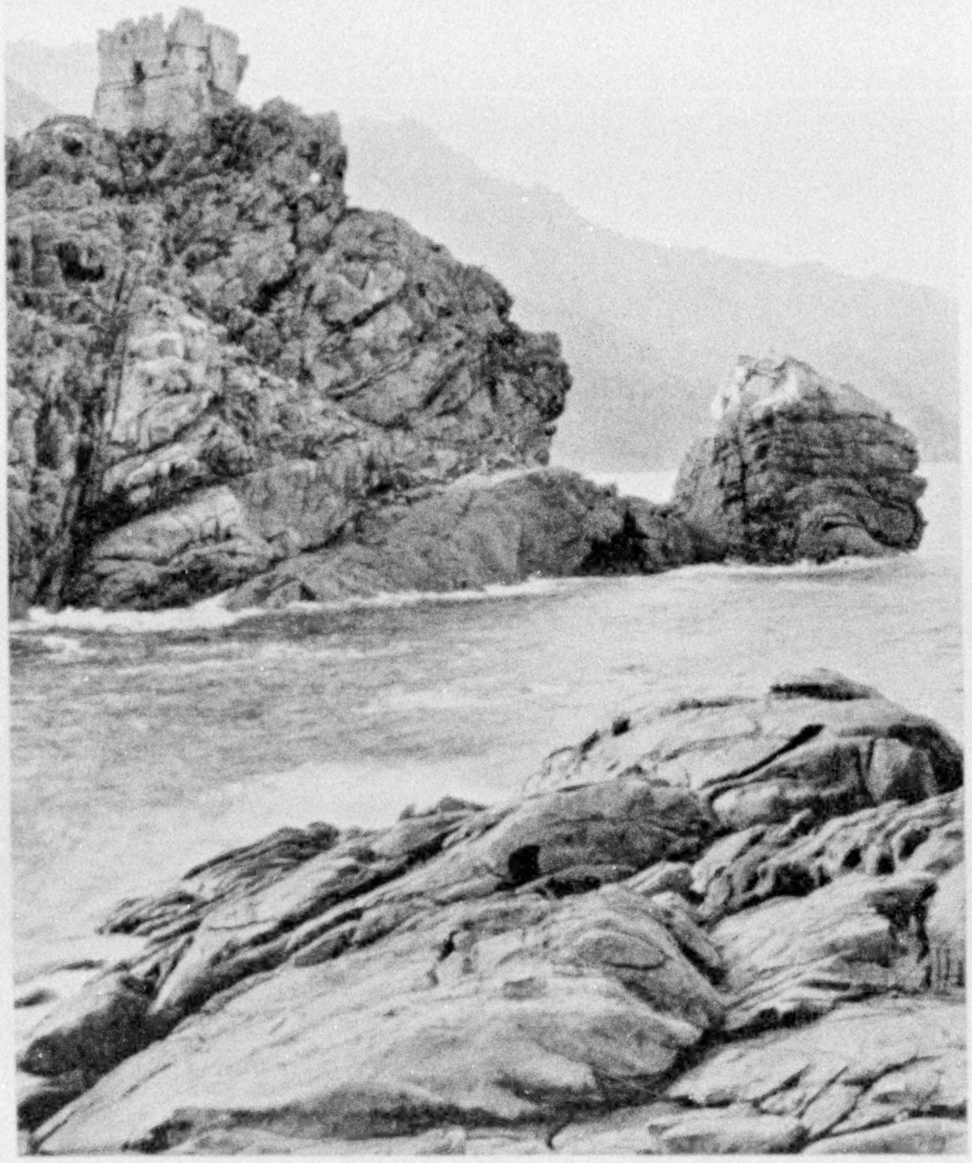
Napoleon Grotto, in which the youthful genius is said to have studied.

History is not likely to repeat itself here, for the thud of the football, so irresistible to Corsican youth, is heard at all hours on the Place and the grotto is being inclosed in a formal garden. On May 5, 1921, Marshal Franchet d'Esperey here laid the first stone for Ajaccio's third monument to her most distinguished son.

AJACCIO'S BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE

Below the Cours Napoléon, which is Ajaccio's Broadway, there are the two sections of the port, whose broad quays are always the center of interesting, if not feverish, activity. Here the fishermen spread out their nets to mend. Here they boil their tanning solutions in open caldrons into which the nets are periodically dipped to preserve them. Here, on slabs of marble, they drop molten lead, which, when cool, is bent between thumb and fingers to form sinkers for the nets. Small octopuses are cut up to bait the trolling lines, neatly coiled in low baskets, around the edges of which are stuck shining circles of sharp-pointed hooks.

At midnight the fishermen go out into



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE OLD GENOESE TOWER AT THE MOUTH OF THE PORTO

the Gulf of Ajaccio, often beyond the Îles Sanguinaires. At 2 or 3 o'clock the next afternoon they return empty-handed or well loaded, according to their luck.

NO FEAR OF THIEVERY IN CORSICA

Here the island steamers dock, scattering their cargoes about the open quay, for rain is infrequent and a few tarpaulins amply protect the valuables, which are left outdoors in this land of the vendetta, where the shipper has more to fear from the deliberations of the customs officials than from thievery.

The fish and vegetable markets are there, with women doing the buying and selling for the most part, and on two sides of the little park small stands are erected every morning. These are the butcher shops, with leg of lamb and young goat the main commodities.

Between the Cours Napoléon and the quays there are dirty back alleys, where washing hangs in the cosmopolitan back-alley way, where stables are concealed from the eye, but not from the nose, and where mouse-colored donkeys munch their chestnuts in a way that makes corn on the cob seem a silent feast and that must surely increase the price of marrons glacés from Paris to Gopher Prairie.

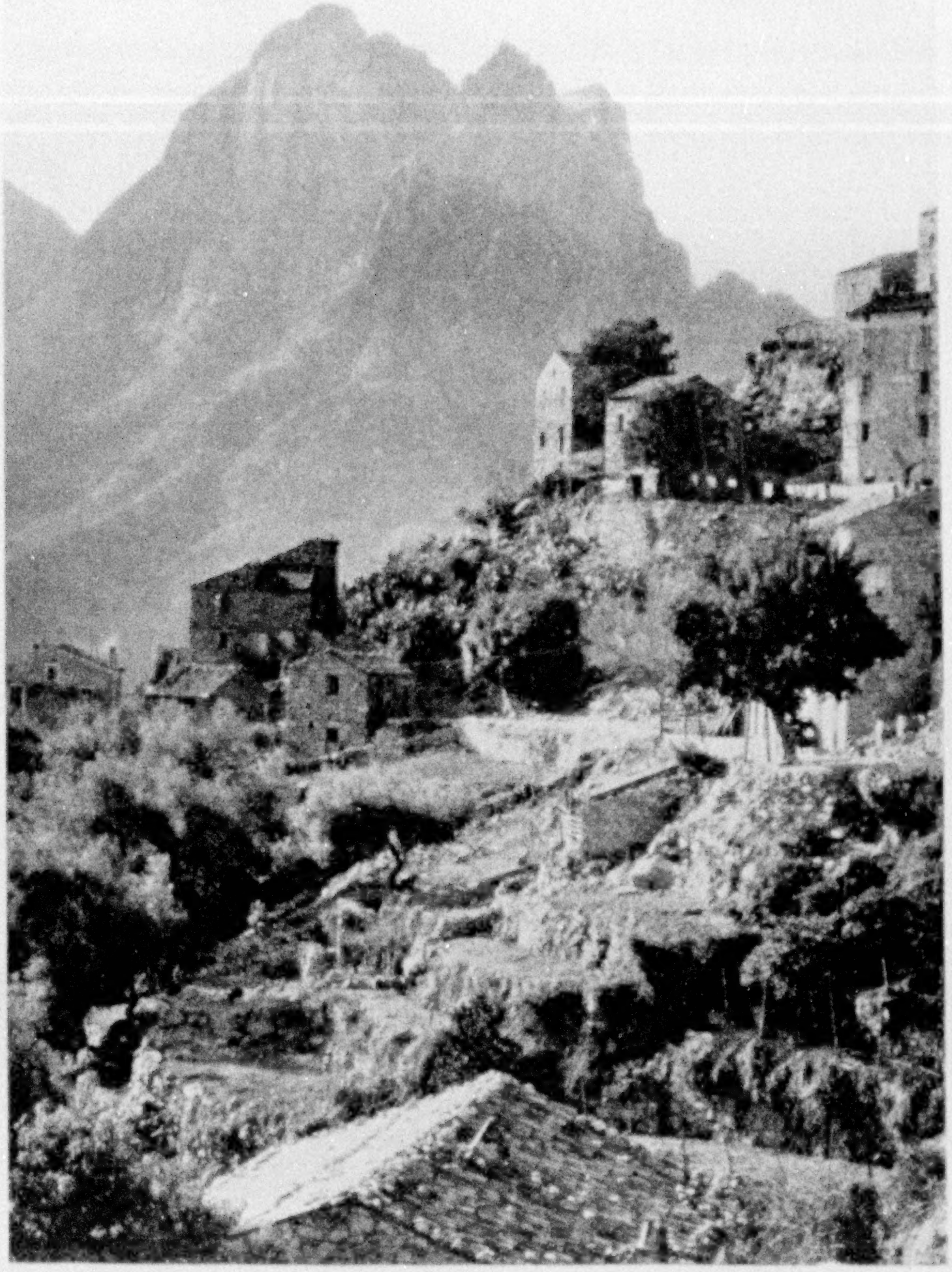
Even the street on which the Maison de Napoléon stands is a foul alley. When the great general at St. Helena said that with his eyes closed he would know his native land because of its perfume, he was not referring to his native street. That smells like Jerusalem and Damascus.

The Boulevard Grandval is the Fifth Avenue of this town of 22,000, and below it is the Boulevard Lantivy, the sea drive and promenade of society. An extension leads to the Genoese tower behind the Îles Sanguinaires, a charming road of seven miles, with olive orchards, orange groves, and maquis on the north and the ever-fascinating gulf dashing its waves almost to the roadway on the other side.

All the loveliness that verdure-clad hills and the sight of distant mountains can give a place, all the lure of the dancing sea, is Ajaccio's. But the poorer children know not the meaning of the word handkerchief; there are odorous little courtyards that remind one of the khans of

Syria and Turkestan; by no stretch of generosity could the cafés, where men play with greasy cards and discuss politics, be described as bright or cheery; the tiny donkeys coming in at nightfall dragging carts piled mountain-high with rough shrubs for fires and ovens emphasize the inadequate scale on which comforts are provided: the whack of the laundry near the cathedral reminds one that in Ajaccio cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but next to impossible; and leisure has left a stoop of defeat and impotence on once manly shoulders.

From a distance, Ajaccio is a fairyland. The kindly sun, which harmonizes the light blue and green and pink and ivory beneath maroon stenciling or fretwork and red tile roofs, bathes the scene in the magic light of a stage spectacle. The sky, the sea, and the balmy air are the kindliest elements in the life of the people.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE WESTERN END OF OTA

Built in a natural amphitheater at the foot of the Capo d'Ota, this village has a population of 900.

AT THE FÊTE OF ST. ANTOINE

Of all the saints beloved by the Ajacciens, St. Antoine is the favorite. Take any group of Ajaccio boys and you will find a football team of Antoines for every Napoleon. I am not sure but each Napoleon could have a company or a regiment of Antoines for his own. On the 17th of January hundreds of people leave Ajaccio to climb to the tiny chapel between green Salario and the rocky Pointe de Lisa, where the principal fête is held.

The flocks and swine had been blessed before I arrived. Not sheep, but goats, had received this benediction, and these alert animals climbed to their hillside pastures soon after, leaving their hard-trodden fold as a prime place in which to pitch pennies.

The desire to be present at this blessing of the flocks had brought me to the tiny chapel before the clouds had dispersed and when the air was still biting cold. At that hour the bad road was full of donkey carts carrying oranges, bottled goods, crockery, tables, and a hurdy-gurdy to the scene of the day's festivities. But there was plenty to watch and it was then possible to enter the little shrine standing stark on the watershed from which one

looks down to sea and gulf on either side. As the sun came out, the base of the chapel reflected a warmer color from great piles of oranges, tied into bunches, each with a sprig of feathery mimosa, spring's first new growth.

On a half-dozen open fires pots of coffee were already a-bubble, and one table was doubly popular because liqueur glasses of absinthe were being surreptitiously poured out to turn a glass of water chalky before it was gulped down.

"I thought that absinthe was forbidden," I said to one drinker.

"Yes, it's forbidden," he replied, between gulps.

All this time citizens on foot and in carriages were coming up the hill, with now and then a heavy cart piled with merrymakers and their food. Then came the motor cars, which enabled lazy folk to dash up to pay their respects to the Saint and return to town in time for an indoor meal.

Indoor meals seemed to be the last desire of most of the visitors, and at 50 places among the maquis and in the shelter of the great rocks small open fires were being built, each of which was a shrine of gustatory fellowship.

HURDY-GURDY AND ACCORDION THE DANCERS' ORCHESTRA

The feast of St. Anthony is the occasion when the town-dweller escapes for a day to live in the maquis, and there was more laughter and good fun out there under the sky than in all the few amusement places that Ajaccio boasts.

Out along the hills twoscore of armed men were combing the hills for sanglier, that wild boar whose flesh makes such delicious eating.

The hurdy-gurdy and an accordion rivalled each other in providing music for those who cared to dance. Young Corsica takes its dancing seriously. Walking around the floor to music with an arm around a lady has no appeal to the young Ajaccien. Every book store, along with its several varieties of books on etiquette, has its guides to the Boston, the schottische, the tango, and the mazurka, and somewhere or other the few who do dance pick up a variety of steps which is amazing to the tyro and would probably come as a revelation to many a professional dancer.

So it took the brightest airs that hurdy-gurdy and accordion could furnish before the young folks were ready to reveal their art on that rough field. But, once started, they never seemed ready to stop. More than half the dancers were not couples, strictly speaking, but town youths in blue denim and Apache caps, with highly decorated shoes laced so close to the toe as to give the rudest foot an effeminate appearance.

The accordion had won most of the crowd away from the hurdy-gurdy, the absinthe had all been drunk, and the family parties among the rocks and underbrush had broiled their meat and eaten it before I left. But four-foot candles, tied to boards like splints, were still being brought up from the town and the less rustic urbanites were still plodding up the rough road in their painful patent-leather shoes.

In the afternoon I rode out to Mezzavia, where, in the shadow of an aqueduct, there is another small chapel of St. Antoine.

In spite of the ring toss for bottles of wine, the many games of chance, and the general money-changers-in-the-temple aspect of the place, this gathering had a more religious tone than the merrymakers in the valley of Ajaccio; but there were also more fine gowns and low slippers, for the road to Mezzavia, even if one walks the entire distance, is not hard.

A TOURIST INVASION OF THE ISLAND IMPENDS

Neglected heretofore, Corsica is coming into vogue. One of the great French railway systems is arranging for motor services in connection with the steamers from Nice and Marseille, and last winter a half dozen simple but clean hotels, under Swiss direction, were being planned, so that even those who insist on standardized travel arrangements might visit most parts of the island.

But to appreciate the Corsican one must know him, and a throbbing motor car which relentlessly puts hills behind and rolls past splendid points of view at 30 miles an hour does not give a chance to know those who do not wear their hearts upon their brown corduroy sleeves, for all their traditional hospitality. One can't show very sincere hospitality to a cloud of dust and carbon monoxide gas.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

A SMILE OF WELCOME IN CORSICA

While beauty is said to be characteristic of Corsican scenery rather than of the island's inhabitants, the abundant rich red hair of this maid of Bonifacio is an asset of which any Parisienne might be envious.

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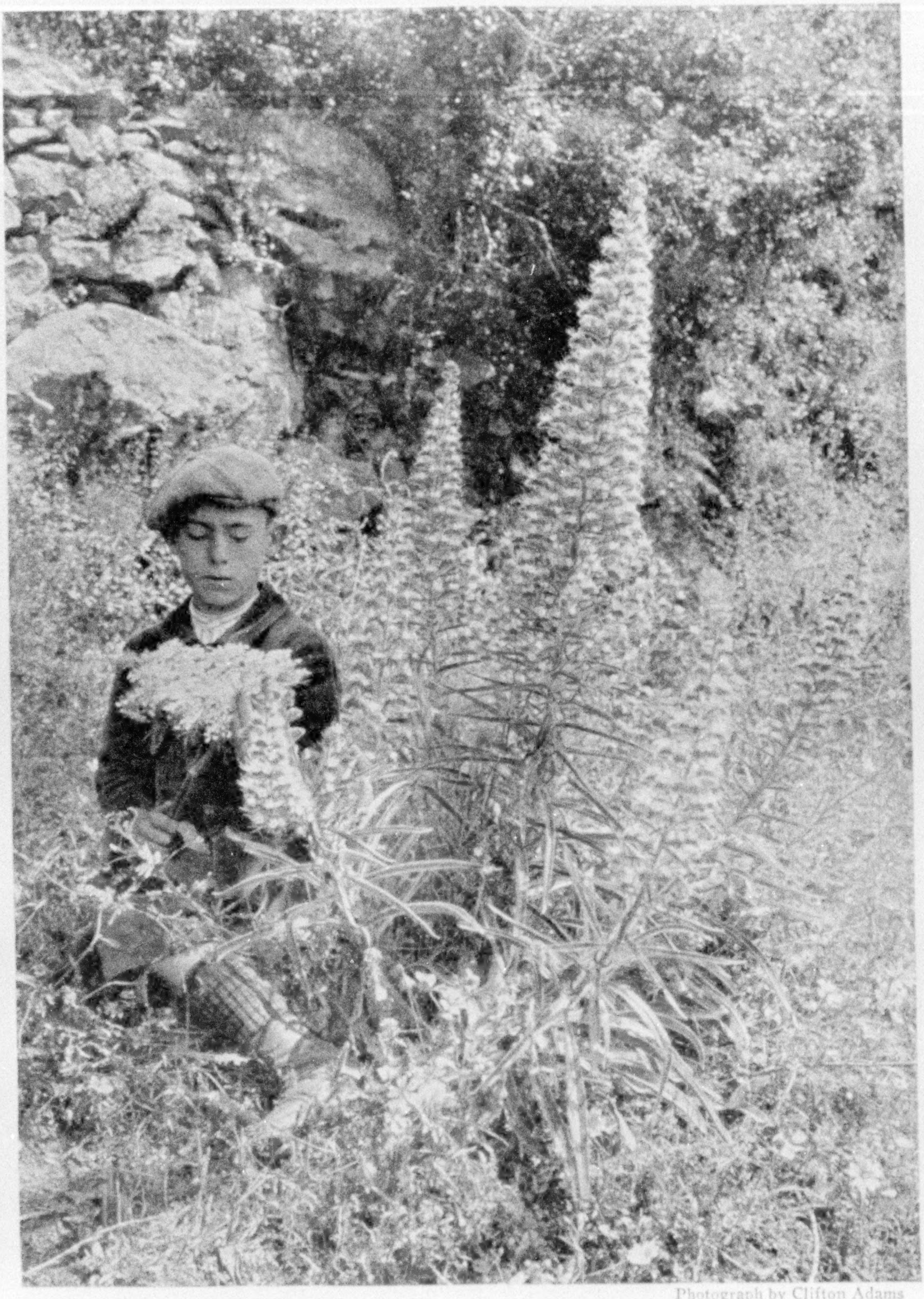

Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE FRAGRANCE OF SUCH FLOWERS HAUNTED THE DREAMS OF THE EXILED NAPOLEON

At most seasons of the year, the fields, forests, and highways of Corsica are abloom with many varieties of wild flowers. These graceful spikes of white blossoms are known to the peasants as "Dogstooth."

Photograph by Clifton Adams

A MOMENT OF LEISURE IN A FIELD OF NEW-MOWN HAY, NEAR ÎLE ROUSSE, NORTHERN CORSICA

Nineteen-year-old Joanne, who wears a white headcloth and a striped apron over her dress of coarse black, harvests hay with the men and boys in her father's field. Her pitchfork was "made in U. S. A."

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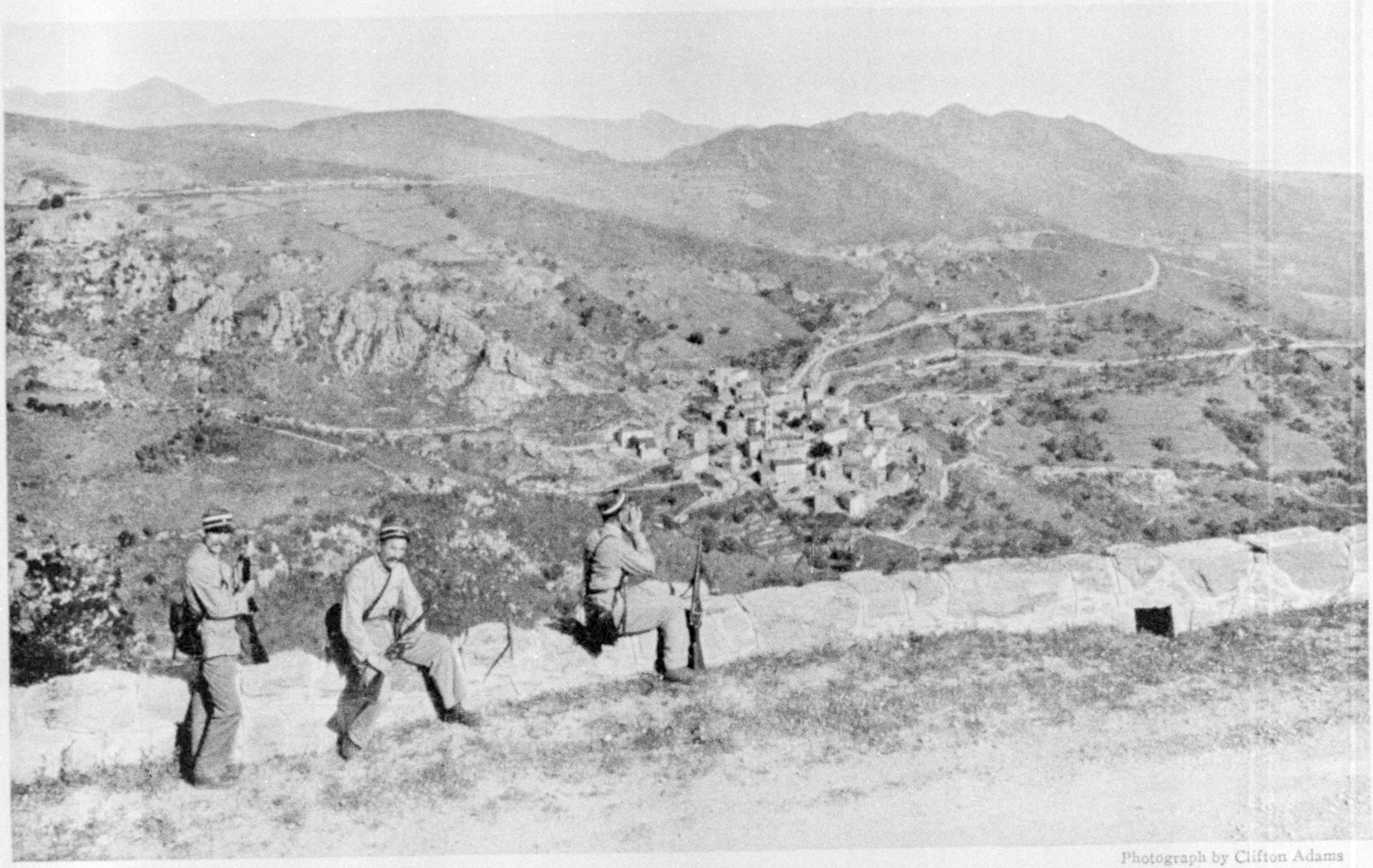
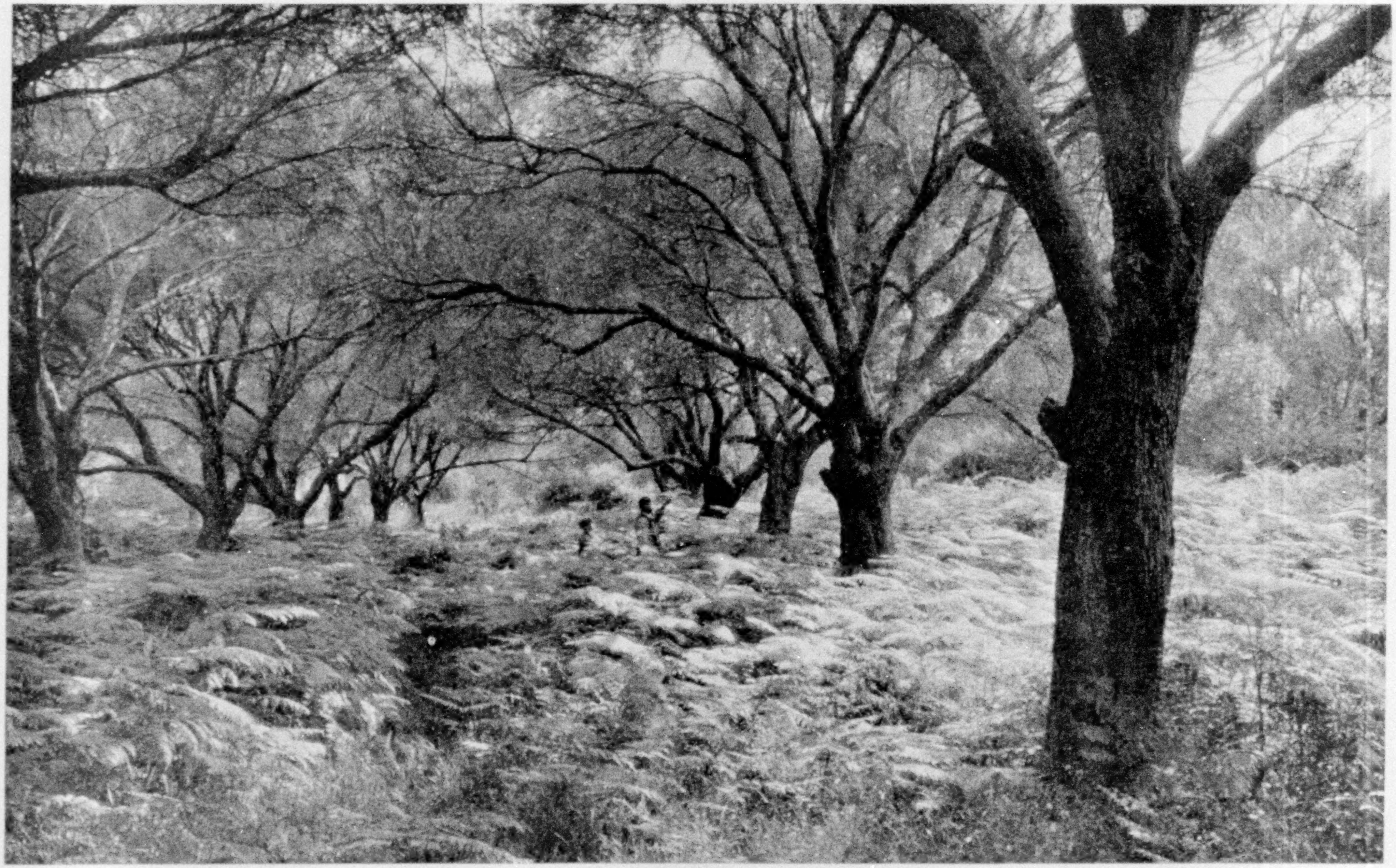


Photograph by Clifton Adams

GENDARMES ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD

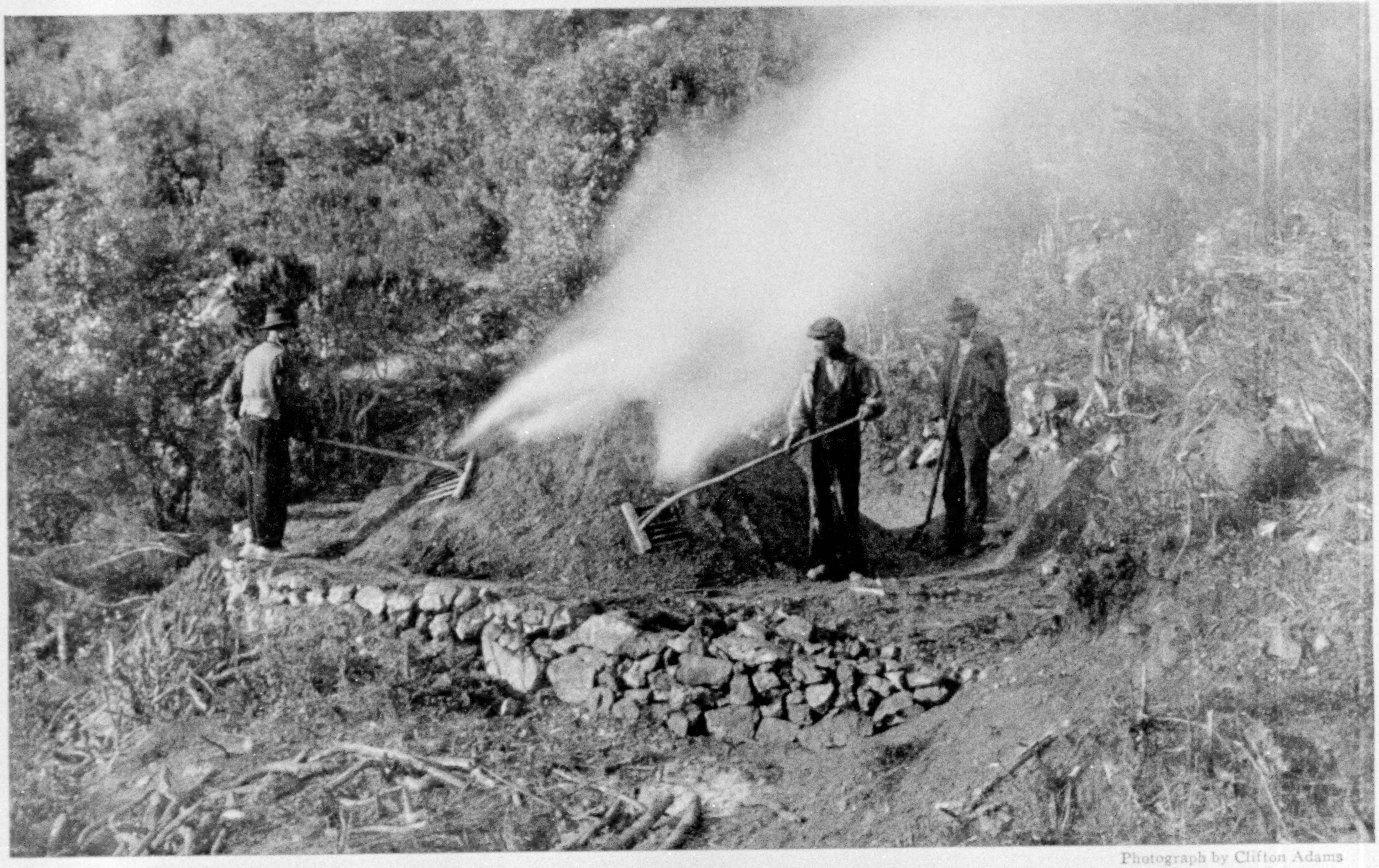
These are the types of policemen who have done much to discourage the custom of the vendetta since Corsica came under French rule.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

SUCH SYLVAN SCENES RECALL THE FACT THAT THE GREEKS GAVE CORSICA THE NAME "KALLISTE"—MOST BEAUTIFUL

Giant ferns are to be found all over the island, especially in the forests and on the banks of the mountain streams. This olive grove with its green carpet of ferns borders the beach at Calvi.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

A PRIMITIVE CHARCOAL KILN

Along the mountain roads the larger trunks of maquis are cut into short lengths, stacked in rough cones, covered with earth and burned. The charcoal product is then taken home or transported to the ports on the backs of donkeys.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

LOOKING DOWN UPON AJACCIO

"The green hill, which is background for pink and cream Ajaccio, splits the city into the form of a Y" (see text, page 237).

Photograph by Clifton Adams

A CORSICAN PEASANT

The peasants and laborers of the island generally wear hobnailed shoes, corduroy trousers and vests, plaid shirts, and sometimes smaller fancy shirts of the same material in addition. Broad red sashes occasionally provide a dash of color for the costume.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

GRANDMOTHER WEARING THE UNIQUE PANCAKE-SHAPED CORSICAN HAT

This peculiar sunshade perched on top of a cap is still worn in certain mountain districts of the island (see also illustrations, pages 233 and 235). It is made of twisted woven brook grass. The color in the costumes of peasant women that one naturally associates with southern European peoples is lacking in Corsica.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

DELIVERING THE MORNING'S MILK

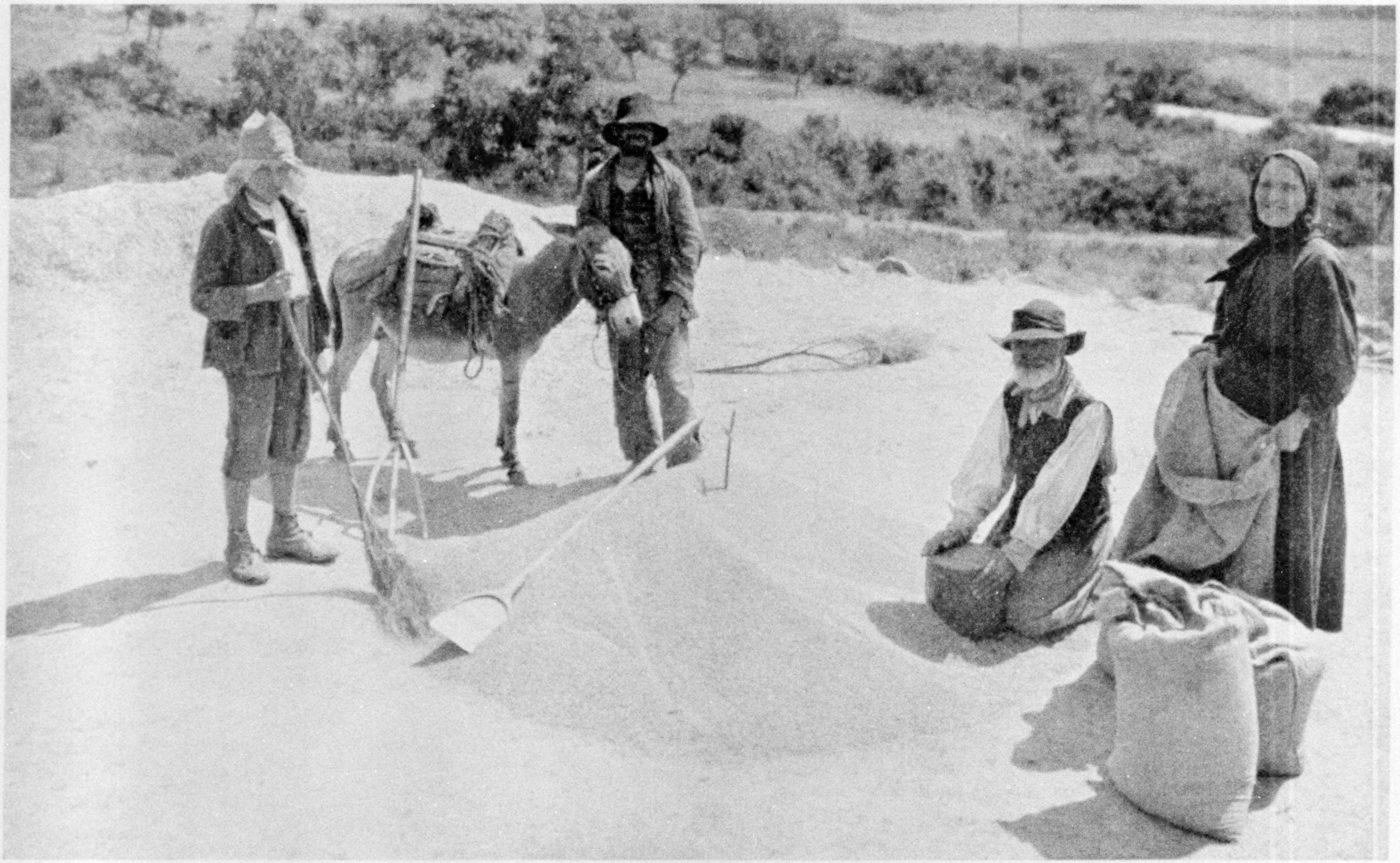
There are few cows in Corsica and most of the milk is obtained from goats, which are handsome creatures of energy and spirit (see page 278).

Photograph by Clifton Adams

YOUTHFUL PIETY BEFORE A WAYSIDE SHRINE

Some of these small shrines or "chapelles" along the roadsides erected to the Virgin Mary or some favorite Corsican saint are hundreds of years old.

XUM



Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE WHEAT HARVEST OF A CORSICAN FARMER

After the grain has been threshed from the heads of the wheat by the hoofs of cattle, a sieve is used to separate the grain from the chaff. This farmer is carefully measuring his wheat before putting it in sacks, to be taken to the granary on the back of the burro. The type of wooden shovel and fork shown in the illustration is said to have been introduced by the Moors. The cross in the pile of grain is a symbol of supplication for a bountiful crop next year.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE CORSICAN, UPON THE SLIGHTEST PRETEXT, DOES HIS WORK OUT-OF-DOORS

This itinerant china mender has established his shop in a shady spot on the sidewalk and, surrounded by interested spectators, is making as good as new the housewife's favorite dishes.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A STREET IN THE OLDER SECTION OF BASTIA

Bastia is more alive to the present and the future than any other town of the island. Olive oil, the wine of Cap Corse, and some of the finest lemons in the world are shipped from its quays to France and Italy. Ajaccio, frequented by strangers, has been called the Nice and Bastia the Marseille of Corsica. The city inherited its skyscraping tenements from Genoa.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

FISH NETS AND LOBSTER POTS BESIDE THE QUAY AT CENTURI

Centuri, on the west coast of Cap Corse, the northernmost peninsula of the island, was the port at which Boswell landed when he visited Corsica. "The prospect of the mountains covered with vines and olives," he wrote, "was extremely agreeable and the odour of the myrtle and other aromatick shrubs and flowers that grew all around me was very refreshing."

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

MORNING LIGHT SPREADING OVER THE QUAYS AT BASTIA

The commercial metropolis of Corsica, with a population of 30,000, was founded by the Genoese in 1380. Overlooking Bastia is the village of Pietranera, scene of the thrilling incidents in Prosper Mérimée's famous novel "Colomba," which familiarized the world with the vendetta.

The contemplated linking of original Corsica with the sophisticated Côte d'Azur is merely a marriage of convenience. Corsica and the Continent have different tastes and characters. It is to be hoped that mercenary considerations will not succeed in bringing about this union, in which Corsican characteristics must sooner or later be subordinated to that cosmopolitan mixture of cultures that makes a concierge on the Côte d'Azur the most perfect machine and the least interesting human being in all the world.

THE ISLAND IS SHAPED LIKE A TORTOISE

Before circling the Corsican coast, it is well to have in advance some idea of what the trip offers. Corsica has usually been likened to a bottle of perfume whose subtle odor is distilled by a genial sun from the sweet-scented shrubs of the maquis.

To one who looks at Corsica from the west instead of from the north, it is a huge tortoise. The long head of this island beast is Cap Corse, with Bastia, the island's largest city, at the nape of its neck and the insignificant port of St. Florent tucked closely under its chin (see map, page 224).

On the west coast four large gulfs, each made up of several smaller ones, separate the feet of this legless sea monster. Northernmost and loveliest of all is the Gulf of Porto, whose sharp wedge seems to have split asunder the hills behind it. Next to the south is the wide Gulf of Sagone, fed by sluggish, though once agile, streams.

Then the Gulf of Ajaccio, whose quieter beauty, like that of the Bay of Naples, matches the savage charm of the Gulf of Porto with its rouged lips. The Gulf of Valinco, though less widely known, has its champions.

Where the back breaks into a sort of tail is Porto Vecchio, at the only considerable interruption in the low-lying coast between Cap Corse and Bonifacio.

As to the interior structure of this animal, the main line of mountains is slightly bowed from northwest to southwest, and the back of the beast lacks the hard shell that one would expect, while the entire underpart of the body is armored with granite and porphyry and fitted with fierce claws of rock which clutch steeply into the sea.

Its coasts do not constitute the true Corsica. They form the twilight zone between the outer world and this land whose resistance to change and passion for independence make more remarkable the true hospitality of its people.

We could have wished for nothing lovelier than our ride across the plain behind Ajaccio. Near at hand, the dark green of olive groves; beyond, the rose-red shoulder of the Rocher Gozzi, of hardest granite, but resembling some sandstone hill of Petra, its color subdued by a darkened sky. Then a dull blue approach to the skirts of Monte d'Oro, whose snowy head was lost in clouds.

We passed under the aqueduct which supplies Ajaccio with water when the gendarmes do their duty. These armed guards are sometimes stationed along its course to keep the farmers from diverting the water to their fields. Then we climbed to our first col, or pass.

Travel in Corsica is just one seesaw of ups and downs, ins and outs. But the mountain passes justify their existence, whether they run through heavy forests to a thickly timbered saddle or reach out to a point of land that looks down on stormy gulfs, each more beautiful than the previous one. That first tiny pass, less than 1,000 feet above the sea, was a foretaste of many that were to come.

To the south was the rich plain at the head of the Gulf of Ajaccio, the plain from which Letizia and her children fled, with a distant glimpse of the Tour de Capitello, whence Napoleon himself fled from danger to fame. Across the blue-black bay were the mountains which face Ajaccio.

SAGONE'S GLORY HAS VANISHED

Ahead, our yellow road wound deeper into the hills; but on our left, high on the side of the hill of the Pozzo di Borgo, was the Château de la Punta, a misplaced structure built of materials brought from the Tuileries in Paris, but one from which there is an incomparable panorama of the entire backbone of Corsica from Capo Tafonato to the Incudine.

Farther north lay the Gulf of Lava, near which the most prominent of the present-day bandits is said to have his retreat.

Every climb, which opened up scenes

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A ROADSIDE FOUNTAIN AND LAUNDRY

Little of the water goes to waste, as there seem to be waiting women always at hand taking their turn to do laundry work.

ever more majestic, brought one to a curving descent leading to intimate relations with a softer beauty. Down we swept to the gulf, rounding the tower of Capigliolo on its promontory, and out of Sagone before we knew we had reached it. From the turnings above the hamlet we had glimpsed the port at the far end of the yellow beach and had expected that the town would be there. But what there is of Sagone is close to the hill over which we had come, and we were several hundred yards along the splendid eucalyptus avenue, which is supposed to offset the miasma of this tiny corner of plain, before we knew that the meter had clicked off another big name on the map.

Sagone was once the seat of an epicurean bishop whose feasts became a scandal and called forth the censure of Gregory the Great. The Barbary pirates came, wrecked the cathedral, and left Sagone a ruin; so that to-day its tiny campanile even lacks a church.

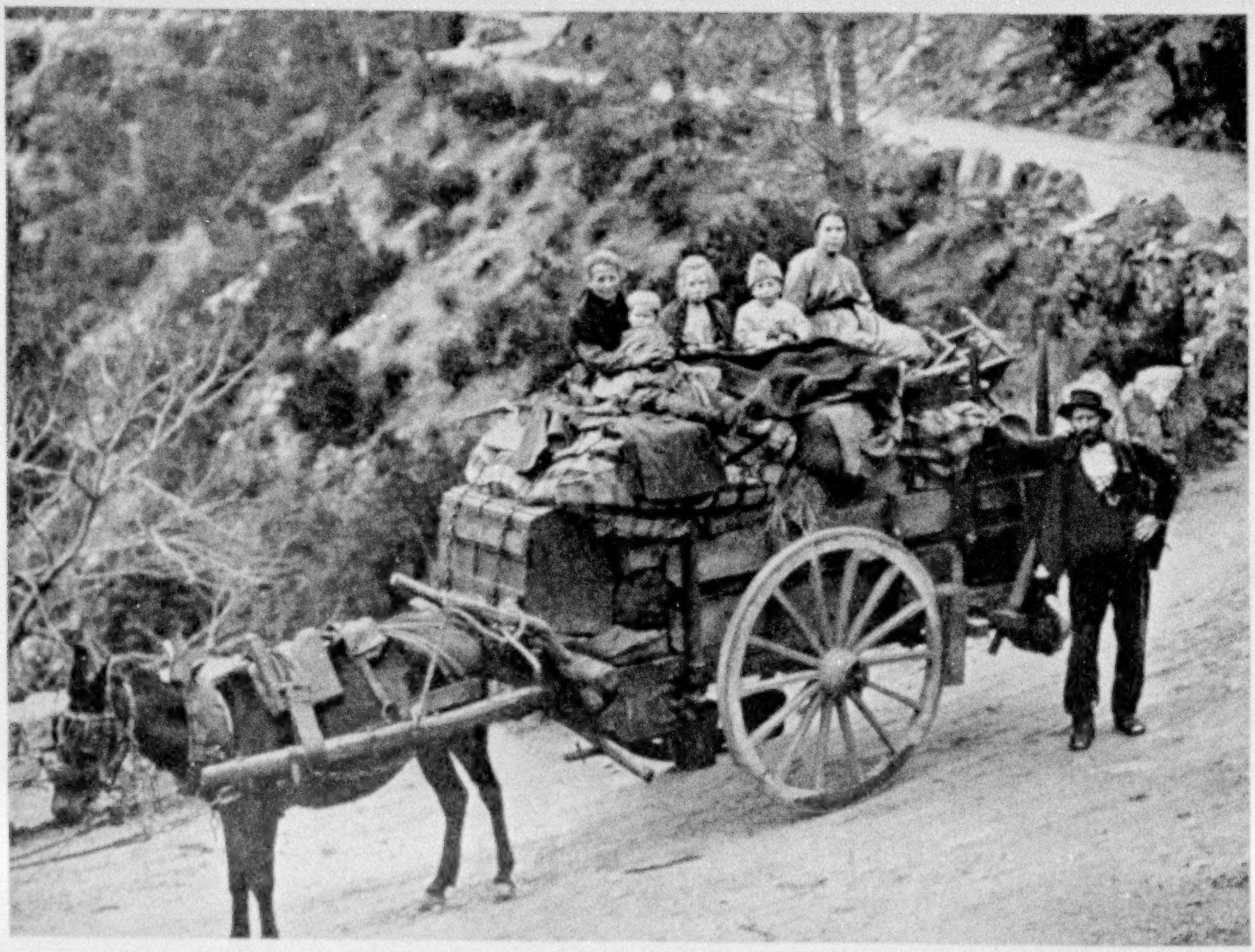
That is the story. The fact probably is that the powerful *Anopheles* had more to do with it. In Corsica, as in Panama, the mosquito has done more than its share to rob France of glory and wealth. The practically unimproved port is served by infrequent sailing vessels, which touch here to carry off the accumulation of charcoal from the hills (see page 250).

IN CARGÈSE, HOME OF GREEK REFUGEES

The Sagone, which is a river on the map and less than a creek in reality, here empties into the sea through narrow backwaters lined with high rushes. After crossing it on a new cement bridge, one strikes west once more, rounds one hill after another, and beyond well-kept olive groves sees, seated on a low saddle between two hills, each with its ruined tower dating from several centuries ago, the little town of Cargèse, whose most interesting superficial feature is that a Greek and a Roman Catholic church face each other across a narrow valley full of gardens.

THE COL DE VERGIO, THE HIGHEST PASS IN CORSICA—ELEVATION, 4,803 FEET

By this pass communication is maintained between the valley of the Porto and the valley of the Golo, except in winter.



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

EVERYBODY RIDES BUT FATHER ON MOVING DAY IN CORSICA

Photograph by Clifton Adams

FRENCH BRIAR PIPES IN THE ROUGH

The stumps of bruyère grow on the mountain sides, among the maquis, and their gnarled knotty roots are dug up and brought to the little sawmills, where the rough blocks for pipes are sawed out.

I had been led to expect that here I would find visible traces of the Greeks who settled in Cargèse just after the Boston Tea Party. Theirs was a strange story. A century before, these Peloponnesian Greeks, tired of the tyranny of the Turk, asked Genoa for a place where they could live in safety. The Genoese welcomed them and assured them freedom of religion and municipal government. The first settlement, made up of about 700 people, was on the hills between the present site of Cargèse and Sagone.

They remained faithful to Genoa throughout the Corsican struggles for freedom. In 1731 their villages were burned, and they fled to Ajaccio, 25 miles away. When Corsica was ceded to France, M. de Marbeuf had the present church and village of Cargèse built for them, and to-day one of the main streets and an ill-kept café are named after this benefactor of the Greeks, who was governor in Corsica in Napoleon's day.

At that time the 110 families still spoke Greek, wore Greek costumes, and worshiped according to Greek form. At first they did not have much to do with the Corsicans, who surrounded and persecuted them, but when their industry aroused jealousy they settled the matter through intermarriage rather than through recourse to the vendetta or open war.

Although I was assured that there are still some Greeks in Cargèse, I could not find any, and the Greek priest looked as if he would be more at home in the Sorbonne than in Athens.

GREEK CUSTOMS, COSTUMES, AND FEATURES ARE GONE

Cargèse, for all its interesting history, is to-day an uninteresting town. If the people are unusually industrious—and

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A SNOW-CLAD SHOULDER OF MONTE ROTONDO FROM THE RAILWAY TRACK NEAR VIVARIO

Rotondo is the best-known peak in Corsica, and for a long time was thought to be the loftiest. It is easily accessible from the fortified town of Corte, the ancient capital of the island (see page 275).

any reasonably industrious man in Corsica is unusually industrious—it was not evident to the naked eye.

The women were busy washing clothes, carrying water, gathering olives, cleaning the streets before their houses, and tending babies and hens; but the only man in Cargèse that I saw really working was in a small olive-oil mill. He swung the lever that depressed the screw and sent the oil trickling out of its straw or wicker mats into a none-too-clean tub.

The Greek customs, costumes, and features are gone. Cargèse has had a romantic life, but the camera shows no trace of the ethnological difference between it and its neighboring towns. Only outside do well-cultivated fields and well-kept flocks proclaim that some remnant of the original Greek industry still remains.

LABOR IS CHIEFLY VOCAL IN CARGÈSE

A former writer saw there some women so lovely that it took him a page of adjectives to describe them. Possibly scouts from Hollywood have taken them away and he thereby missed an oppor-

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

IN THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF SAGONE

The autobusses from Ajaccio, Vico, and Ota, via Piana, all meet here. There are not more than a dozen houses in this hamlet, which once was a wealthy community.

tunity to record photographically a fact that no longer obtains. Not a Mona Lisa nor Greek goddess did I see.

Some enemy of the town recently left there a consignment of the most offensive green paint that ever assailed from afar the human eye—a color which must have been conceived in a delirium. It has become the custom to paint the shutters of the pink and light yellow houses with this awful stuff. One of the most pretentious houses in Cargèse stands between the two churches, and this disfiguring paint has rendered it the most atrocious edifice I have seen in an island where barrack-like buildings have the good taste to be inconspicuous, if not entirely pleasing to the eye.

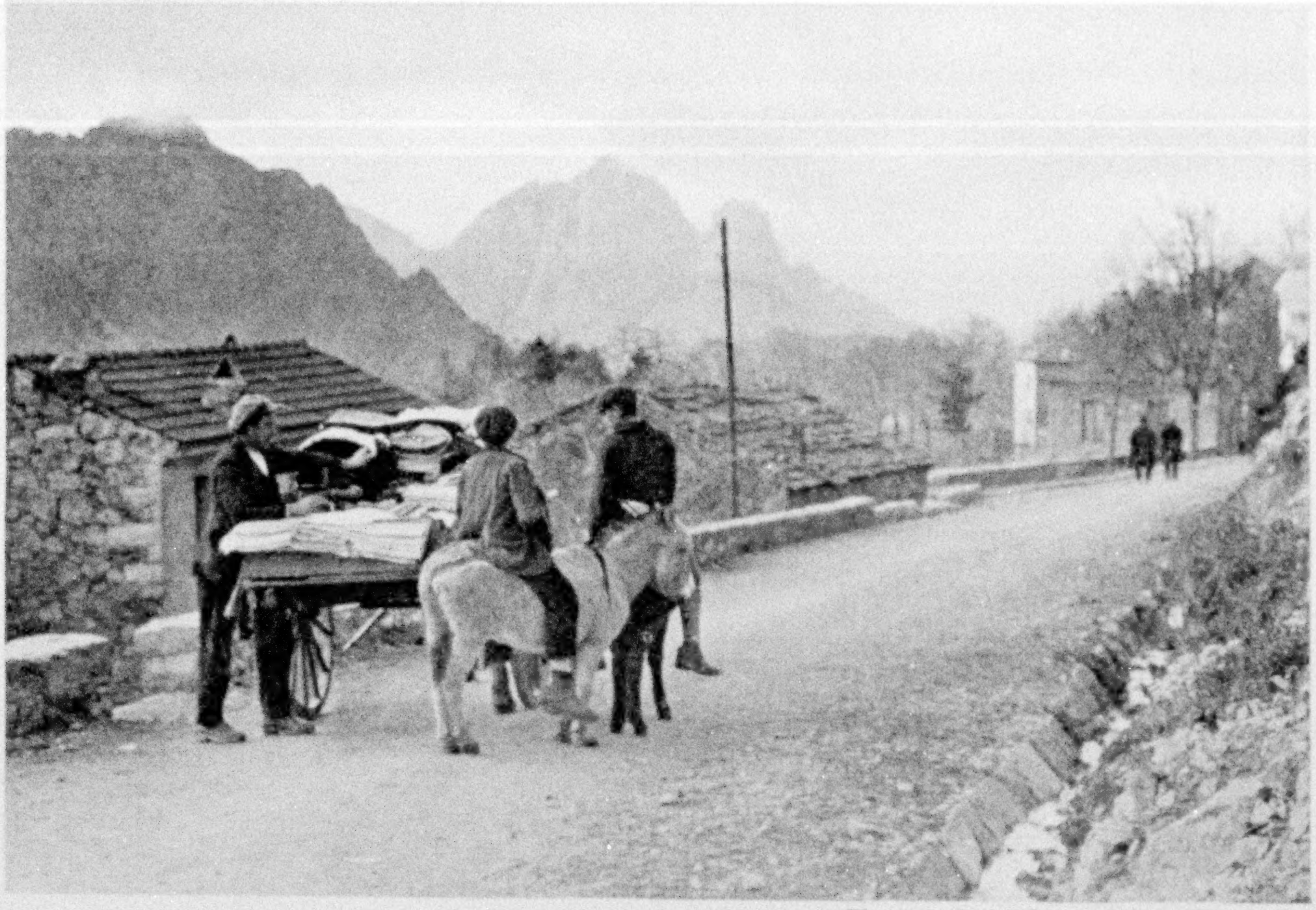
One cannot tell how sleepy the town of Cargèse is; he can only say that the Ajacciens find it slow. The labor is largely vocal. The shepherd lies in the sun and shouts or whistles to his flock. The hired man in the olive-oil mill, by shouting at him, scares speed into the worn Samson of a horse that turns the rollers. The postman stands outside and pages the people for whom he has mail. One could achieve fame in Cargèse by getting his name on a good mailing list, for the postman is an energetic Stentor, even if lead has replaced the wings of Mercury upon his reluctant feet.

The women wear a peculiar straw hat like a child's beach hat, which is, of course, black. They are as industrious in Cargèse as elsewhere. In Corsica it is not necessary to note whether an approaching form wears skirt or trousers. If it carries a burden, it is probably a woman.

PIANA HAS NO REPUTATION TO UPHOLD

Piana, an attractive little town backed by the Calanche and overlooking the incomparable Gulf of Porto, comes as a distinct relief.

There are probably as many men sunning themselves in front of the church in Piana as there are in front of the two churches of Cargèse. The little girls who bound their rubber balls, and then whirl quickly to bound them again, betray as great a need of underwear as in Cargèse. The boys are as apt to start a hue and cry that will fill the picturesque old



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A PUSHCART SALESMAN AT EVISA, IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS, NEAR A BEAUTIFUL CHESTNUT FOREST

streets with undesired crowds of children, each standing at attention, with his or her tummy pushed out in pseudo-military style, and each desiring that his or her picture be more prominent than the rough stone steps, the fine old women, or the humble donkeys, which do so much to give a country village its tone.

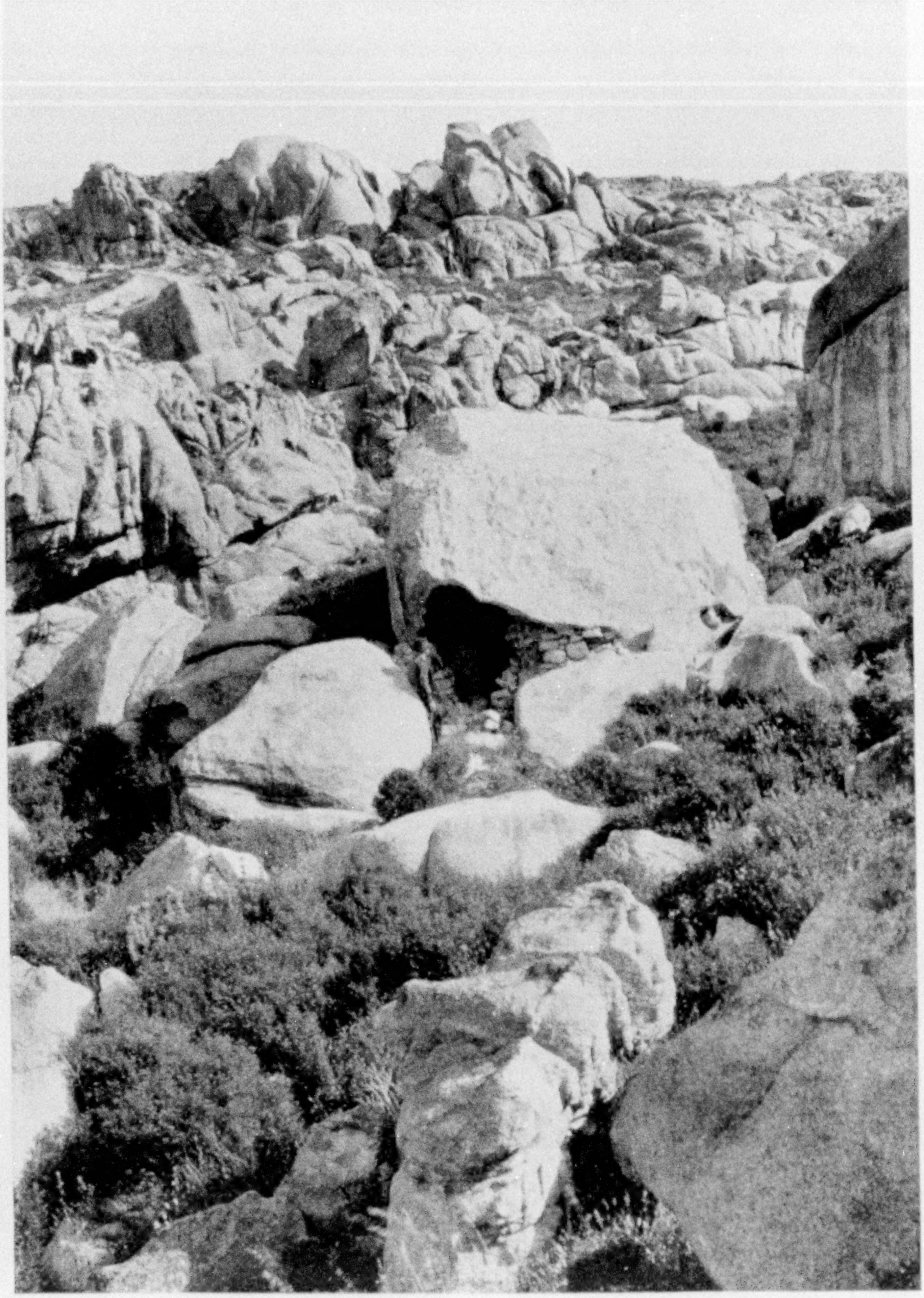
Piana, however, is known not for its classic ancestry but for the grotesque forms of red granite just beyond and for its view across the bluest of gulfs to the reddest of peninsulas. Hence it has no unusual reputation for cleanliness or industry to uphold. It is a Corsican town, much like many another, except that its clock keeps tolerable time.

The best hotel is a tall, narrow structure at the extreme edge of the town. The furniture is excellent and not overheavy. Cleanliness seems almost tangible, the food is fine, the outlook unsurpassed. The silver tea service would do credit to a tourist hotel in Nice and the ivory-handled knives are of unstainable steel. It is another of those paradoxical surprises with which Corsica loves to confuse one.

One can eat a lamb's head there, split in half, with the tongue, cheeks, and brains done to a turn, with a relish that the same rather gruesome but very tasty dish would not inspire amid less attractive surroundings. Altogether, Piana, like Ajaccio, is a place in which to tramp and climb and enjoy the view and the tonic air. It is one of the places in Corsica that rewards a long stay, for the light on the red rocks is never twice the same and the fantastic forms in the Calanche continually intrigue one's interest.

AN AMAZING GALLERY OF FANTASTIC FORMS IN THE CALANCHE

The Calanche forms one of the most unusual sights in the world. Sharp tongues of red granite serrated into a thousand fantasies descend from the peaks of La Pianetta and the Capo d'Orto to the blue waters of the Gulf of Porto. About half way down to the water they are cut by a serpentine road which now overlooks seemingly bottomless ravines and now is overhung by great masses of granite that, when one looks up and sees



Photograph by Clifton Adams

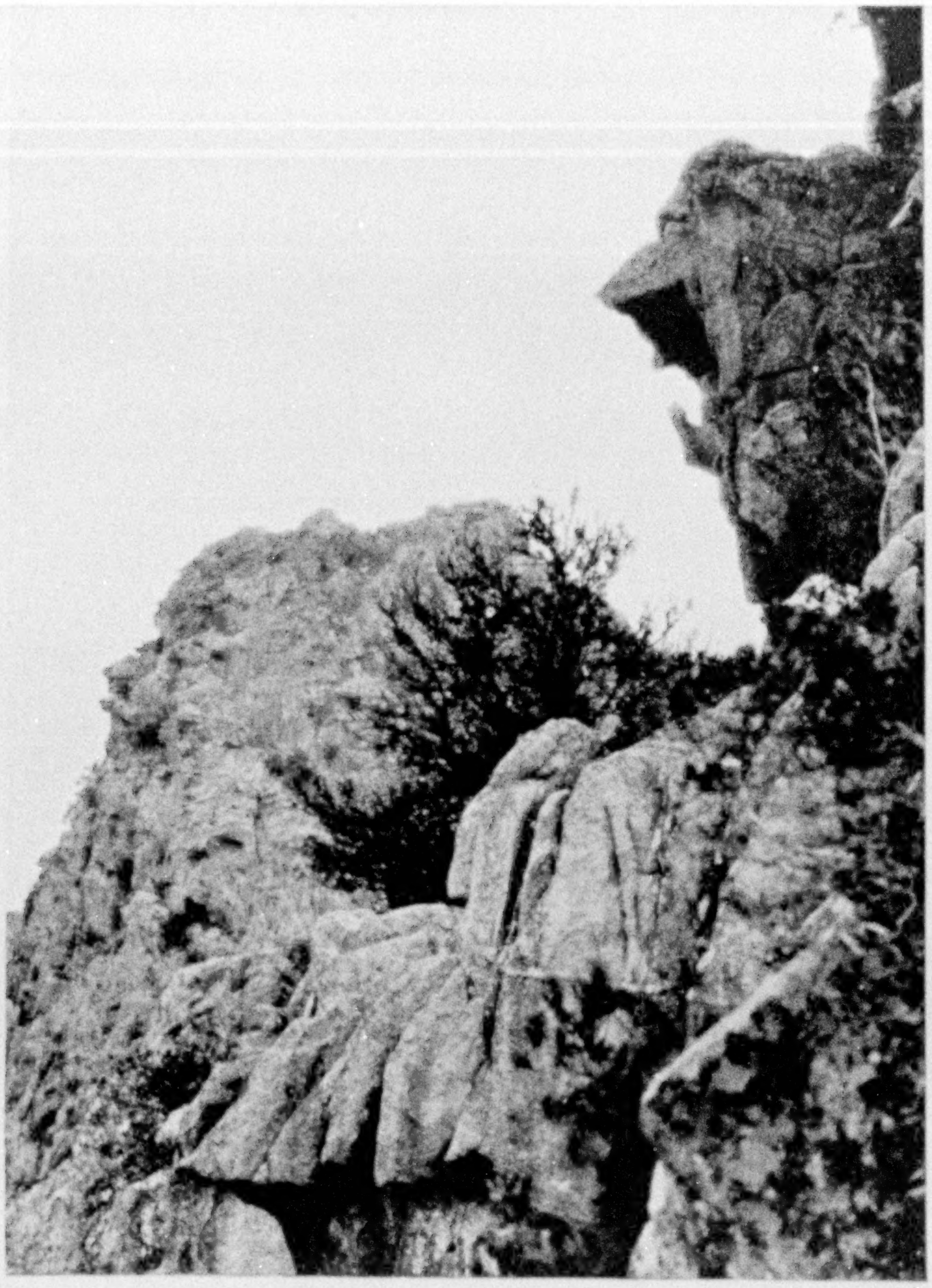
A SHEPHERD'S REFUGE AMONG THE ROCKS

By a queer caprice of Mother Nature, some of the great boulders along the west coast of Corsica have been hollowed out, and the shepherds use them as shelters during sudden summer showers.

the clouds pass over them, seem about to topple upon his head.

Everywhere that plants can find foothold there are maquis or pine trees whose green adds verdancy to the already colorful scene. Here is no such open beauty, such tremendous expanse of Nature's canvas as awes by its very size and makes the Grand Canyon indescribable. Nor has the rock those exquisite grainings that make the sandstone of Petra resemble choice bits of ornamental wood. But the grotesque forms into which titanic forces have carved the stone make them more intriguing than the great rock masses of Arizona or the Nabatean temple tombs of the "rose-red city half as old as Time."

Gargoyles glare from a hundred jutting rocks. The heads of puppy dogs look out from granite kennels high against the north entrance to the chaos in red granite, and two lovers, a little stiff in their attitude, but admirable in their constancy, stand near the upper exit.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A FANTASTIC FACE OF GRANITE, "THE SPIRIT OF THE CALANCHE"

The various rock forms of the Calanche, near the Corsican coast village of Piana, are hard to photograph in such a way as to show the details, which spur the imagination to see strange figures there. Here, high to the right, is a rock form, far from the beaten path, which suggests the malign spirit of the whole formation, which is a veritable nightmare in stone (see text below).

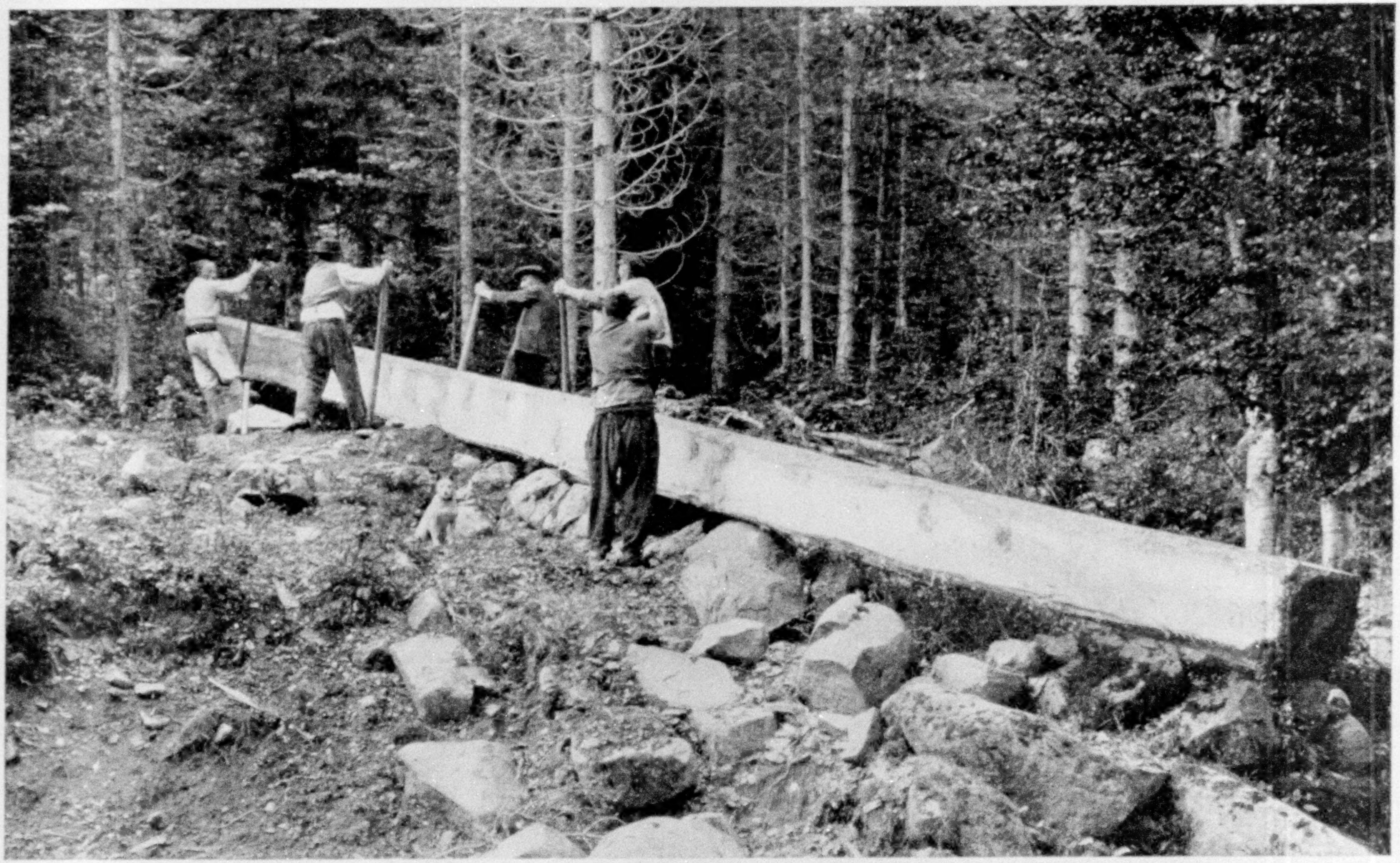
There is a giant lion high on the slope, a truly regal figure. A huge tortoise stands on a point of rock which the roadmakers have detached from its parent mass. A witch with a hatchet chin and a criminal brow starts out from the stone in a spirited way that suggests night rides on a broomstick, and way down on the first edge of the group I found a fierce face which surely must be the malign spirit of this nightmare in stone (see illustration above).

There are forms from which one almost expects to hear the deep thunder of a mighty organ, whose irregular pipes assume an almost artificial symmetry, as though they had once been actually tuned to the breezes which sweep in from the sea. A great gopura, as overdecorated by Nature as are those of Madura by the hand of man, is so perfect a replica that one can imagine brown bodies bowing before equally brown and greasy idols, while temple gongs jangle discordantly beside some stagnant pool.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

A ROADWAY BORDERED BY EUCALYPTUS TREES NEAR A VILLAGE ON THE GULF OF PORTO

The eucalyptus tree is found throughout Corsica. The dry leaves are used by the peasants to make a cough syrup.



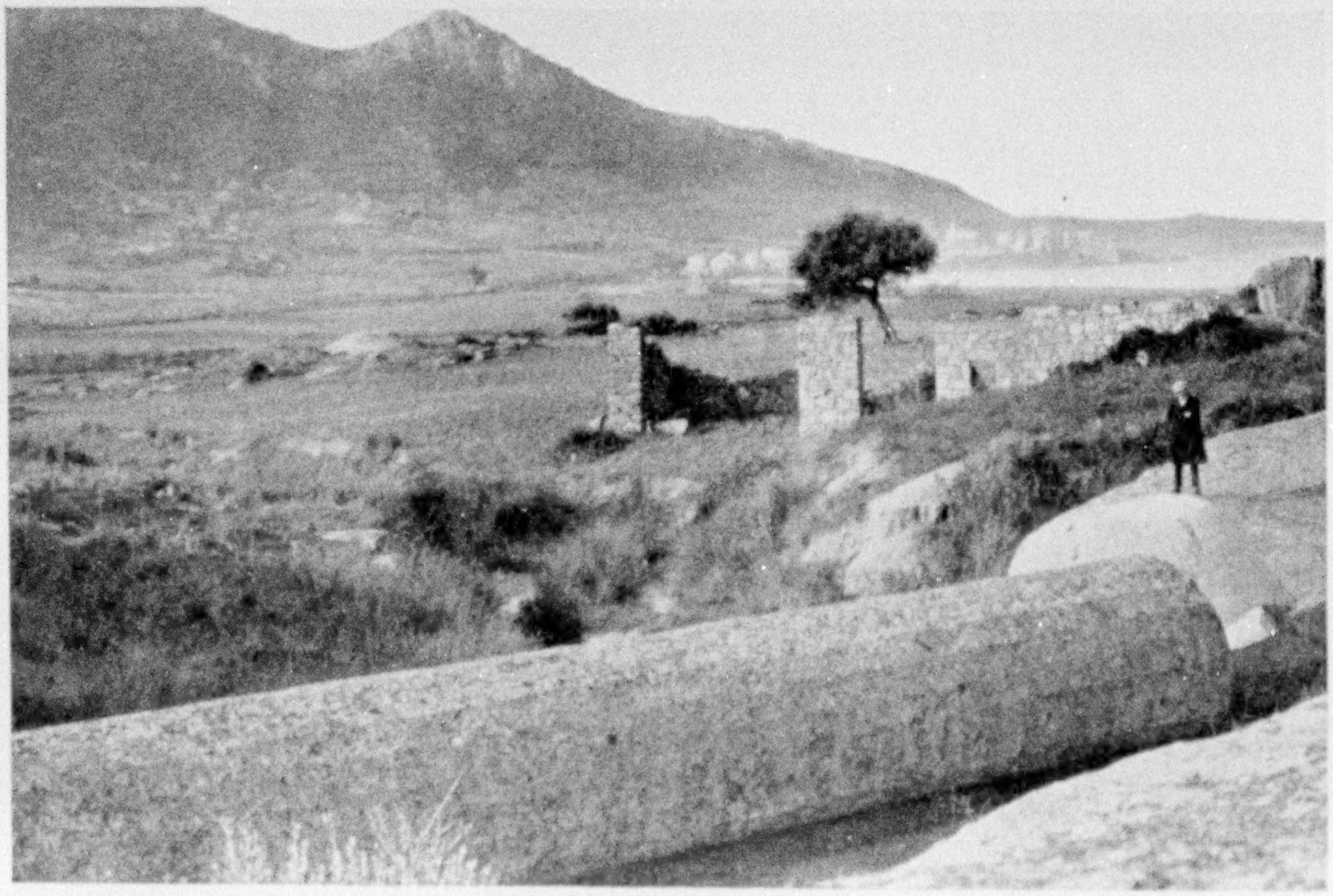
Photograph by Clifton Adams

LOGGING IN THE FOREST D'AITONE, NEAR EVISA

The lumbermen in their picturesque garb, working in concert to the shouted orders from their chief, pull on their L-shaped logging tools and slide the great pine beams over the rocks and down the hillsides to the cart roads below.

TALKING POLITICS IN CALVI

It was during operations at Calvi in 1794 that Lord Nelson's right eye was destroyed by gravel driven into it by a cannon shot which struck the ground close to him.



Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

THE ALGAJOLA MONOLITH, LYING WHERE IT WAS QUARRIED AND DESERTED

This little town in northwestern Corsica is famous for its stone, the pedestal of the Vendôme Column in Paris and the cover of the sarcophagus of the Emperor Napoleon having come from Algajola quarries. This column was cut with a view to its erection at Ajaccio, where it was to be surmounted by a statue of Napoleon, but the expense of transportation and preparation proved too great and the project was abandoned.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

HOGSHEADS OF CITRONS, PACKED IN SEA WATER, AT ÎLE ROUSSE, READY FOR NEW YORK

Île Rousse, which was founded by Paoli in 1758, derives its name from three red granite islets at the entrance to the harbor.

The Calanche forms a true test of such imagination as sees in cloud forms interesting pictures and half-conceived dreams. But the hard granite of Piana has none of that fleeting loveliness that one finds in a sunset cloud scudding before the wind. Its grotesque shapes have hardened there, so that even the unimaginative can be rushed by in motor cars and have pointed out to them the stock sights of the place. The day may come when they will be numbered in white paint to correspond to similar figures in the guidebook!

As one passes through this gigantic joke played by some long since extinguished fire, he finds the north slopes of these red rock masses shrouded in maquis. A turn of the road carries him out of this phantasmagoria of porphyry as suddenly as the pass above Piana introduced it.

The Gulf of Porto, which till then had been a distant sea of concentrated bluing

Photograph by Clifton Adams

AT THE FOOT OF MT. STELLO, ON THE WEST COAST OF CAP CORSE

Nonza, an old feudal town, with its ancient tower and manor of the Genoese seigneurs, dominates the Gulf of St. Florent from a rocky bluff.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

IN THE "HIGH TOWN," UNDER THE CITADEL AT CORTE

The centuries-old little houses, built of stone even to the stone shingles, seem solid and strong enough to last for centuries to come.

separating the brown-red rocks of the Calanche from the purple peaks of Cap Senino and Point Scandola, now lies below in all its fascination, with a Genoese tower, long since cracked and ruined, sheltering the tiny harbor at its eastern end (see illustration, page 242).

At the tiny port a pile of half-squared logs awaits shipment. A hog whose chestnut diet has so fattened him that the most ignorant of visitors could not mistake him for a sanglier roots contentedly in the brown earth. A homely girl in a gay dress, washing behind a hut from whose rough chimney curls a bit of smoke, adds a "Home, sweet home," touch to the scene.

To the right, as one looks out to sea, is the almost barren slope above the Calvi road, with the pyramid of Senino beyond; to the left, the maquis toward Piana. Breaking the inverted triangle of sky and water, is the Genoese watchtower on its rock pedestal—a picture which no artist could confine to canvas. Beauty runs riot with wanton waste.

As I looked at the fine eucalyptus grove beyond the glistening curve of river, my foot hit an old medicine bottle with its label still legible. It had held a fever remedy. In summer this lovely valley mouth is a miasmic morass with a breath as deadly as the drugged roses of the story-book adventuress.

MAKING FLOUR FROM CHESTNUTS

Beside the three-arched bridge, which is the most important structure of Porto and almost its only excuse for being, there is a little water mill, in whose shady courtyard stand the diminutive donkeys which have brought hither chestnuts for the making of flour.

The nuts grow wild, but each family has its own favorite nutting grounds and many of the trees are owned by private individuals. They are dried for a while and then inclosed in a leather sack and slapped on a wooden chopping block with a noise like that made by the laundress who uses the Mark Twain method of trying to break rock with a wet shirt tail. Then they are sifted in an ordinary round sieve sliding back and forth on two highly polished sticks.

The shells are thrown out and the nuts again dried all night in an oven from which the fire and bread have been removed. They are then ready for grinding to a fine sweet flour whose taste is quite pleasing. Yet never in Corsica did I eat bread made from chestnut flour, and it does not bear a good name among the people, as the sweetness of the nut turns sour in the process of making.

"THE HOUSE WHERE COLUMBUS WAS BORN"

There were heavy clouds during our ride to Calvi along the rough and rugged coast, and what should have been a trip of rare beauty lacked the distant views which usually feature it. We passed along the lofty road, which is ever making up its mind to take a spectacular dive, but never has the courage, and so scurries back toward the heart of the land.

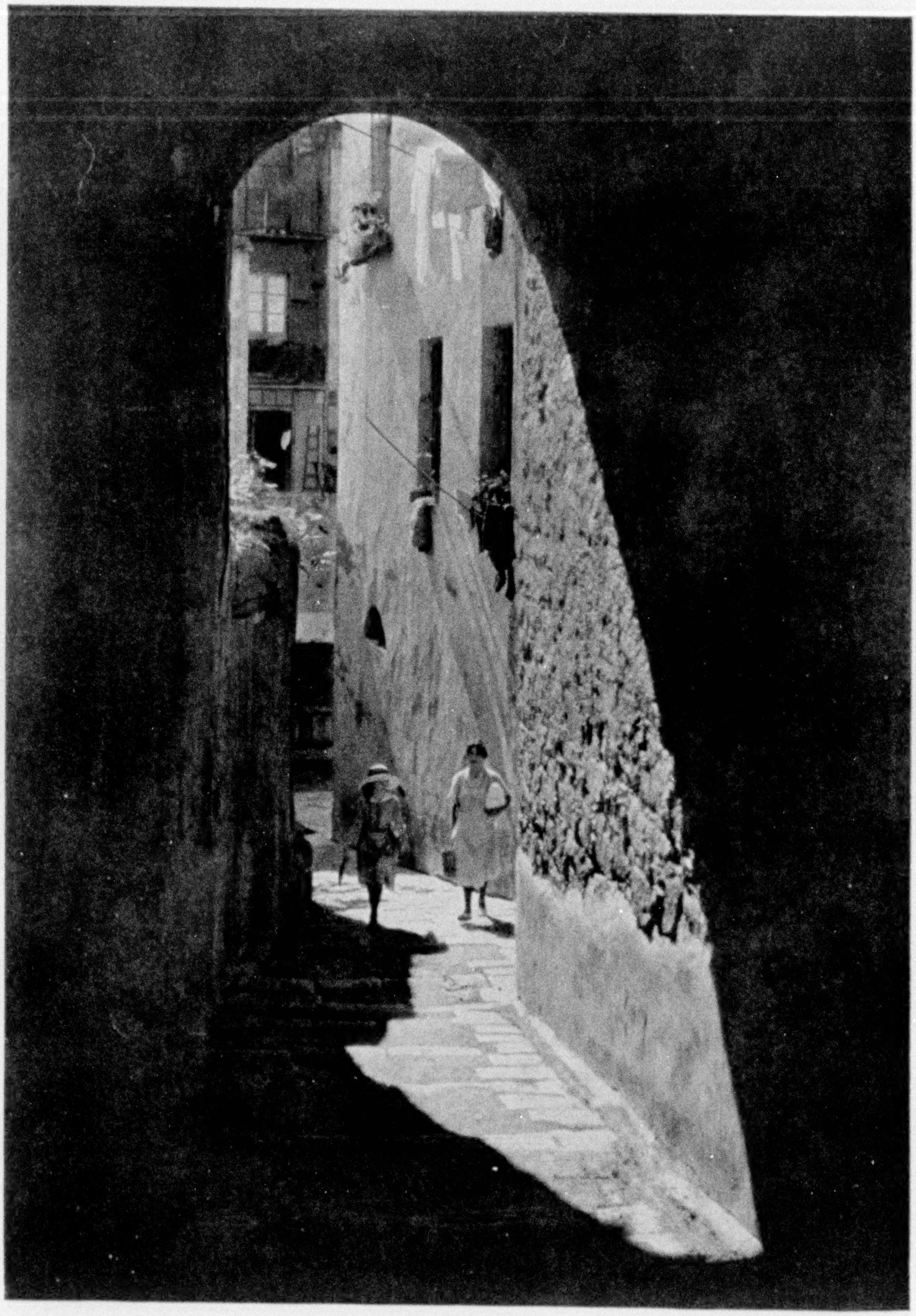
When, almost upon it, we turned to face Calvi. The old citadel, "Semper Fidelis" to the Genoese, rose like a casket of old ivory into the cloudy sky. Certainly there are few cities so charmingly situated. The high town looks down from its battlements upon the newer city behind the quay, and the new town turns up its nose at its older neighbor.

Near the entrance to the town is a fine monument which the citizens have erected to their recent dead.

On the north slope of a hill within Calvi's fortress bastions there are some ruined walls which cannot much longer resist the forces of time. The memorial stone has recently fallen from its place above the door and has been removed to a small chapel in the citadel. Only a few figures of rough masonry now clutch desperately at the fame that is so rapidly falling away from a structure at whose ambitious pretensions so many have dared to scoff.

There is nothing equivocal about the inscription: "Here in 1441 was born Christopher Columbus, who through the discovery of the New World gained immortality while Calvi was under Genoese control. He died in Valladolid the 20th of May, 1500."

No one knows where Columbus was born. One of his closest friends, who wrote some memoirs of the navigator, was approached by a man who offered him much gold if he would record the statement that Columbus was born in



Photograph by Clifton Adams

A TUNNELED THOROUGHFARE IN THE CORSICAN CAPITAL

In the overcrowded sections of the larger cities of Corsica are covered passageways through the houses from one winding street to another. This is a passage from the market place at Ajaccio.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

MONARCHS OF THE HEIGHTS

These magnificent specimens would make a sportsman sigh for his rifle until he learned that they are domestic sheep of the Corsican highlands.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE CAPO ALLA VETTA TOWERS HIGH ABOVE THE BRIDGE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE LONGA AND PORTO RIVERS, BETWEEN OTA AND EVISA

The narrow trail on the mountain side was made by donkeys, which transport Evisa's wood supply from the heights.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

EVENING ON THE GULF OF PORTO

At the estuary of the river is the little forest of Porto and the tiny port. An ancient Genoese watch tower stands guard over the harbor. In the distance is the rugged Cap Senino.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

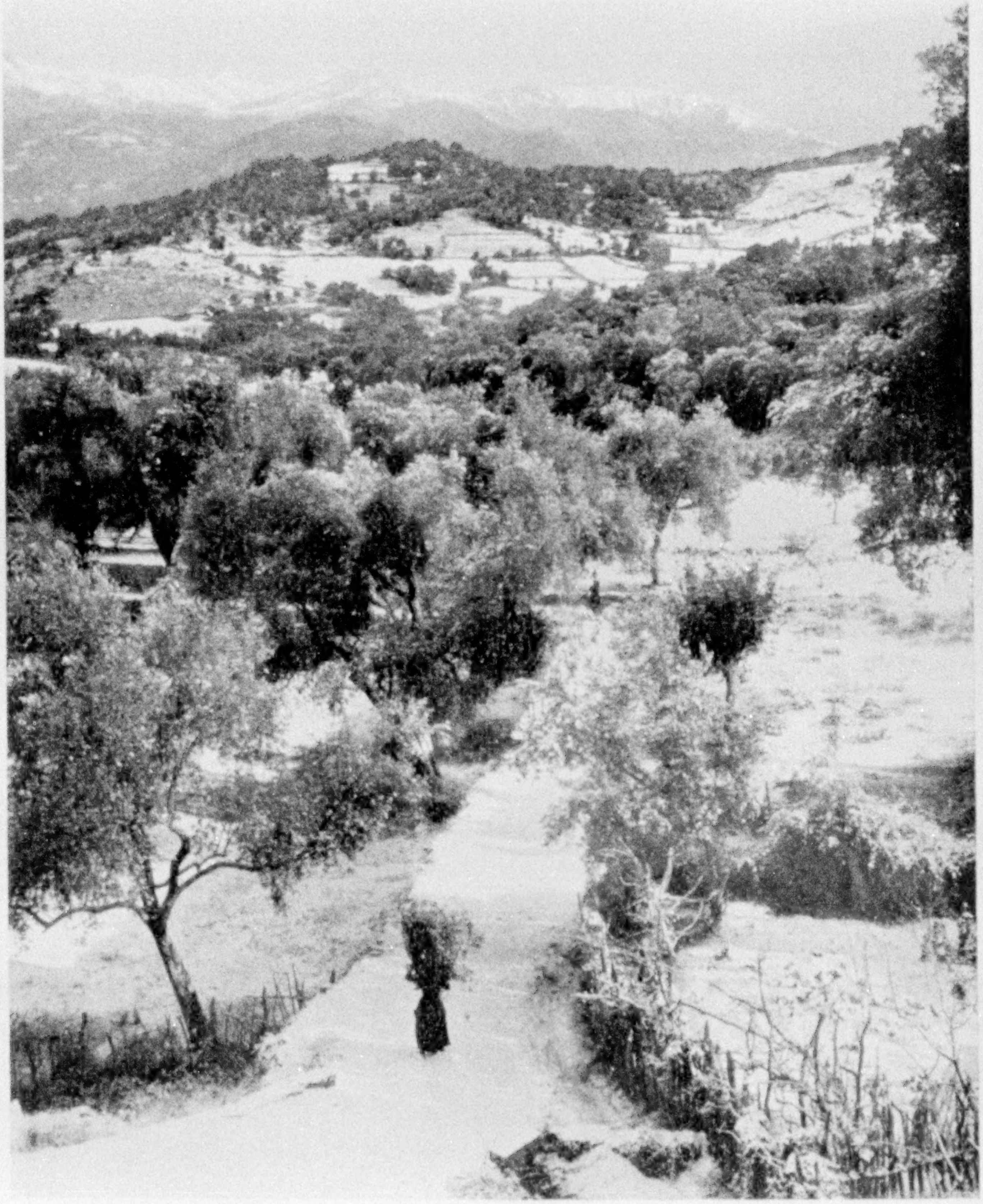
WHERE HOUSEWIVES CAN RENT SET TUBS FOR FOUR SOUS A DAY

Running water is supplied at these municipal laundries in the larger cities of Corsica, and there is a busy group of women on hand every week day.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

LAUNDRY GIRLS AT THE MUNICIPAL WASHING PLACE NEAR THE AJACCIO CATHEDRAL

Heavy woolen socks and shoes with wooden soles are the customary equipment for this task, but the girl with the negligee footwear had an engagement at the town hall as soon as she completed her work, and when she appeared in boulevard regalia she was a captivating Corsican belle.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

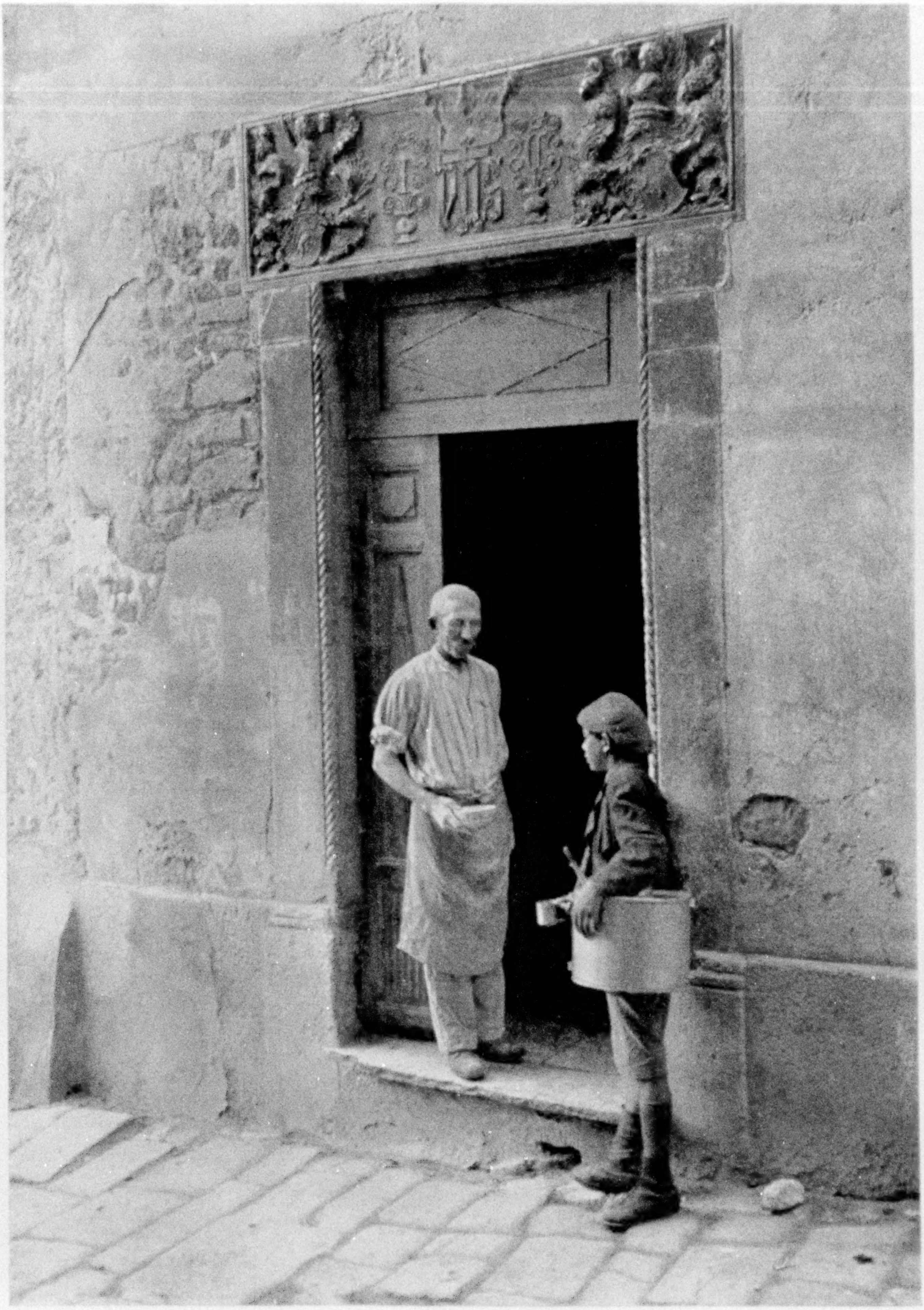
THE MORNING AFTER A SNOW IN BICCHISANO

The Petreto-Bicchisano combination of towns, inseparably wedded as so many Corsican villages are, lies on the road from Ajaccio southward to Sartène among some of the most beautiful of the Corsican hills. The twin towns nestle in a ring of shady trees with the Ben-Nevis-like Mount San Pietro towering above them.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

AN OLD HOUSE IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF SAINTE MARIE MAJEURE, BONIFACIO

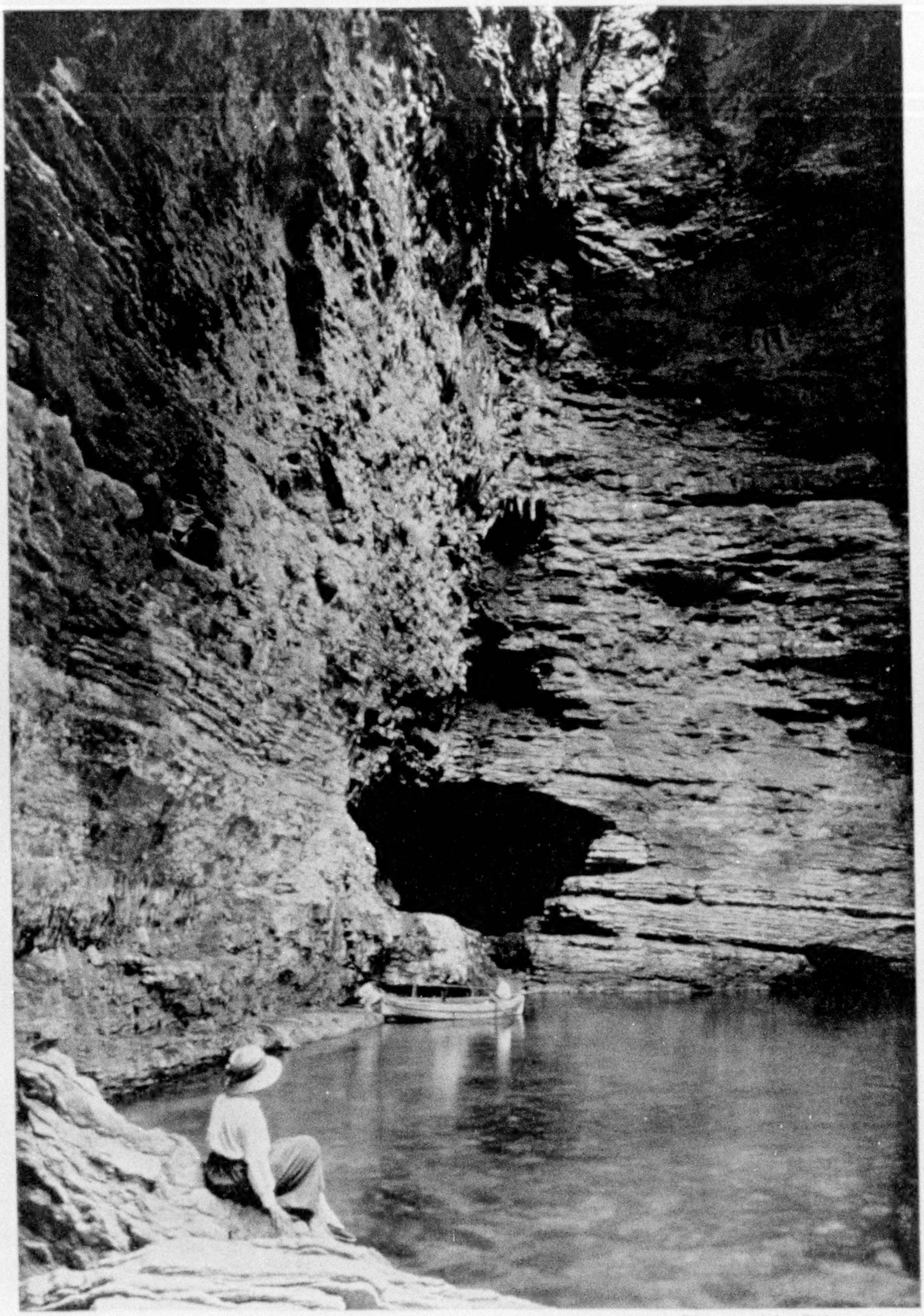
Sainte Marie Majeure, the chief religious edifice of Bonifacio, was built by the Pisans. Long ago the senate met in its large vestibule to discuss public affairs. The stairway in the background leads to the city hall.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

A YOUNG MILK MERCHANT OF BONIFACIO BEFORE THE "HOUSE OF THE KING"

This building with the elaborate bas-relief above the door is supposed to have been occupied by the Emperor Charles V for a time upon his return from an unsuccessful expedition against the Saracens in Algeria in 1541.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

IN THE IMMENSE SEA GROTTO OF THE SDRAGONATA NEAR BONIFACIO

Smaller grottoes open into the walls and sometimes rocks fall from the jagged hole in the ceiling. On bright days a yellow-green twilight reigns in this "Throne Room of Neptune" (see text, page 312).

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

ONE OF THE OVERHANGING CLIFFS UPON WHICH BONIFACIO STANDS

This, the Col de Saint Roch, is the narrowest part of the peninsula upon which the town is built. The Bonifacio roads are blinding white and when heavy winds prevail, the soft white limestone dust penetrates every crevice of the buildings.

Photograph by Clifton Adams

SCHOONERS IN THE HARBOR OF AJACCIO

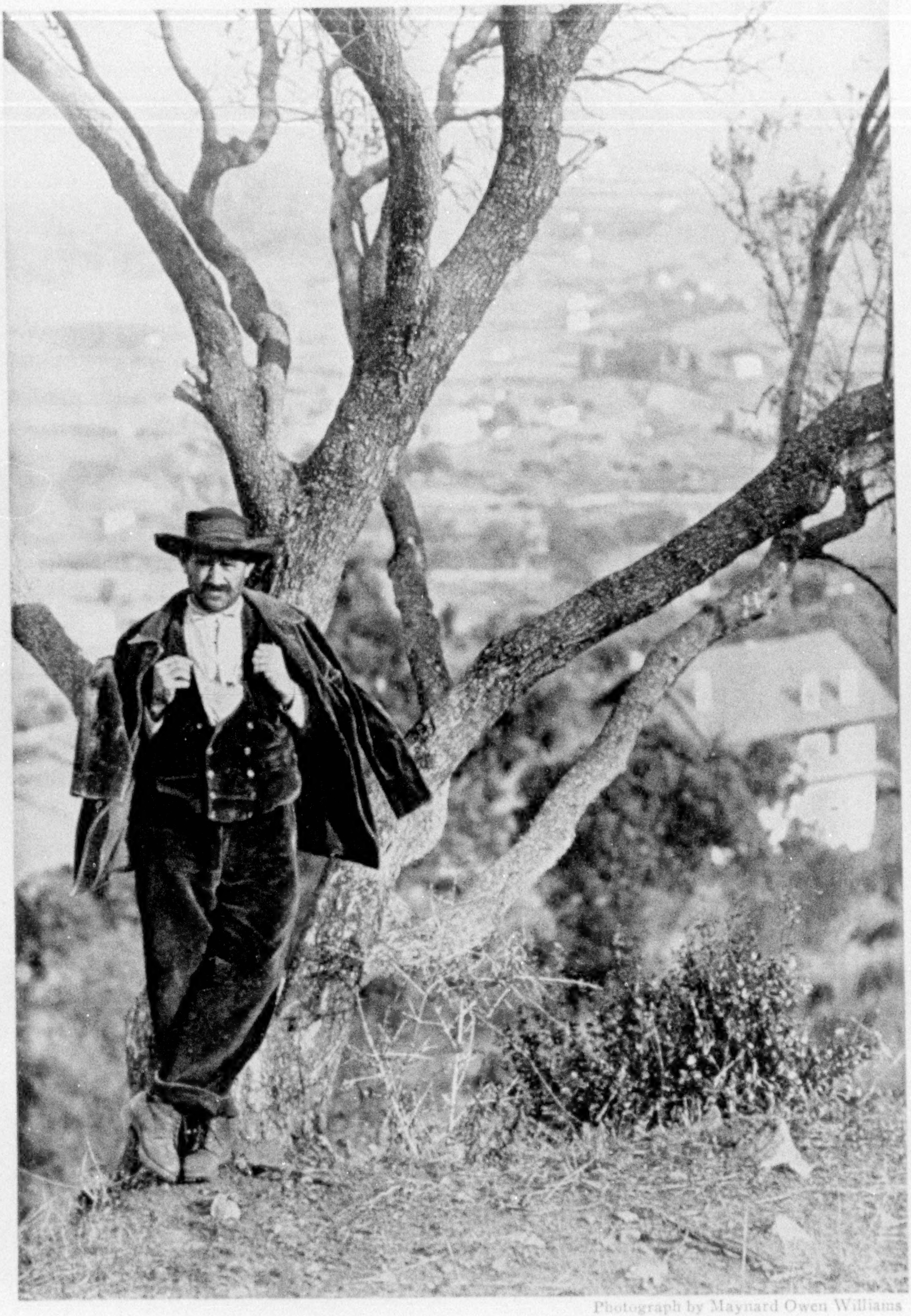
While one ship is at the dock another waits to take on a cargo of short timber for Syracuse in Sicily.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

AJACCIO FROM THE HEIGHTS OF SALARIO

This hill has furnished much of the stone from which many of the well-built houses of the town are made.

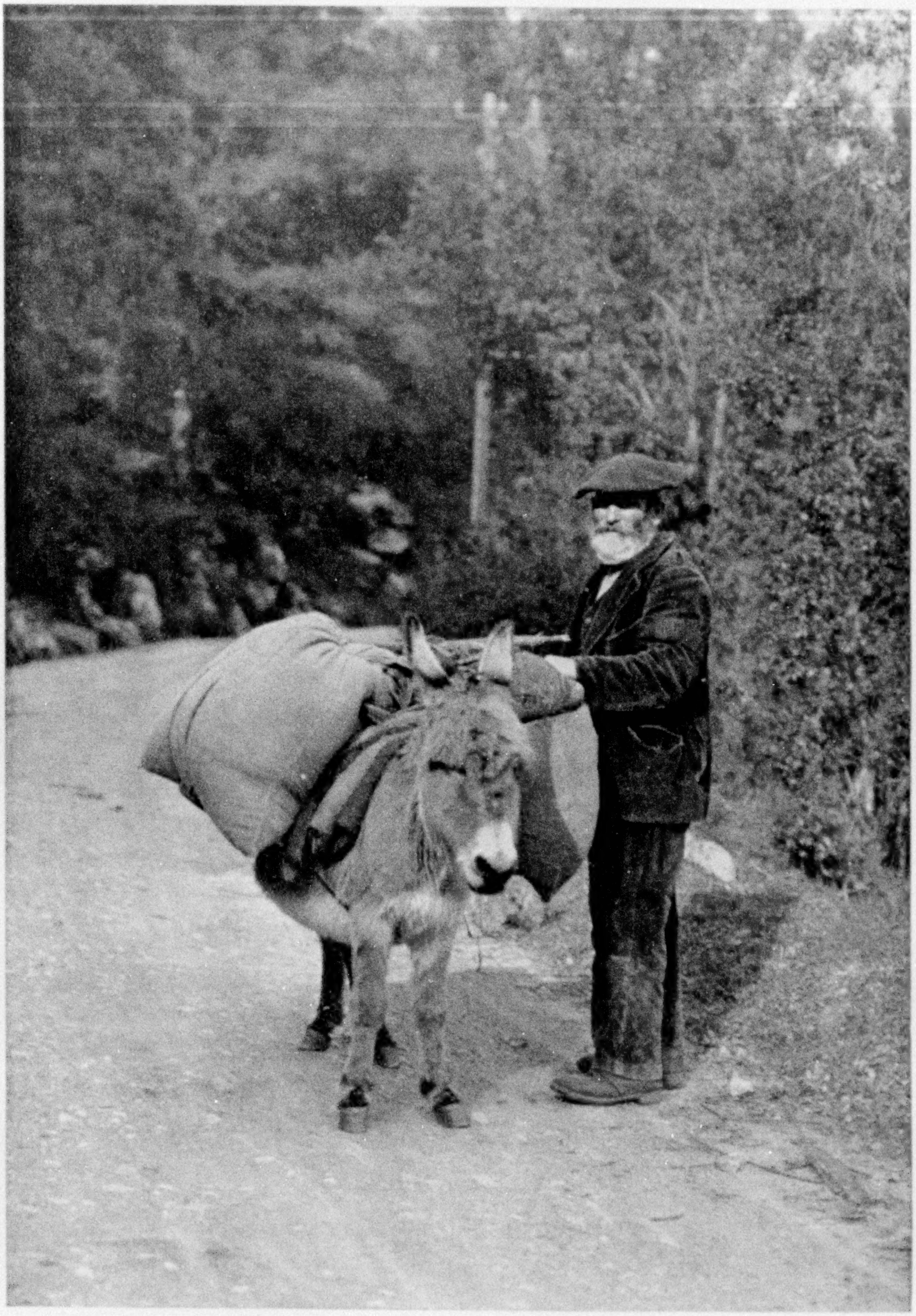
XUM



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A CORSICAN SHEPHERD ON THE HILL BEHIND AJACCIO

"He knows that time is money, and has no desire to hoard it or multiply it" (see text page 235). The people of the island are slow-moving and are secondary in interest to their environment.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A COMPANION OF THE OPEN ROAD BETWEEN GROSETTO AND BICCHISANO

The romance of the Corsican used to be his love for revenge, his use of the vendetta to cancel an actual or fancied wrong, but that characteristic is largely of the past.

XUM

Photograph by Clifton Adams

A WAYSIDE CALVARY

Nine-tenths of the Corsicans adhere to the Roman Catholic faith. Two women of the mountain village of Zilia have stopped for a morning chat under the cross.

Genoa. Publicity men are evidently not entirely modern inventions. But the historian remained true to his calling:

"How can I say so?" naively asked this man, "when Columbus never told me where he was born and I don't know?"

So Calvi, as jealous of its honor in giving birth to Columbus as Ajaccio is heedless of the honor of Napoleon's nativity, is unable to prove that the particular bright star of the numerous Colombo family, which was Genoese and whose descendants live till this day in Calvi, was born not in Genoa itself, but in the city which Giovanninello de Loreto had founded two centuries before.

Careless Ajaccio will soon have a third statue to the soldier who has its loyalty but not its love. Jealous Calvi has allowed the alleged house of the great discoverer to fall into utter ruin while it has pushed its verbal claims.

If Calvi ever proves its case, it will have an elaborate bit of reconstruction work to do which may be as difficult as patching up its documentary claims, for the boys of Calvi use the stones from the house of Christopher Columbus in their various games. No savant has made more sport of Calvi's claims than the boys of Calvi are making of Columbus' house.

Calvi is linked to America by Columbus and the Boulevard President Wilson, which is the city's main street, and to England because there Nelson conveniently lost an eye during the siege of 1794—an event which led to great results at Copenhagen when the sightless socket saw victory where the good eye refused to read retreat.

THE PORTS FOR CORSICA'S RICHEST GARDEN

Between Calvi and Île Rousse, by the sea road, there is the interesting little town of Algajola, proud of its quarries. The streams of Paris taxicabs entering and leaving the Rue de la Paix between the Place de la Concorde and the Opéra are separated by a pedestal of Algajola granite upon which the Vendôme Column stands.

Île Rousse is the scaffold erected by Paoli, on which he hoped to hang Calvi, whose loyalty to Genoa was no great merit in Corsican eyes. To-day it owes much of its importance to the olive trees that the Genoese forced the Corsicans of the Balagne to plant; for Île Rousse, spread out on a little hump of land inside the red islands, shares with Calvi the responsibility of being the market port of Corsica's richest garden.

My first trip to Île Rousse was by motor from Piana. Sunrise found me fleeing the nightmare of the Calanche. Sunset found me dreaming in the lotus land of La Balagne.

OUR FRUIT-CAKE CITRONS COME FROM ÎLE ROUSSE

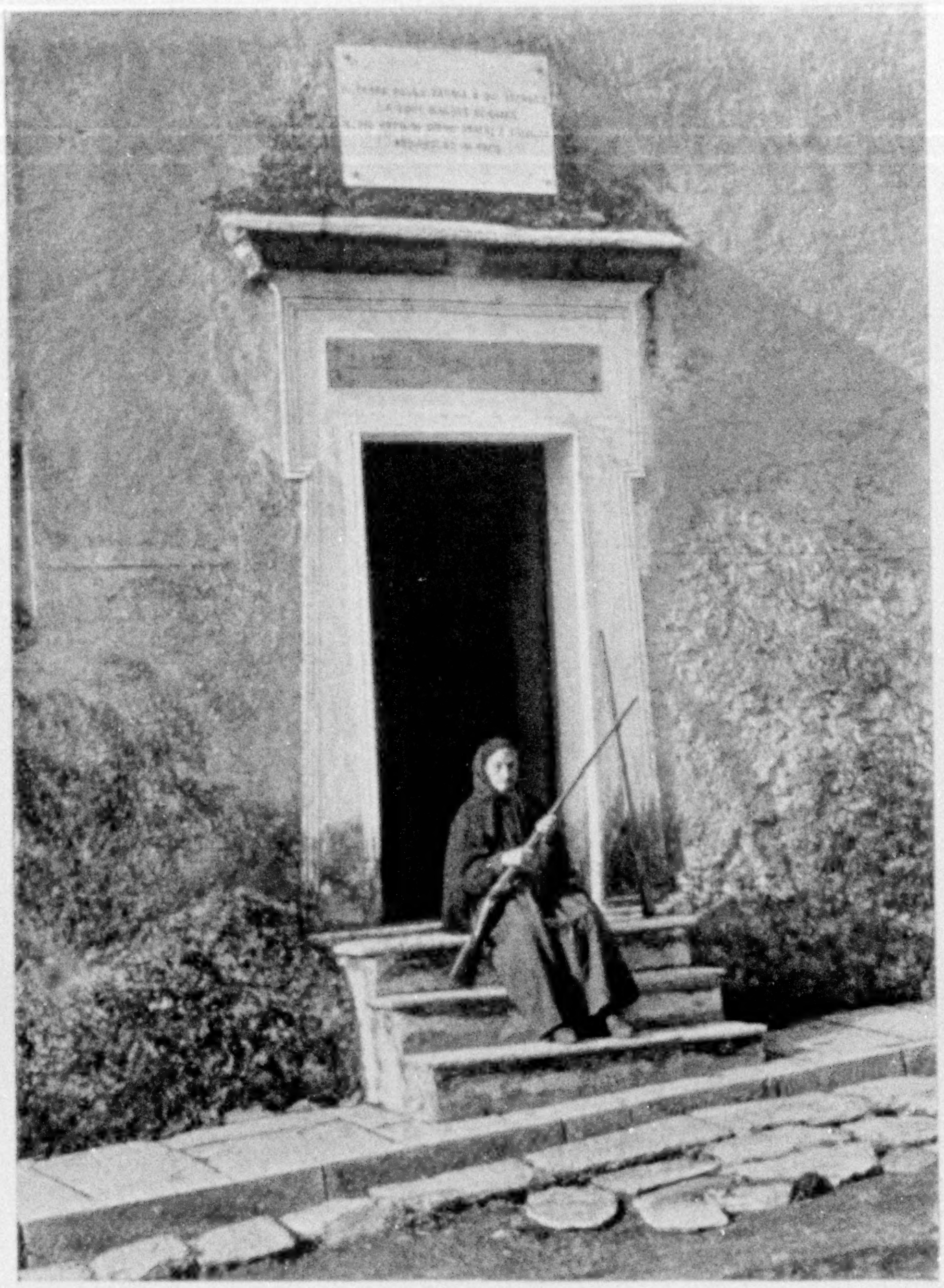
The olive gives richness to the widespread valley north of Belgodère. Many a continental olive-oil firm has made an enviable reputation with the aid of this Corsican grove. But the citron is the most distinctive export of Île Rousse. The pier just before Christmas was almost entirely occupied by huge casks full of citrons in sea water, all labeled for New York (see illustration, page 273).

Out to sea there are the small islands of a reddish stone which give the port its name; but they have been so bound to the mainland by a causeway that my chauffeur insisted that they formed a peninsula.

Île Rousse's market, with its roof supported by classic columns, is a trifling affair, as markets are bound to be where every man is his own gardener. A much busier place is a smaller and dirty temple to cleanliness, the town laundry, where women buffet wet fabrics far into the night.

The colonnaded market is also the town forum, and the affairs of the universe are settled there from day to day, for Île Rousse is no backwoods place. It is one of the Corsican ports nearest to the mainland of France and it reads newspapers. I could not secure a hotel room until I had satisfied my genial host as to the reception which Clemenceau was having in America.

Between Ile Rousse and St. Florent, one passes through a corner of paradise and a touch of hell. The Balagne, which pushes a fertile corner down to the sea, is the cornucopia of Corsica, with citrons and oranges and figs and olives pouring forth to feed the world: the desert of Agriates does not contain a single village, and the few shepherds who traverse its barren slopes and rocky hollows are Bedouins without a home.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE LAST MEMBER OF THE PAOLI FAMILY AT MOROSAGLIA

She is deaf and old, but she keeps watch over the house and the ashes of the Corsican patriot who drove the Genoese from the island. Like his fellow-countryman, Napoleon, the last days of Paoli were spent in exile and on British soil, but not as a prisoner.

But in all of Corsica, even on the eastern plain, there is no region so rich in game as is this desert. It is probable that the wild animals and birds import their own rations; but there they live to turn an arid waste into a sportsman's paradise.

Naturally, the highway seeks out, as highways do, the most fertile and thickly settled regions, and at Casta there is a fertile oasis so intriguing that unless one looks more to the north he will be deceived as to the deadly barrenness of the place. In winter, during such a rainy time as I experienced on my first ride over the Col de Lavezzo, enough transient verdure tints the ugly slopes to link them to the greener countryside; but in summer the desert of Agriates doffs its diaphanous veil and shows its ugly face to the suffering traveler whose fate it is to pass that way.

One coasts down the barren eastern slope to that picturesque gulf so favored by Napoleon and so ignored by commerce, beside which stands the town of St. Florent. This seaside fishing village has 896 inhabitants, of whom the masculine minority drape the idle quay and the feminine portion drape every shrub at the entrance to the town with laundry, which they wash in a narrow creek between tall poplars such as Corot would have loved to paint.

SKIRTING CAP CORSE

Before circling Cap Corse to Bastia, it is well to understand that this appendage is quite different from the land to which it is attached. The mountain range has driven the Cap Corsans to sea, so that they rank second only to the Bretons in the navy and marine of France. When the *Liberté* went down in Toulon harbor, half of Cap Corse was in mourning.

The same thrust of mountains that has sent the people of Lebanon to North America has driven the people from Cap Corse to Central and South America, and even those who have remained have an air of industry which is un-Corsican.

In Cap Corse the vendetta has never been known. When Prosper Mérimée lifted his best novel out of the Colomba country, behind Propriano, at the other

end of Corsica, and located it in Pietranera, a peaceful suburb of Bastia, he sacrificed the fidelity of his art to a consideration for humanity. He could describe a vendetta in Cap Corse without giving birth to one. "Colomba" was played in Bastia, and received in the same manner there that "The Virginian" was received in Boston.

On the west the mountains overhang the sea. The Corniche Road here is far more impressive than the more famous one on which the winter resorts of the Riviera are strung. It climbs far above the sea and walks a tight rope which is stretched against a towering wall and snubbed around water-level bridges. It rushes down to tiny triangular valleys at the mouths of mountain streams. It winds and turns in torment and in fear of overhanging cliffs which from time to time drop repair materials to the roadbed. It holds the No Man's Land between the forces of mountain and wave and is a constant spectator to their endless battle.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

IN THE SHADOW OF THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON IN THE PLACE ST. NICOLAS: BASTIA

THE HEROIC LEGEND OF NONZA

From Nonza to Centuri the towns are anchored to the sloping mountain wall by ancient towers whose bases rest on rock. Of all these pleasant villages, Nonza is the most picturesque. The approach from the south does not reveal its spectacular character. The houses mount steeply enough from the sea and the tower of Nonza is more isolated on its point of rock than most; but from this side the base of the town is a steep hill rather than a precipice.

Not so on the north. There is a sheer drop of 500 feet from the ruined Genoese tower to the waves which churn so angrily below. The houses beside the road behind the topmost peak are not set on a hill; they are fastened to it. A steep path, which is a stairway for much of its length, descends to the water's edge, and up it there is always moving a conveyor belt of women and donkeys carrying clean water to the top. Gravity is used in the reverse direction. From the unkempt chins of the overhanging houses dirty water drools downward to the sea. It is an unbelievable town in an impossible setting.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE OLD PORT AT BASTIA, WITH THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST TO THE RIGHT

When approached from the sea instead of by rail from Ajaccio, Bastia presents an imposing appearance. Its lofty houses encircling the water front suggest a vast amphitheater. The chief exports of this port, the commercial metropolis of Corsica, are chestnut extract, used in tanning, citrons, oranges, early vegetables, and fish—especially sardines. In the days of Genoese ascendency in Corsica, Bastia was the principal stronghold in the northern half of the island and the place of residence of the governor.

Nonza has frequently suffered siege and with Bonifacio it shares a story which is too good to be true. This is the original and only place where, in response to a promise to spare the garrison if it would evacuate, a solitary man, Jacques Casella, laden down with guns, stumbled forth and said to the astounded besiegers, "I'm it." The enemy decorated him, and on that precipitous rock, to which not another material substance could be attached, this legend was hung.

Friends told me that I should see Canari, and on the kilometer stones along the road I watched carefully for the name. Having passed through Sagone without knowing it, I did not want to let another town creep by unnoticed. The hillsides were strewn with villages, some above and some below the road. The chocolate and crescent of Île Rousse had left vacancy in my thoughts; so I passed one charming village after another with the intention of letting Canari do for the lot.

At a small group of houses beside the road my chauffeur, to whom hunger had doubtless become as insistent as with me, stopped the car.

"This is Marinca," he said.

I had never heard of Marinca. We rolled on, rounded one hill after another, and rolled down to the little hotel, flat against a square old tower, where he had ordered lunch. I saw the name and realized that we were in that fair haven of epicures, Pino.

"But we missed Canari," I protested to my chauffeur.

"Marinca, c'est Canari," was the reply. For the second time on this rapid first survey of the land I had passed through a town which I had imagined I wanted to see, but without knowing it.

In Corsica a group of villages takes its name from its principal hamlet. In some cases, as at Bastelica, there is no village bearing the name by which the group is known. One takes an autobus to Bastelica and finds that Sampiero's house is in Dominicacci. One climbs to Morosaglia to enter the memorial chapel of Paoli and finds that the ashes of the "father of his country" lie in Stretta. So it was that I passed through Marinca looking for Canari.

There was little cause for resentment on my part, for the lunch at Pino, late as it was when we arrived, was enough to make one forget every calamity. In all Corsica, there is no place where one can eat as well as in Pino, where a little hotel proves that Corsican inns can be attractive, and that Corsican innkeepers can regard their guests as something more than disturbing elements.

A CORSICAN INN THAT VIOLATES ALL THE ISLAND'S RULES

The good hostess came out to meet us, clean of apron and beaming of face.

"Did you get my telegram?" I asked. It was the first written French I had ever entrusted to anyone except an unappreciative professor and I was almost surprised to discover that it had worked.

"Would you like to wash your hands?" then asked my new-found friend. Luckily, my experience with Corsican inns and their keepers was so meager then that I did not drop dead of surprise. Wash my hands? Who ever heard of a Corsican innkeeper suggesting such a thing? But while I did so, I noted how neat was the chamber, and determined, even before I had had luncheon, that Pino should see me again.

For weeks afterward, from hotel and inn, I looked back on that lunch in Pino with longing. To savor it, picture a large upper room, as tidy as a guest-room in an American farmhouse, with a red-and-white tablecloth, spotlessly clean and, with the creases in it left by the iron looking like a clothing advertisement. There was a fire at my back and in front of me a pile of plates reaching almost to my chin. On top of them was a heavy linen napkin, white as sun could make it and large enough for a dozen.

I had scarcely time to notice this much when the parade of viands began. A soft-boiled egg, which I am sure had never had a chance to cool, was followed by such a bouillabaisse as Marseille never knew. Then came two delicious fish. My hostess beamed with pride when she assured me that this was the fish of the country.

A crisp pork chop and a nice little steak, with such French-fried potatoes as honored the country from which they took their name, were next on the table; but there was no bill of fare and I had no

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

FRONT PORCH PERSIFLAGE IN PIEDICROCE

go to the hotel of her rival; but I was not without my reasons, nor was I sorry. The lunch was equally good and my wants were looked after by a retired sailor, who was decorated and rewarded by three separate agencies because while an officer on a ship in the China seas he saved the lives of three Annamites at great risk of his own.

Pino is only one of a half dozen charming west coast villages, with a fine church, some well-kept graveyards, several old towers for watch and refuge, and a general air of cleanliness and cheer. But when some unusual banquet causes me to run back over the feasts that I have enjoyed, I shall think of Pino and the lunches I have eaten there.

A WINTER SCENE IN A CORSICAN INN

It was in Pino that hostess and host seated me at their abounding tables with my back to a warming blaze. Pino points the paradox of Corsican inns, for usually a winter lunch in a Corsican inn, however good it be, is a severe ordeal.

One enters a narrow, plain room, near the back of which is its main attraction, a smoldering fire of bruyère roots, gnarly pieces with unsound hearts, and hence worthless for pipe manufacture. Around this fire, which lacks the crackle and glow of pine or birch, are the common folk whom lunch time or night has overtaken on the road.

The cart peddler has parked his donkey in some kennel and stacked away his display of piece goods in his small chamber. Now he gives his knotty hands to

way of knowing how far I was on the road to epicurean paradise.

A woodcock with a chest development like a gymnast next appeared, followed at a decent interval by some white beans, so tasty that even a Bostonian would have forgotten his proper civic pride on eating them; then some cheese and fruit, a plate piled high with mandarins, which seemed anxious to shed their colorful coats to prove how good they were at heart, with figs and walnuts and raisins.

I was so generous with my tip that my lunch, together with that of my chauffeur, who had the same meal, but with wine and coffee in addition, cost $1.25.

On my return to Pino, weeks later, I was so disloyal to my first hostess as to

the luxury of the warmth, while the fire breaks into flame in response to spirited bellowsings by a pretty woman who seems to be half guest and half friend of the ample-bodied hostess.

From behind, there is a soft halo on the silvery hair of the peddler thus come to shelter, and there is a bright spot where the firelight falls on the school-book which the son of the hostess studies, like some Corsican Lincoln.

On a table near the center of the outer wall, between the dying light on the snow outside the open door and the glow of the fireplace, a meat grinder and sausage stuffer is being turned by the man of the place, who has evidently been called back to this task from the many-pathed maquis, with its game.

Altogether a homy little group, and one wishes that his tongue were more facile, his ear more cunning. But his station and nationality are more against him than his meager knowledge of the language.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE WAY WATER IS CARRIED IN GHISONI MAKES FOR GRACE AND SURENESS OF STEP

The hostess, wiping the sausage grease from her hands, takes down a green glass lamp from the mantle, and the heart of the honored traveler sinks. He knows that he is condemned to solitary shiverings in the upper room, whose size and cheerlessness are alike Elizabethan.

Up he tramps behind madame and waits with hands in pockets for each course, which comes clumping flat-footed up the dark stairs to arrive before him sadly chilled.

Time and again I hinted that I would like to be allowed to be happy with the herd rather than suffer solitary grandeur behind a monument of cold crockery which marked the burial place of true comfort; but your good-hearted Corsican hostess will no more allow such *lèse-majesté* than a pretty Corsican girl will allow one to take her picture on a week day. The honorable foreigner is superior to modest cheer and only the best room and the best dress are fit for him!

So he suffers in silence and carries in his mind pictures far more attractive than any Sabbath camera can catch, since the Corsican women, seldom pretty but often attractive, do not photograph well.

Not that they feel that way about it. As long as a portrait shows the photo-miniature brooch, the cheap lace, and the stiffly tied ribbon, it is worthy of enlarge-

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

CHARGING THE FOOTWARMERS OF A CORSICAN TRAIN AT GHISONACCIA, ON THE EAST COAST PLAIN

ment and a hanging in the best room, so that the visitor, in spite of his ague, takes interest in the portrait gallery, baronial in style, which shows the rather attractive hostess as a stilted young thing with a wooden face, and the turner of the sausage grinder as a kaiserlike warrior with bristling moustache and many medals.

BOSWELL'S GIFT TO CORSICA

From Pino to Centuri the campanile is the thing. There are, to be sure, towers of refuge and defense, round and square, some falling to decay, some glistening with new plaster; but always, above the inconspicuous houses and above the Genoese towers themselves, rise the steeples of churches or their campaniles.

In Corsica as in Russia, the church is the most conspicuous feature in the urban view of country landscape; but it is not the opulent domes, like upturned beets or olive-colored with verdigris, that one sees in Corsica. The church is a mere appendage to its spire, and where the campanile is detached, it is the bell tower rather than the house of worship which dominates the scene.

Morsiglia has its staircase of old towers and its tiny terraced vineyards, each sheltered by the hedge erected of heather withes to keep off the fierce winds and to reflect the heat. Centuri is an opulent group of hamlets and isolated homes. I spent little time in the upper parts, but descended to the tiny port where Boswell landed on his pilgrimage of hero worship to the headquarters of Paoli.

What an impressionistic propagandist he was and how much Corsica owes to him! Boswell, Rousseau, Lord Byron, and Mérimée have done for Corsica what it has never been able to do for itself. These enthusiasts planted romance in a land where to shoot a man in the back and without warning was the accepted style.

Like Napoleon, the best-known Corsicans have won renown as Frenchmen. Corsica is the nursery for French admin-

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A SHEPHERD AND HIS SON IN THE INZECCA DEFILE

This picturesque mountain pass, which is a half mile long, lies on the road from Ghisonaccia to Ghisoni (see map, page 224).

istrators, and wherever there is a colonial task too difficult or too exacting for the continental French, a Corsican is put in charge and handles the situation well.

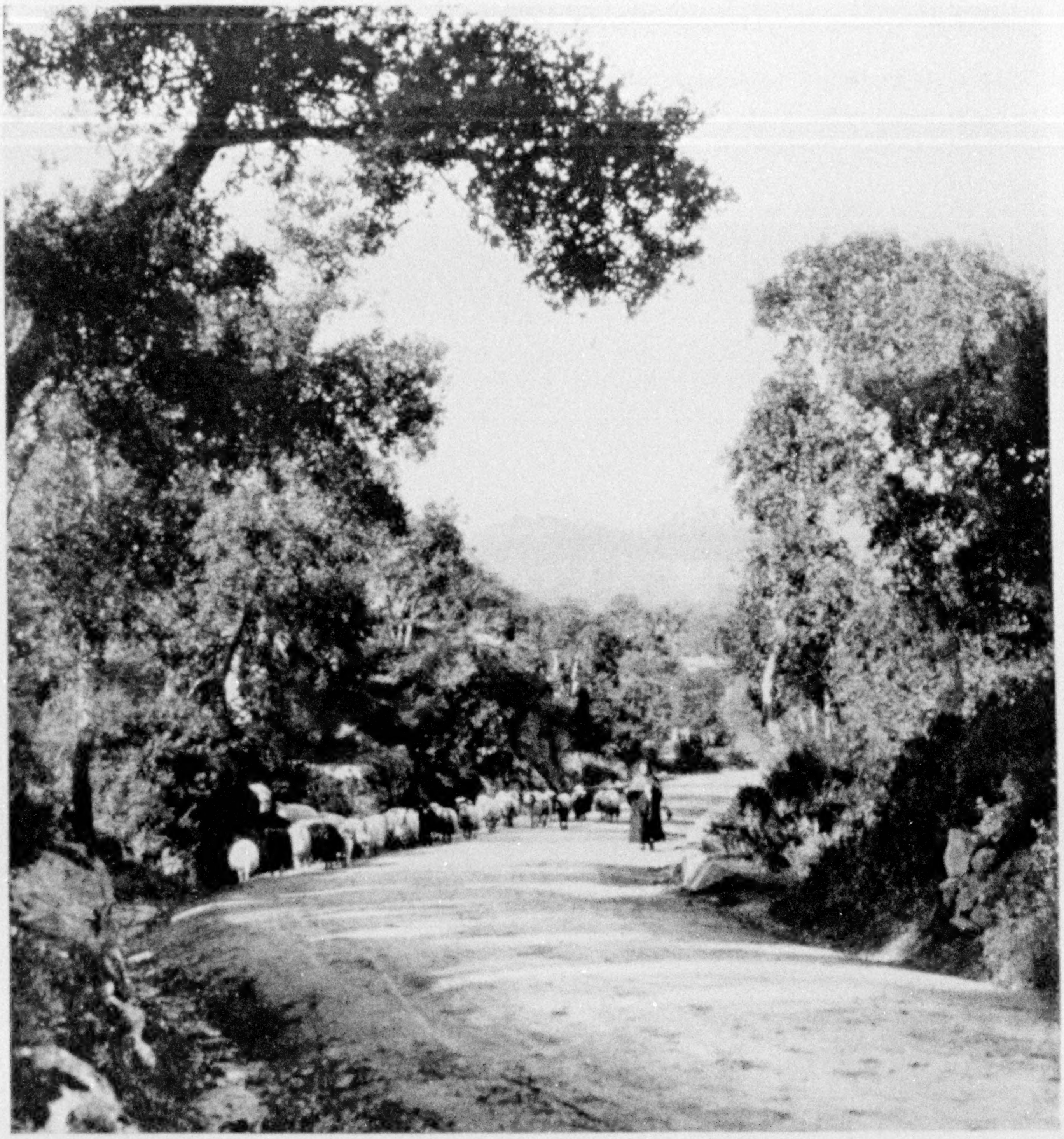
Yet this modern Corsican, whose romance has nothing of bravado, of cruelty, or of melodrama in it, but much of painstaking loyalty and skill, is lost sight of because a British writer, to whom every contact with the famous was a mental cocktail, made Paoli and Corsica the vogue when friends were needed and sympathizers were few.

This enthusiastic journalist, whose Corsican journal is little known to-day, did for Corsica what Lord Byron did for Greece—gave it a vogue at a time when liberty was on every tongue, but when this shuttlecock of petty conquests was rattling back and forth from French and Genoese battledores, with every possibility that it would fall between the two into a sea of oblivion.

Turning the end of Cap Corse to come down the home stretch from Macinaggio to Bastia, the road parallels the sea, climbing now and then to cut corners or retreating from the waves on a shelving beach. It makes no attempt to reach the villages on the heights. It feels that its duty is done if it serves the comparatively insignificant "marines" or ports of the real villages.

In the old days, before the coast-circling road was finished, a Cap Corsan did not shinny around precipices to call on a friend in a neighboring commune. He made the sea his highway, and although land communication along the east coast or from hollow to hollow was far simpler than on the more savage west, a boat was easier to use than a wheeled vehicle.

Even to-day there is no *highway* on the east coast. To go from one highland village to another, one must descend to the sea. The autobus which circles the cape might as well be a motorboat, as far as serving the upper villages of the east coast is concerned. The road, which passes through no village but Erbalunga, has side spurs of from two to five miles which climb to the towns. One of these spurs shoots almost straight up the valley from Santa Severa to Luri, and then, with



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A COUNTRY ROAD NEAR PORTO VECCHIO

anguished writhings, hurdles the pass below the legendary Tower of Seneca to switchback down to Pino.

I was little impressed by the villages of the east coast, perhaps because I never reached them. Neither chauffeur would attempt the bad routes which join them to the seaside highway. Former writers had spoken of the palaces erected by the "Américains," the Cap Corsans who had made their pile in Central and South America and had come home to roost on pretty perches which their foreign funds enabled them to fasten to beloved hills.

I met several of these returned wanderers, but they were never in their homes. They were either on their way to or from a steamer connecting their native land with their adopted homes.

BASTIA, THE METROPOLIS OF CORSICA

Bastia is the hustling metropolis of Corsica. Its Syndicat d'Initiative has so described it, and the true Bastiaise in leaving his café to go to his club shoots his cuffs, tweaks his hat, and puts on a very busy air. The conscience of progress has got under the skin of Bastia, so that it does its loafing, not with Ajaccian abandon, but with a touch of shame.

Bastia has almost become provincial. Long since it surged ahead of the rest of Corsica. Its women differ from those elsewhere in that they have some means of supporting their stockings and they dress better. Its opera is crowded; its stores have something to sell and they sell it.

I visited a dozen little bookstores in Ajaccio to buy Daudet's "Lettres de Mon Moulin," and always found that I was ten days ahead of time, even on the second visit after a fortnight's excursion. I asked for it at the first bookstore I noticed in Bastia. It dropped, like mercy and the gentle rain, from some hiding place.

"There it is," said the pretty clerk with a shortness that made me homesick for America. "Have you read 'La Garçonne'?" Possibly she thought that the book she sold me was by Léon Daudet instead of Alphonse, but she had it and at once. Commerce does not stutter in Bastia.

Like Hongkong, Bastia was once a tiny fishing village, but in 1380 a Genoese governor constructed a fort there from which he could wage war on the Corsicans of the interior. From the bastions of his fort the city took its name. The seat of government was moved up from beside the pool of Biguglia to the site which was, until Madame Letizia Bonaparte had it moved to Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica. Now it is the residence of the military governor.

THE BEAUTIES OF BASTIA

Genoa, which bequeathed to the Balagne its best variety of olives, gave Bastia its skyscraping slums. The Genoese by instinct leans his house against a hill, and then enters through roof or cellar, according to his convenience.

The older parts of Bastia are made up of houses so many stories in height that one dare not mention the number; and the streets that cut through this mass of masonry, like mole trails or cracks in the earth, are so narrow that in places one can touch both sides of them. There are steep stairway streets that lead down to the harbor, and the Ruelle du Guadello is as deep as it is long.

These towering buildings and narrow streets give to the older parts of Bastia what seems rare charm. If the traveler found the same conditions at home, he would appeal to the municipal council against such insanitary surroundings.

The changing lights of day and night bathe those smelly structures in a glow that is mystic in its effect. Old reds and yellows, with spots of green and blue-black roofs, all are reflected as behind a gossamer veil in the sparkling waters of the harbor.

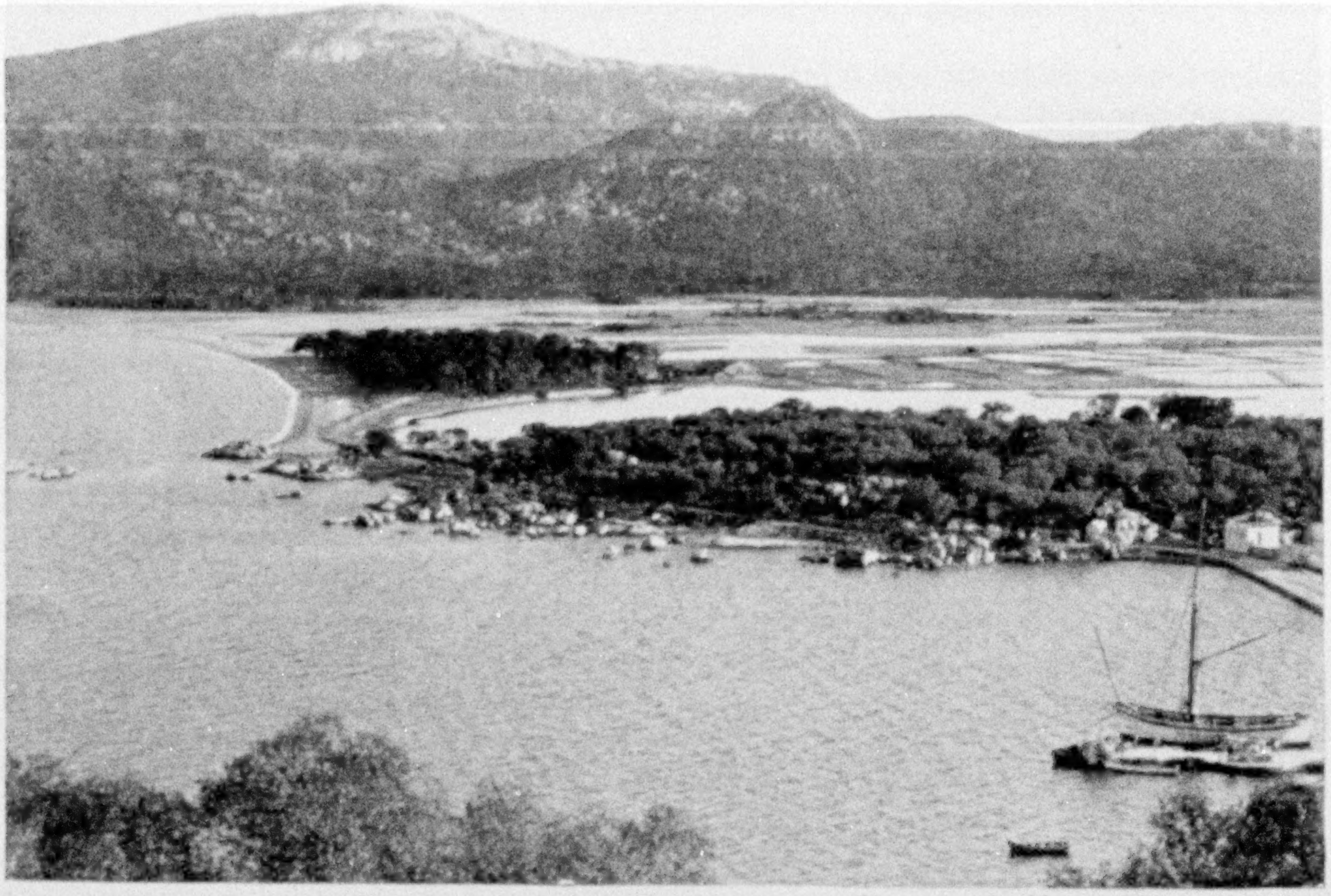
My friend took me up into the park, where we could look down between the umbrella pines on all this disordered splendor. He took me through the market squares, where the smell killed sight and sound until, framed in the arch of some ancient building, I could look out upon the blue of that sea that bathes the slopes of Elba.

His eyes were injured by poison gas. Sometimes I could not see just the beauty that he glimpsed. His impaired vision was being kind to him in the city which he loved, and from time to time, he gripped my arm till it hurt, seeking to express the spell which held him there. A score of charming vistas he revealed to me, but perhaps the finest of them all was a glimpse into the heart of a true Corsican, who loves his native land.

JEALOUSY BETWEEN RIVAL PORTS

Bastia is no doubt a little conscious of its importance to Corsica, and it views with a certain touch of jealousy the trifling successes of the other ports. Lacking though they be in the narrow provincialism that distinguishes some of the inland districts, the ports of Corsica have their own little heartburnings. When the report went around that there would be a new and larger steamer put on the run between Bastia and Nice, Ajaccio promptly rose in arms against this show of favoritism, with such effect that the managers wrote an open letter assuring the people of the sleepy capital that their city would be given equal service.

What seems a petty thing to the outsider is highly important to Corsica. When I was in Bastia on my first visit, it had become known that the *Mauretania* was to stop for a day at Ajaccio on its Mediterranean cruise, with hundreds of American millionaires on board. A tourist ship never cruises the Mediterranean without millionaires. Any one will tell you that.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE HARBOR OF PORTO VECCHIO AND THE SALT FIELDS BEYOND FROM THE CITY WALLS

The broad harbor is so shallow that goods must be brought to visiting steamer in lighters.

"Why should such a steamer stop at Ajaccio instead of Bastia?" asked one who seemed to blame me for this slight to his fair city. "Ajaccio is only a lazy town. Bastia is half again as large and three times as busy. A fine idea these hustling Americans (millionaire American tourists are always "hustling") will have of Corsica if they see only Ajaccio. But it was the same last year. The *George Washington* stopped at Ajaccio and gave us the go-by. Something ought to be done about it."

AJACCIO-BASTIA RAILWAY CAN CARRY SIX FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS AT A TIME

It is deplorable that tourist parties should stop only at one of Corsica's ports, for the railway trip between the capital and the metropolis is one of rare beauty and extreme variety, offering a taste of almost every feature of Corsican life and scenery. There are few good steamers which could not round the island and reach Bastia from Ajaccio while the little train is puffing its way through the backbone of the country and down on the other side.

But even if all the first-class rolling stock in Corsica were mobilized for the occasion, not a very large party could cross the island at once. Recently the railway has acquired two excellent coaches, which are the pride of the administration. In each one there is a spacious parlor, which should have a sprig of wax flowers under a bell jar and a "tidy" on each of the luxurious seats, for I have never seen this special compartment open.

A party of us rode second class instead of first, because only six first-class passengers can be accommodated in this *wagon de luxe*. But all that time the spacious special compartment was locked and its curtain drawn. Such a "best room" is a fine talking point, and would also be a very good thing to use. But, like the Emperor's rooms, which turn the Tokyo station into two noncommunicating parts, the special compartments of the Corsican railways serve no good purpose, in spite of the fact that they are hoisted over the mountains and back every day—so much dead weight.

The ride down the east coast is mo-

Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

A MOUND OF SALT AT PORTO VECCHIO

Porto Vecchio was the ancient Portus Syracusanus of the Genoese. The finest cork-oak forests in Corsica, which are near the city, furnish the port with its principal commodity.

notonous compared with the abounding variety which one expects in Corsica. After a chauffeur has hurdled the hills along the west coast or across the island, he can well regard his profession as a nonessential occupation when he strikes the arrow-flight roads on the eastern plain. Yet in winter the ride is not without its pleasant surprises, since from here one gets a good view of an entire range of snow-clad hills.

THE CORSICAN OF THE PLAINS HAS RETREATED BEFORE THE MOSQUITO

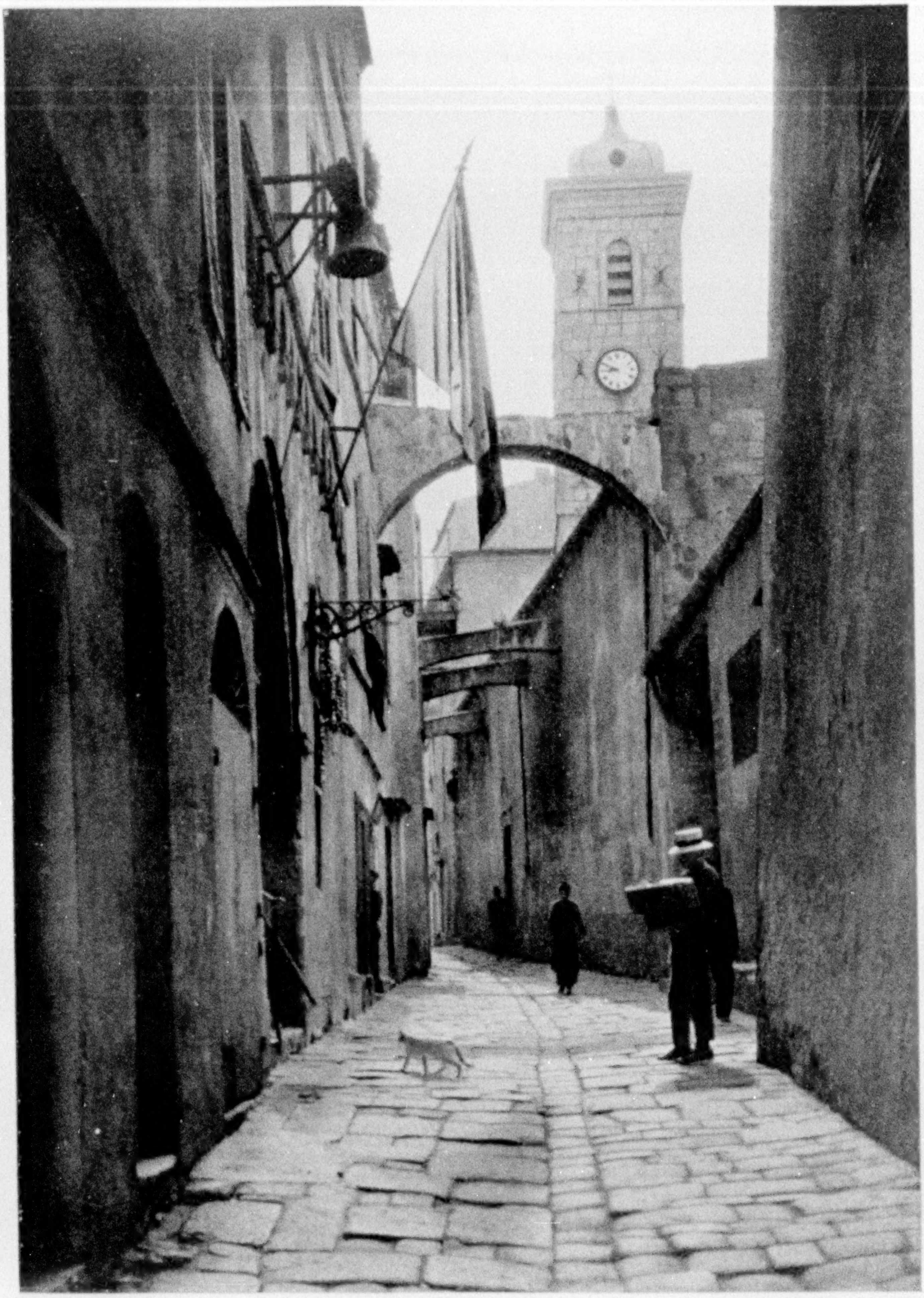
At Casamozza, railway and road dip into the hills to follow the Golo up to the heart of the communication system at Ponte Leccia. Here and at Barchetta and Folelli are gallic acid factories for the production of tanning solutions from chestnut wood. At Barchetta there is a new factory, where for the first time paper is to be made from the wood pulp of the chestnut tree. From Casamozza south to Prunete and Cervione our road passes to the east of the chestnut country, the Castagniccia.

We do not turn into the heart of the land but parallel the low-lying coast until we pass the lighthouse of Alistro. Passing the ancient site of Aleria, near the mouth of the Tavignano, we spent the night at the estate of Casabianda, one of the few expanses of the east coast which is not surrendered to the mosquito.

Before the mosquito of the eastern plain the Corsican has retreated to the hills, leaving the most fertile expanse in the island practically untilled. Just as in the days of the Saracens and the Barbary corsairs, there were large cities of refuge built in the hills, so to-day the narrow plains are depopulated in summer on account of the fever and the heat.

THERE ARE TWO CORSICAS

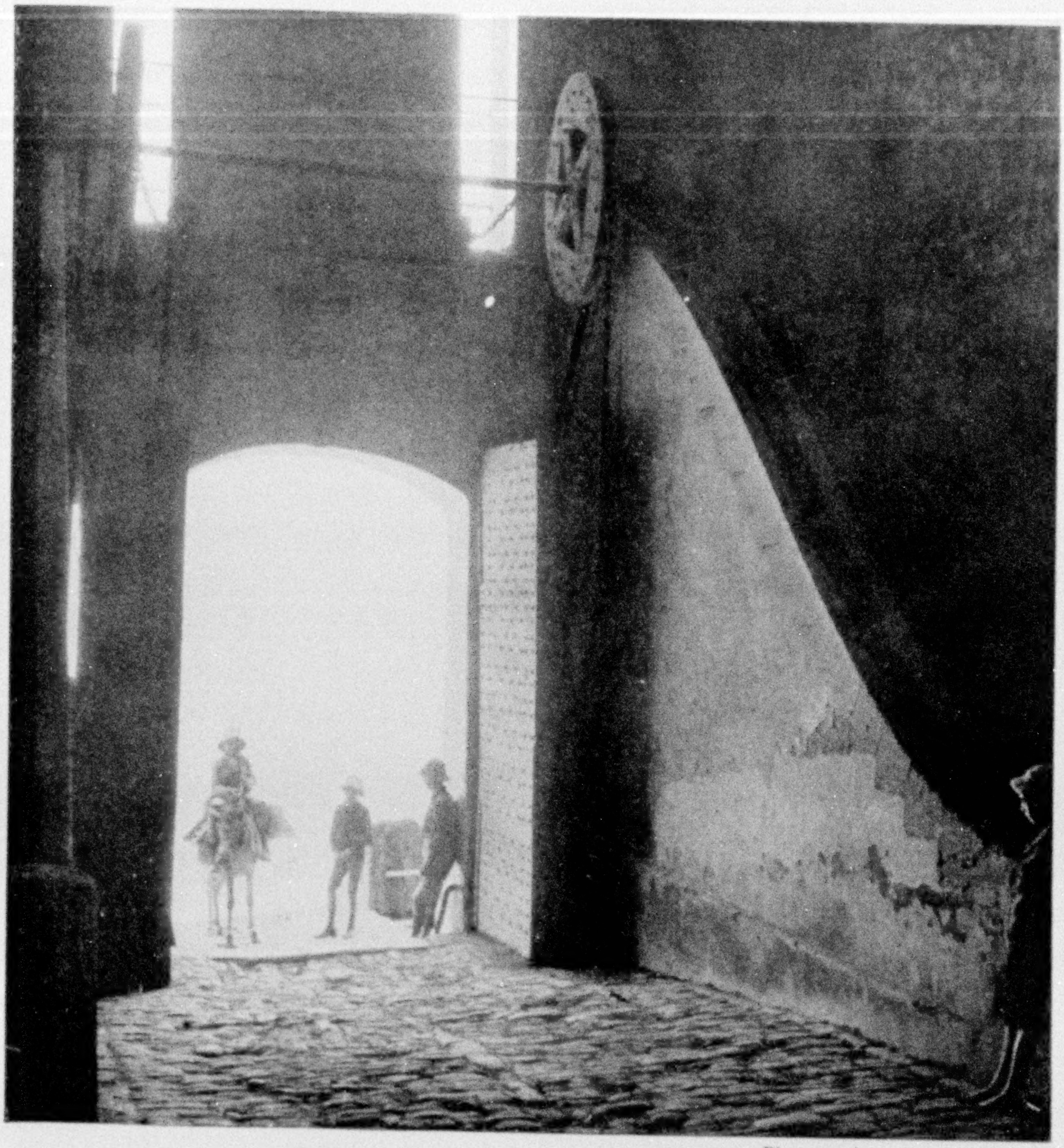
As in the Lebanon, the terraced hillsides are eloquent of hard toil for a sometimes inadequate return; but close at hand are fertile plains almost destitute of life, because the cancer of fatalism has eaten for centuries at the heart of Corsican valor. Fever and heat have by their insistence conquered spots upon which no foreign invader has ever planted his standard.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

DELIVERING THE MORNING MAIL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, UNDER THE BELL AND FLAG OF THE CITY OF BONIFACIO

In the old city, around the citadel of Bonifacio, the Rue Sainte Croix is crossed at intervals by stone arches from the Church of Sainte Marie Majeure.



Photograph by Clifton Adams

THE ANCIENT PORTE AND DRAWBRIDGE IN THE WALLS OF THE CITADEL OF BONIFACIO

The wheels to which chains are attached roll down the incline, thus drawing up the bridge and closing the gate. This porte was for centuries the only means of entrance to and exit from the fortified city, and dates from the year 828.

There are really two Corsicas—the coastal plain, which is the product of Genoese, Pisan, or Roman enterprise and the island's necessity for contacts with the outside world, and the more or less self-contained Corsica of the highlands, which, instead of extending its dominion of arable plain, has shrunk back to the rolling hills and rugged mountains, building new homes on the heights and allowing once habitable dwellings on the plain to show roofless interiors to the hot sky.

Somewhere in the Corsican character there is that lack of enterprise, of coöperation, and of common planning that banishes fever and reclaims swamps. Assyria and Babylonia rose above engineering difficulties such as those to which Corsica has succumbed or in the face of which she is showing a lamentable lack of resourcefulness.

The Corsican has denounced France for not finishing the east coast railway to Bonifacio, but ignores the fact that a

Photograph by Clifton Adams

CONSTANCE LIVES IN ONE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY HOUSES OVERLOOKING THE SEA AT BONIFACIO

The hot summer sun and the glare from the chalky soil are responsible for her freckles.

railway must live off the land it traverses as well as the ports it serves; and that if fever rules over unplowed fields, the stretching of two tiny rails a meter apart along its length will not rescue a plain from disease or poverty.

A bale of mosquito netting would have saved many a Corsican life. The draining of the miasmic swamps would enable thousands of acres to become what they were in the days of the Antonines, who rescued them from just such conditions as now prevail, when from Aleria were shipped great cargoes of grain to feed Imperial Rome.

The east coast was and is Corsica's Camargue.* But the Corsican makes less use of this rich region than the herder of the Camargue makes of his less fertile plains.

EVIDENCES THAT CORSICA MAY BE AWAKENING

The planting of eucalyptus trees has beautified the monotonous landscape and provided incubators for the mosquitoes; but the silted-up swamps have not been dried up by these thirsty trees, and the shoreline of the real Corsica stretches along an imaginary level seven hundred feet above the sea.

There lie the fertile but unplowed lands before the very eyes of the impoverished people, thousands of whom would die of famine if a blight were to attack the chestnut groves.

Were the plain crowded with enemies, Corsican valor would no more be lacking to-day than it was in the past, when scores of stories of bravery now appropriated by other peoples had their actual birth in Corsican character.

But the east plain of Corsica, the paradise valley of the Sagone, the Campo dell' Oro, and the level expanse behind St. Florent speak as loudly as does the rusted French excavation machinery in the jungle of Panama of the triumph of malaria.

There is no climate too arduous, no sanitary or engineering problem too difficult, to stop the progress of the organized world. Railways will cross arid deserts to reach rich mines; the primitive jungle of the tropics will fall before the need for bananas, rubber, or coffee; nor heat, nor cold, nor famine can save the oil resources of the earth from those who need them.

But meanwhile, in regions too poor to attract big operations, deforestation is stripping the rocks of their blanket of earth, erosion is carrying off the fertile elements of the soil, rivers are silting up and making swamps where fever breeds and famine threatens. Such a region is the east coast of Corsica.

Beside the highroad south of Bastia there is an open trench in which water pipes are being laid, so that the largest city in the island can have more pure mountain water. There are other schemes, too, in progress for making the fertile east as rich as the rocky west, and the tide may have set in again toward a new prosperity.

The domain of Casabianda, a great estate of about 5,000 acres, is now operated by the Department of Roads and Bridges. Started as a great dream of salvaging the east coast, it fell into disuse some years ago, its de luxe buildings, its towering silos, its ample stables, sheepfolds, and pigsties eloquent of the tragedy of failure. But recently these once-abandoned buildings were again opened up, and the flocks and herds of Casabianda were the best I saw in Corsica. The man who acted as my guide says that he lives there all the year round, and although he has some fever, he is able to keep on with his work.

Back in the hills there are posters in every restaurant asking the people, as a patriotic duty, to eat chestnuts and other native food products, so that the gold of France need not be sent abroad to buy grain. It would seem that Casabianda is well fitted for agricultural success, in case fever can be banished from the plain behind the salt marshes of Lake Diana and Lake Sale.

AN ISLAND OF SHELLS, MONUMENT TO ANCIENT ROME'S OYSTER FEASTS

These shallow lakes, or étangs, are not mucky swamps overhung with underbrush, but wide-open expanses of water, in whose appearance there is nothing ominous. The husband of the keeper of the guest house accompanied me to the Pool of Diana, taking real pleasure in riding

* See "The Camargue, Cowboy Country of Southern France," by Dr. André Vialles, in THE GEOGRAPHIC for July, 1922.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

PILES OF CORK-OAK BARK NEATLY TRIMMED, READY FOR BALING: BONIFACIO

in an automobile past the shepherds connected with the domain, who had to turn aside their "fleecy fools" to let us pass.

I wanted to see the island of oyster shells which is said to date from the time when Corsica furnished Aleria oysters as the prime delicacies of the Roman feast. Oysters are still exported from here, but a more important product, especially just before the Christmas holidays, is the eels, which are sent alive to Nice and Naples, and are to the holiday feast what cranberry sauce is to our Thanksgiving and plum pudding to an English yuletide.

South of Casabianda the east coast railway emerges from the maquis to come to a stop at Ghisonaccia, where the motor bus takes up the work which the train drops and carries the mail and passengers to Bonifacio.

The road drives straight at La Solenzara, with a wonderful panorama of snow mountains on the west; but at this little village, near the mouth of the Solenzara River, it begins to curve and wind as though it were a section of the west-coast road lost amid unfamiliar scenes. The plain has come to an end. The mountains of Corsica here push their way to the sea, and one rounds a Genoese tower that could occupy a similar position at any one of a score of places on the opposite side of the island.

IN THE CORK COUNTRY

From there one turns inland and invades the cork-oak country, which furnishes most of the trade for Porto Vecchio and Bonifacio.

Porto Vecchio is picturesque enough, especially from the sea, for it occupies a slight eminence to which its own battlemented walls add just the proper touch; but life there is a dreary thing. For the old men, there is the sun and the front of the church, but for the young there seems to be nothing. The boys do not even kick a football. The girls don't bound rubber balls as they do elsewhere in Corsica.

After a wild night ride I reached Bonifacio, where I found a warm greeting because Clifton Adams had paved the way a year and a half before.

Bonifacio occupies a position which surely deserves the overworked adjective "unique." If the travelers who thread the narrow straits on steamers bound for

Photograph by Clifton Adams

BOYS AND DONKEYS OF BONIFACIO

Corse children know all there is to know about mules and burros, for there usually is one such hard-working pet in every family.

the mystic East could know at what they were looking as they file past the stratified cliffs, at least some of them would drop overboard and swim ashore, for Bonifacio is as unusual as any place one is likely to meet on a world tour.

The narrow peninsula and the even narrower harbor fit together like two hands tightly gripped in what young boys playing crack-the-whip used to call "sailor fashion." The restless waters are ever eating away at the land and the overhanging cliffs are suspended like a Damoclean sword above the water, as though each were trying to make this strange mortise joint either land or sea. The sea has sunk its double-barbed hook of harbor deep into the land.

One rolls down from Ajaccio or Bastia to the harbor of Bonifacio through a winding fissure in the limestone plateau, from which it is impossible to see the city until it bursts upon the view above the prosaic roofs of the naval quay.

A huge bastion is thrust forward, as though even yet to repel an attack. One cannot enter the high town except through gates with counterpoised drawbridges, which usher one in to medieval scenes and make him fear that it is not allowed to introduce a camera into what is so patently a fortress.

Up from the harbor there climbs a steep road which would have been a stairway if riding had not been the custom of the builders. Down on the other side a narrow ladder of stone descends to the sea, hugging the wall of rock as if afraid to emulate the example of the overhanging corner of the city.

Up to the east gate of the ancient fortress zigzags a steep road like that descending to the harbor, but much more used, since it leads directly to the most populous parts of the high town.

The church of Sainte Marie Majeure, in Bonifacio, has a piece of the true cross confined in a niche in the wall. The mayor and the curé have keys, both of which must be used at the same time in order to reach the sacred relic, which is carried in procession three times a year.

When the tempests of wind and wave batter at the narrow foundations of the

city so fiercely that even strong men take fright, this bit of wood is carried forth before anxious throngs in an effort to calm the waters.

The stratified nature of the rock on which Bonifacio rests makes it at the same time a city built upon a rock and upon the sand. Little by little the softer portions of the cliff are carried away from between the more durable strata, and little by little the foundations of this city, which never yielded to force, are being stolen by the jealous waters and the restless wind.

In the covered loggia before the cathedral old men talk politics and boys and girls play with rubber balls and shout and laugh, while the abbé beams upon them. Good man, he has a rosy-cheeked niece of two who wears a red coat and, as he says, is "quite English"; so his eyes have a human quality in them which commands respect, but not silence.

He took me to visit the church of St. Dominique, a 13th century edifice, of which he is the curé.

Once the building beside the church was a monastery and the monks entered it through a covered passageway which arches the road. Later this structure became a barracks; now it is a school.

CAMEL'S HAIR ROPE USED AS A WATER PIPE

Over in a corner of the citadel is the well of St. Bartholomew, down whose somber depths we descended by a circular staircase of 300 steps, cut in the limestone, to a narrow door which gives on the sea. The rope of camel's hair, which once supplied the garrison with drinking water, has long since rotted away, but the rollers through which it passed to squeeze out the water, brought up more than 200 feet from the pool below, can still be seen.

This shadowy stairway is entirely shut out from the light of day, but outside, slanting at a daring angle down the cliff, is the stairway of the King of Aragon, which, *"on dit,"* was built in a single night. Nowhere except on the mushroom of Sigiri, the lion fortress of Ceylon, can one find a more venturesome stone ladder, and if it wasn't built in the darkness of a single night, there are sections of it that reveal a type of architecture that would result from such feverish tactics.

From the quay, if the wind is not too high, one takes a boat and rows out around the lighthouse of La Madonetta and into the grotto of Sdragonata, a wonderful place, paved beneath blue waters with stones of Tyrian purple and lapis lazuli. In midwinter the sun sets just outside the jagged portal against which the fierce waves would toss a boat and crush it as in the jaws of some fearsome marine monster in any but calm weather.

But more interesting than the grotto itself is the peculiar opening in the roof through which the light pours, making this less of a cavern and more of a museum of submarine colorings. This window toward the sky is shaped almost exactly like the island of Corsica.

Down the tumble of rocks which the collapse of the roof has left at the western end it is proposed to build a pathway, so that one can enter the cavern on foot. As well run elevators down into Capri's blue grotto!

I stayed in the cavern until late afternoon had added a rosy ceiling. Then, with the sun setting behind La Madonetta, whose single sparkling eye had waked to its nocturnal watch at the mouth of the dangerous stairs, I passed in between those towering cliffs to the harbor, with greasy lights already showing in the low groggeries of the longshore; then along the white ribbon of road to the isolated hotel, from which all sight of Corsica's most picturesque city was shut out.

By moonlight I went back along that white road and through the darksome portals, which, as though by some oversight or treachery, were still open. There was hardly a footfall in the stone streets, hardly a light in the overbearing walls; then a burst of noise from a hidden hurdy-gurdy, and later the light plucking of a guitar.

The sky was such a sky as moonlight brings to Venice. No shadowy canal rippling to a line of silver at the sharp prow of a gondola was narrower than those dark streets. No patter of donkey hoofs, no swish of corduroy as by day. There was scant sound until I passed once more the ancient drawbridge. I walked head on into the roar of the sea at the foot of the beetling cliff on which Bonifacio balances itself like a Blondin above the surge of Niagara.

A NORTHERN CRUSOE'S ISLAND

Life on a Fox Farm Off the Coast of Alaska, Far from Contact with the World Eleven Months a Year

BY MARGERY PRITCHARD PARKER

IN these days of congested population, rapid transit, telegraph and radio connections, it is hard to imagine people living in solitude like that of Robinson Crusoe. Yet this hero, so much admired by youthful readers of an earlier decade, was no farther from neighbors than are the dwellers of to-day on a certain island in the North Pacific.

Middleton Island lies 160 miles off the southern coast of Alaska, almost due south of Cordova, a town of 1,000 inhabitants. From no point in its area of a little less than eight square miles is there anything to be seen except limitless sea and sky.

The Indian name for the island, Achaka or Achatsoo (which sounds very like a sneeze) means "The Harborless." It is a descriptive title, for in all the shore line there is no safe anchorage for boats of any sort.

Steamers having business at Middleton must stay well outside of the dead line of crashing surf which surrounds it nearly every day of the year, and take the hazard of sending in a small boat. Rarely can the occupants of such boats reach the shore without a thorough drenching, if nothing worse happens to them. More than once a schooner, after a day or more of standing by, has been obliged to wigwag a disappointed farewell and depart without having accomplished her errand.

THE ISLAND IS OFF THE COURSE OF SHIPS BOUND FOR THE NORTH

Callers at the island are few and far between, however, as it is off the course of boats bound for Seward, Nome, and the Arctic. Once in a blue moon, one of the fishing boats which ply along the Alaskan coast turns off the beaten path to pay the island a friendly visit, and is lucky if its dory is able to make a landing.

No postman makes an unfailing daily call upon the islanders, no telephone bell tinkles its welcome summons to communication with the outer world. Not even a trail of smoke or a sail on the horizon is sighted for two, three, or even six months at a time; yet in this utter isolation two voluntary exiles live in comfort and contentment for eleven months of the year.

Since 1890 Middleton has been leased by the Government to various private concerns as a breeding farm for blue foxes, and in consequence there has been a succession of Crusoes in charge of the place. The present one is by birth a Bostonian, who emigrated to the Yukon during the Klondike rush, and thence crossed back to Uncle Sam's territory on the trail of another "big strike."

Like many another in those hectic days, he made and lost fortunes, traveled and prospected over many hundreds of miles of that vast country, and acquired what your true Alaskan always possesses—the ability to turn his hand to any occupation which comes along and to make it go.

MRS. CRUSOE WAS ONCE A BOSTON SCHOOL-TEACHER

Unlike Defoe's famous hero, this modern Crusoe brought an excellent partner to share his solitude. Mrs. Crusoe was a Boston school-teacher until her exodus to the far Northwest ten years ago. She is a wee slip of a woman, whose indomitable spirit triumphs over a frail physique and keeps her a close second to her husband in all his undertakings.

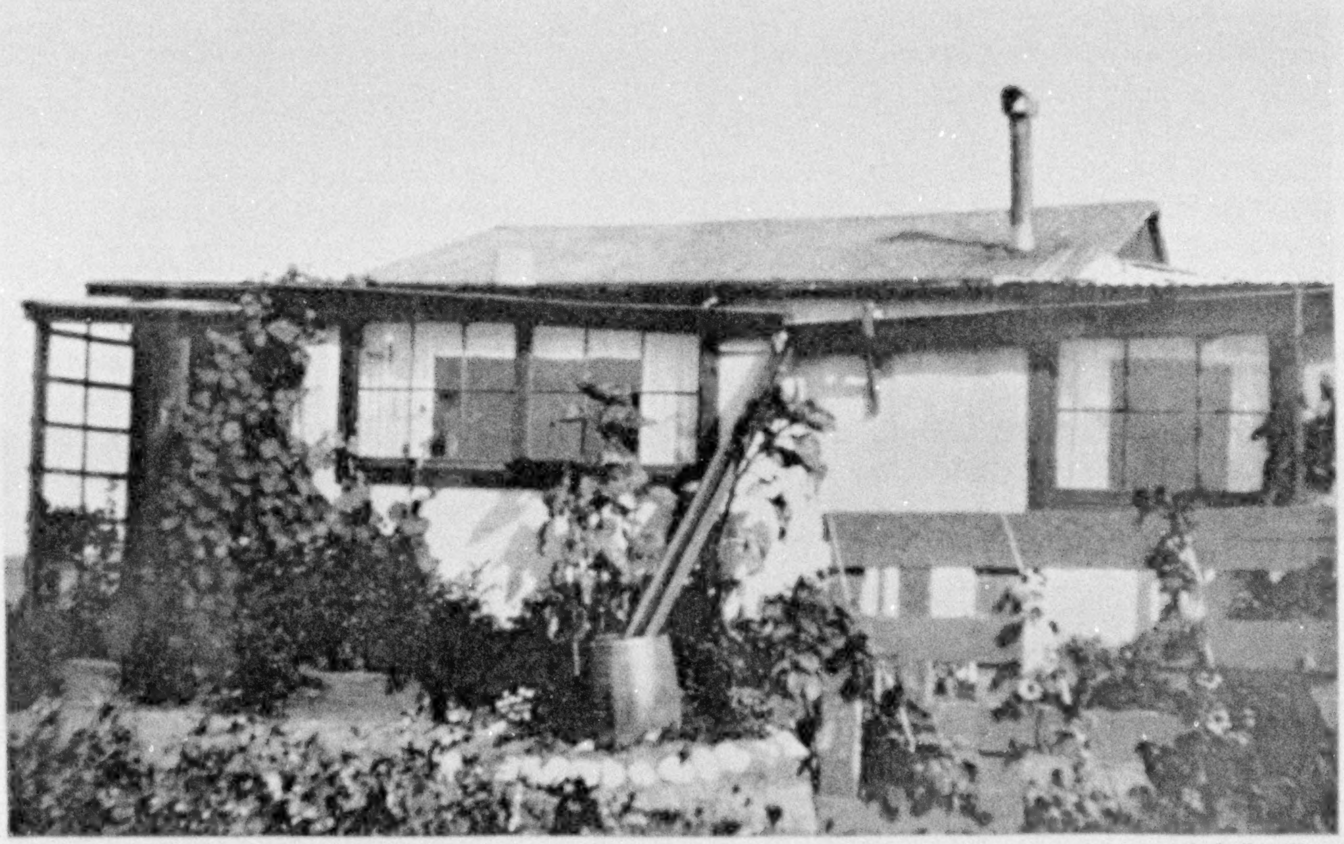
In 1918 these two sold a prosperous restaurant business in Cordova, Alaska, and left that thriving little town to begin their experience in fox farming on Middleton, out in the ocean. Both had great reserves of courage to face the isolation, optimism as to financial results, and intelligence to make the most of every interest which their small domain might afford.

The "Friday" of this island is a patient old black horse, who was abandoned by

Photograph by Fred C. Schiller

THE CABIN OF THE FOX FARMERS ON MIDDLETON ISLAND

The American flag floats from a staff 50 feet high cast up on the beach after a storm (see text, page 323). The foreground is one mass of wild flowers in spring. The sheds and small buildings to the right have been constructed out of driftwood.



Photograph by Mrs. Fred C. Schiller

A CLOSE VIEW OF THE BRAVE LITTLE HOUSE IN WHICH THE CRUSOES LIVE FOR ELEVEN MONTHS OF THE YEAR

Note the rain barrel, an important factor in the life of the islanders. A fair amount of rainfall, especially in summer, is also conducive to the production of good fox fur. The raising of blue foxes is an industry of great importance to the Alaskan coast, for it utilizes outlying islands of no particular value for agriculture. Most of the blue foxes in Alaska are raised primarily for pelts, and not for breeding purposes.

former owners when they left the place. Friday saw no human being for three years. In summer he could easily feed himself upon the abundant growths of clover, timothy, redtop, and wild peas; but it makes an animal-lover cringe to think what the poor fellow must have endured in winter, when all the fodder was covered with snow and raging storms swept over the island.

When the Crusoes came, it took some time to reclaim Friday from the wild and convince him that they were friends; but now he is an honored, trusting, and faithful member of the firm. His chief duty is to drag from point to point a sledge containing the fox feed; it is also his job to haul kelp for fertilizing the gardens and to help salvage the heavy driftwood.

Most of the time Friday roams at will, but never goes beyond call from the house. Upon the approach of a storm, he retires to the shelter built for him and stands contentedly looking out, knowing full well that warm mashes of potatoes and salt will be served to him until the wild weather subsides and he can again provide for himself.

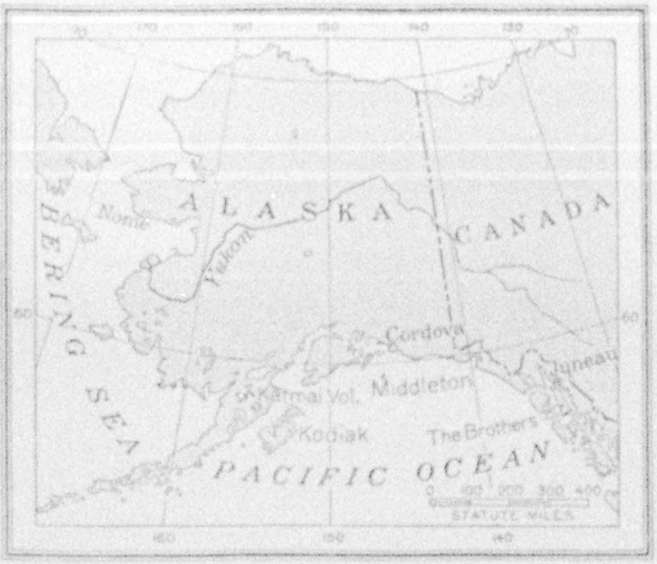
THE ISLAND IS IDEAL FOR FOX BREEDING

The breeding of blue foxes in captivity is not an easy undertaking, owing to the extreme shyness of the fox family. They do not readily grow accustomed to man, but generally have the attitude of wild animals on the defensive. A mother fox, when alarmed, has been known to kill her offspring on the instant, and the constant nervousness of the animals even affects the quality of the fur.

On the island the foxes are unaware of being prisoners, as they roam freely; so they rear their young in the natural way, double their number annually, and produce skins of great beauty.

The blue fox has a long-haired fur, of a soft gray tone at the ends of the hairs, shading to a dull blue close to the pelt. An average price in the London market is $175, while exceptionally fine skins may bring $375.

The chief duty of the fox farmer is to provide and daily distribute fresh food for his charges, at stations scattered about the island, especially during the winter months. Besides a small proportion of vegetables, rations consist of rabbits and the flesh of the hair seal when it can be obtained. The last requires expert marksmanship, as the seal must be shot through the head in order to float ashore; otherwise it sinks and is lost.



Drawn by James M. Darley

A SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF MIDDLETON ISLAND

Middleton is one of ten islands leased by the U. S. Biological Survey to individuals for the purpose of raising foxes. It is reported that in 1911 there were six animals on the island. Last year 59 were killed for their pelts and 35 were retained for breeding purposes.

In summer the foxes will leave the food in the feeding boxes and go foraging for themselves, running along the beach in search of fish eggs and small fish washed up in the kelp, or climbing the cliffs to rob the sea-pigeons' nests of eggs and squabs. The animals are seen at close range only in December, when they are lured into box traps. Here the breeders are sorted out and liberated, while those whose skins are marketable are humanely dispatched.

ISLAND TEMPERATURE RANGES FROM 20 BELOW ZERO TO 110 ABOVE

Climatic conditions on Middleton are agreeable on the whole, except for the strong and almost constant winds which sweep it. The lowest temperature recorded is 20 degrees below zero, the highest 110. There is an annual rainfall of about 96 inches and from two to four inches of snow in winter. The succession of seasons is not unlike that of New England, although the summer is much longer. Spring on Middleton begins with the reappearance of plant life, about the middle of February. From this time on, the

Photograph by Fred C. Schiller

CLIFFS AT THE NORTH END OF MIDDLETON ISLAND, WHERE THE SEA PIGEONS NEST (SEE TEXT, PAGE 320)

Photograph from Biological Survey

SEA GULLS FEEDING IN THE WAKE OF A VESSEL OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA

Gulls do not enrich the larder of the fox farmers. Their eggs have been found to have a strong fishy odor and taste. Sea-pigeon eggs, however, prove most acceptable.

Photograph by Fred C. Schiller

BUILT BY THE CRUSOES ENTIRELY OF DRIFTWOOD

The sign is 14 feet long by 3 feet wide and is painted yellow, with the figure of the fox "serenading the moon," in blue. The letters are red.

sun shines warmer and longer each day until the summer solstice. Between May 1 and August 15 there are from 15 to 20 hours of sunlight daily, and during June and July no darkness at all. But the islanders pay for this luxury in the long nights of winter, when conditions are reversed, and they get hardly more than a glimpse of Old Sol during the entire month of December.

One of the natural beauties of the island is a chain of lakes, clear as crystal and large enough to afford the pleasures of boating. Scattered along the shores of the lakes are the only trees which the place possesses—12 small spruces, battered and bruised by the winds, but refusing to give up the fight. Grass of 12 varieties flourishes everywhere, sometimes growing six or eight feet high.

BIG SIGN TELLS THE VISITOR WHERE HE IS

The object which first catches the eye of a visitor, if he successfully negotiates the surf and lands on the beach with all his faculties unimpaired, is the imposing sign which serves as a gateway to the island. It is 14 feet long and 3 feet wide, standing 12 feet above the ground, and is painted yellow, with the words "Middleton Island Blue Fox Farm" in red. In one corner is the figure of a handsome blue fox apparently engaged in serenading the moon or possibly in the less romantic business of "hollering for more." This enterprising production proves Mr. Crusoe to be an artist of no mean ability.

Some distance beyond stands the brave little house, neatly painted and, in summer, half covered with vines and flowers. Years ago the lumber for the house was brought from the States; all the rest used about the place—for rabbit houses, root cellar, tool house, Friday's shelter, fences, trellises, signboard—was salvaged from the sea. From this source also came the material for many clever conveniences in the house, as well as for most of the furniture.

In the midst of this seclusion, what sources of interest, study, and diversion exist whereby two people may keep themselves mentally fit? Both will tell you that these are many and varied.

"In the first place," says Crusoe, "there is an immense satisfaction in proving oneself equal to the test of being wholly on one's own resources; this must be done in surroundings like ours, in order to survive. We feel no loneliness, as we have no idle hours; there is plenty of work and no union to dictate when it shall be done.

Photograph by Fred C. Schiller

TENDING HER NASTURTIUMS

A table leg found on the beach, topped with a pail and painted green, made an effective ornament. Pansies fill the window-box.

"Our first care is to provide rations for the foxes, and the round of the feeding stations must be made daily, regardless of wind and weather. All our fuel is driftwood, dragged from the beach a mile away and cut up by the old-fashioned method of muscle and hacksaw.

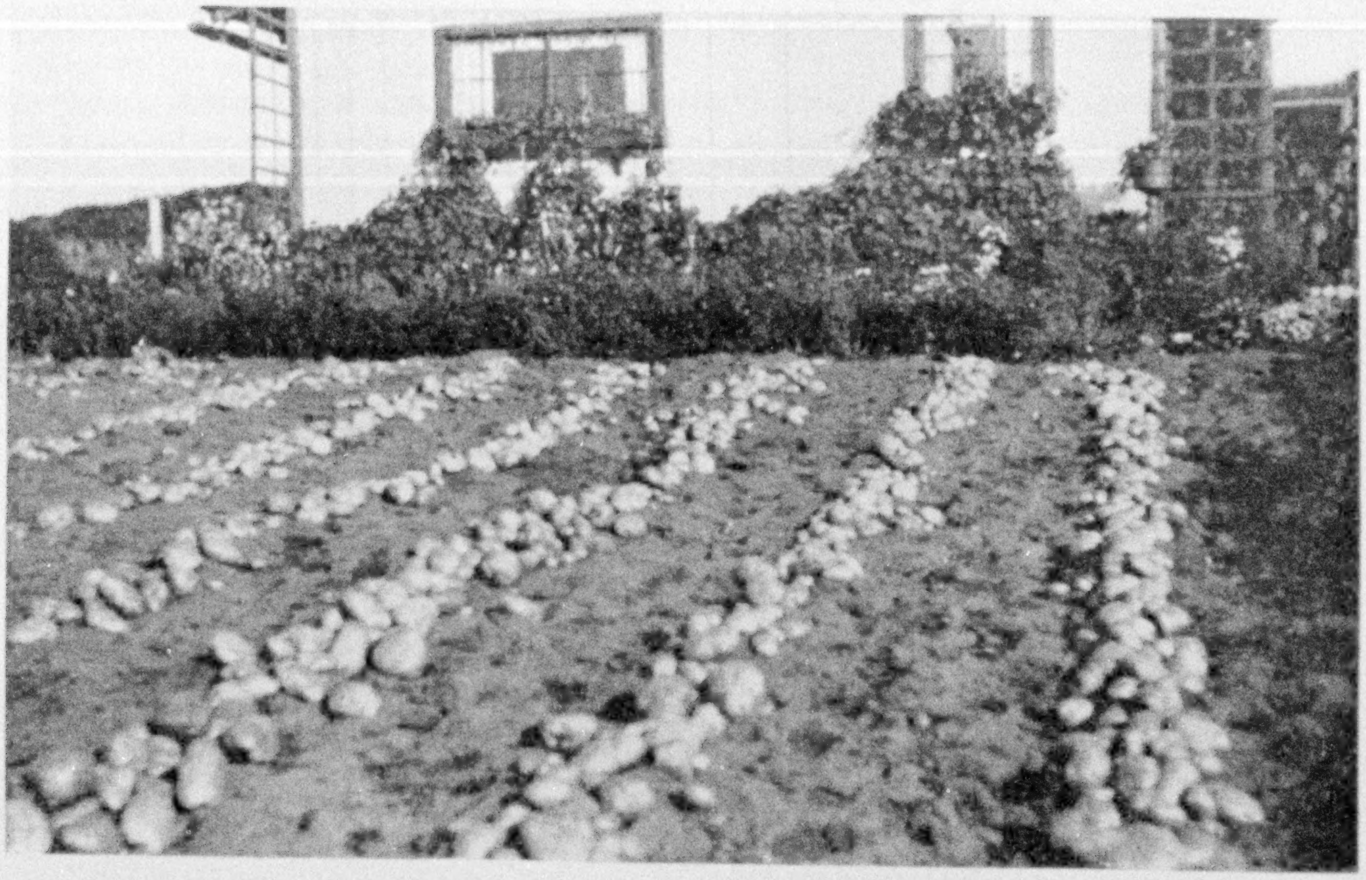
"To vary the monotony of a tin-can diet, we grow several large gardens, which keep us busy many days of the long summer. The soil is of glacial origin, with a rich loam subsoil, and produces splendid crops when fertilized with kelp. Last year we raised 125 bushels of A No. 1 potatoes, and about the same of rutabagas, for fox feed. We also had an abundance of lettuce, radishes, parsley, green onions, carrots, and peas.

"The only wild vegetable we use is the dandelion, old friend of our New England days. Here one may enjoy 'a mess of greens' as early as the first week in April, and later the plant grows to the height of two feet or more and blooms twice in a season.

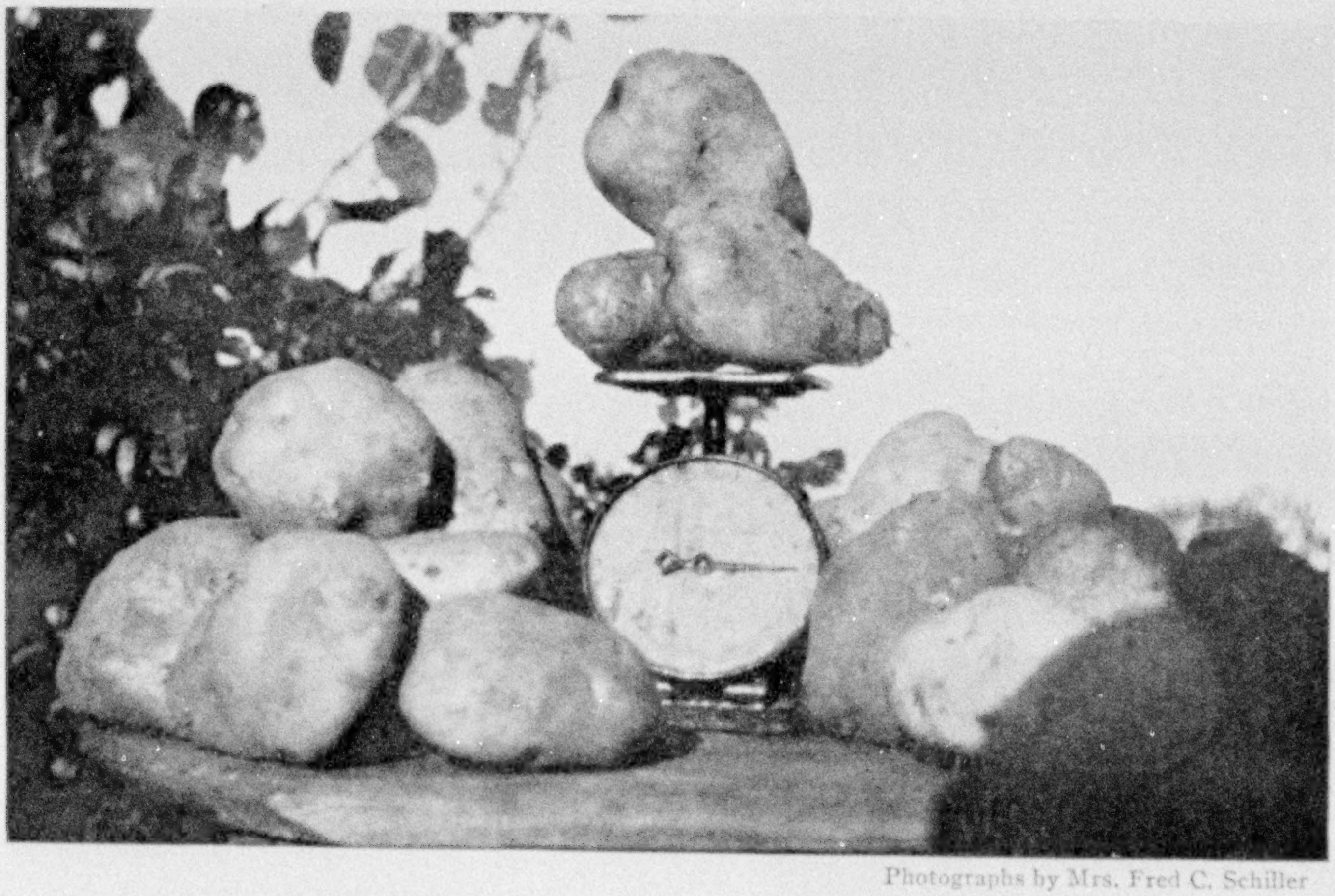
"There are no enemies of plant life on the island. Picture the joys of horticulture without aphis, cutworm, or potato bug! The mosquito, that terrible pest of the Alaska mainland, is also absent. Evidently it was not on Middleton Island that the Indians used to tie a man naked in the woods in mosquito time as a form of capital punishment.

"However, for three weeks in August life is made miserable by the tiny gnats called by the Indians 'No-see-ums,' which will go through any netting yet devised by man, and therefore cannot be kept out of the house entirely. Fortunately, we have an insect powder to the fumes of which the tormenters will succumb. Outside they swarm in such numbers that if one inadvertently inhales through the mouth he cannot avoid swallowing a few, and will be miserable until he succeeds in coughing them up.

"Unlike the original Crusoe's Island, ours was not provided by Nature with fruit trees. But during the last week of June great quantities of wild strawberries ripen all over the island, and for a month we revel in them. Then, in August, the salmonberry bushes are heavily laden



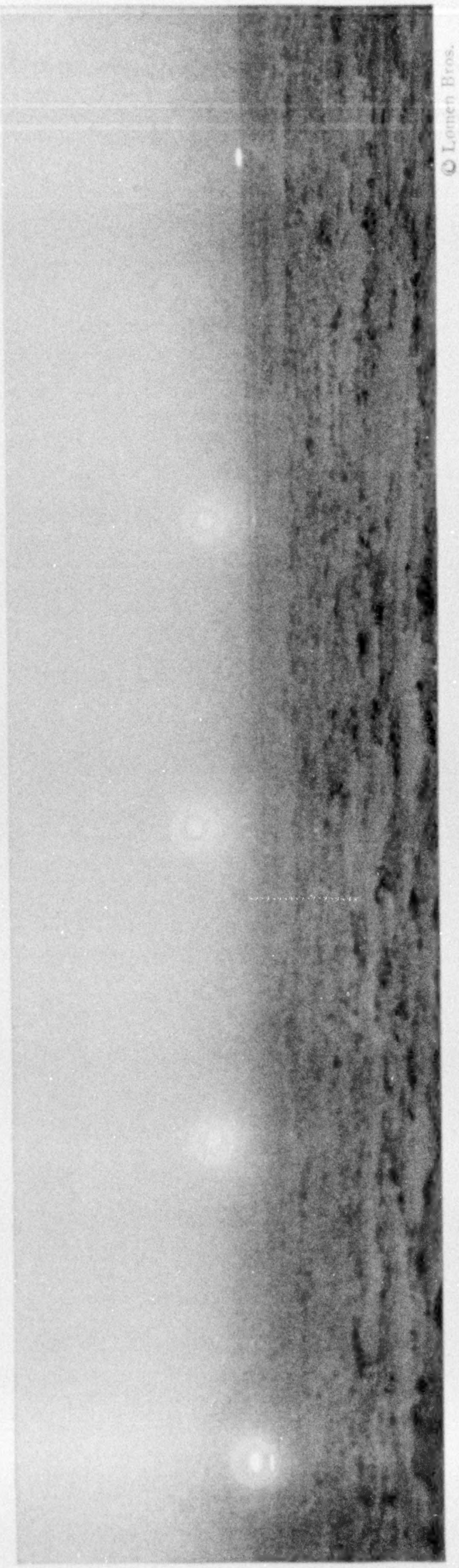
A PORTION OF THE POTATO CROP ON MIDDLETON ISLAND



Photographs by Mrs. Fred C. Schiller

A CLOSER VIEW OF MIDDLETON ISLAND POTATOES: THE THREE ON THE SCALE WEIGH 6 POUNDS

Potatoes provide a large part of the food for the foxes in winter. After being boiled in large tubs they are mixed and mashed with corn meal and seal oil. In summer the foxes are able to provide for themselves, living largely on fish.



© Lomen Bros.

THE ALASKAN MIDDAY SUN IN WINTER

The arc described by the sun in latitude 64 degrees 29 minutes north on December 28th. Taken from the beach at Nome, Alaska, looking south across the ice fields of Bering Sea. Five exposures were made on one negative, the camera remaining in the same position for four hours. Exposures made at 10 and 11 o'clock a. m., noon, 1 and 2 o'clock p. m.

with ripe berries, almost any one of which would fill an after-dinner coffee cup.

"Delectable strawberry preserves and salmonberry jelly are two of the luxuries which Mrs. Crusoe provides for our winter menu. Of course, our staples, in large quantities, are brought in from Cordova yearly.

SEA PIGEONS PROVIDE EXCELLENT EGGS

"When we need eggs we betake ourselves to the great chalk cliffs at the north end of the island, where the sea pigeons nest. Stretched flat on the cliff top, with a hook-and-bag contraption, we fish up the eggs from the ledges below. They are a trifle smaller than hens' eggs and of excellent flavor. Early in our stay here we tried gull's eggs, but were glad to leave them for the foxes, as they have a strong fishy odor and taste.

"When the game season opens, on September 15, our lakes are filled with game birds, feeding and resting on their way down from their summer in Arctic regions, and for two months we use all we need. Unfortunately, the birds all leave before the weather is cold enough to freeze the meat for winter use.

"Some months ago, being ravenous for fresh meat, we sampled the flesh of a young hair seal just killed and found we had hit upon a real treat. The meat, which resembles venison in appearance, was juicy and delicious when roasted, and the liver more delicate than calves' liver.

"One of our duties, which is also a diversion, is a daily log recording observations of weather, wind, temperature, and any items of natural history which we may have acquired. Chief among the latter are facts regarding the birds, both the migrants and those which breed here. The former include several varieties each of the Sandpiper, Grebe, Duck, Merganser, Curlew, Goose, Teal, Widgeon, Gull—in fact, almost every water

bird of the Pacific coast. Among the land birds seen in migration are the Robin, Jay, Owl, Magpie, Sparrows of various kinds, Grosbeak, Humming Bird, Phœbe, and Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker.

"We have built several types of bird-houses about the place, hoping to induce some of the songbirds to remain with us during the summer, but so far they have declined our hospitality. Occasionally a pair of Trumpeter Swans is seen, or magnificent Golden Eagles soar far above. These rarely stay more than a few hours, as their powerful wings are much sooner rested than those of the smaller birds.

"Any time after April 15 we look eagerly for the return of the Sea Pigeons, Puffins, Guillemots, Cormorants, and Terns, all of which breed on the island. They nest in colonies, each species by itself, on the ledges of the cliffs. Many are the tragedies which occur here among the feathered folk. Besides the depredations of the foxes, they are exposed to storms, which often cause tons of earth to go crashing into the sea, carrying down eggs and baby birds.

"We find it most amusing to watch the curious ways of our bird neighbors, particularly the Sea Pigeon; he is quite friendly and does not fear us, although he has a comical habit when disturbed of circling about above the nest, crying distractedly, 'Look at that! Look at that!'

"There has been a rumor that the Government will make Middleton a bird sanctuary. Much as we love the birds, we do not favor the suggestion, for it would mean that we and our foxes must seek another abiding place; it would be difficult to find one as suitable to fox-raising as this, in the points of size, location, and climate.

STUDYING THE HEAVENS PROVIDES ENTERTAINMENT

"Although astronomical knowledge is not among our acquirements, we greatly enjoy the study of these northern heavens on clear nights. By the middle of August there is sufficient darkness to bring out the glowing beauty of the stars, which seem very close to the earth, and the full moon of this month is a great, luminous orb, as yellow as an orange.

"Through the winter months, on every clear, cold night, the weird aurora borealis streams across the sky. Much has been said about the aurora which is even more weird than the phenomenon itself. A description which comes near to being both adequate and truthful was written by John Jasper Underwood in the volume called 'Alaska, An Empire in the Making.' Robert Service, in one of his inspired moments, drew an effective, if somewhat bizarre, pen picture of this glorious spectacle. It is certainly one of the wonders of the globe. Many a night or early morning we have stood watching its awesome display with fascinated eyes, until sharply nipped by frost.

"With excellent health, congenial occupation, and these and many other interests, we are finding our few years here an experience quite worth while."

FLOWERS IN PROFUSION, BUT NO BUTTERFLIES OR BEES

Mrs. Crusoe is equally optimistic and supplements her husband's description of their busy, cheerful existence:

"When we find the dandelions large enough for greens, we know that the season of flowers is at hand, and from that time until September the island is a marvel of color. About the middle of April the first flower appears, a small yellow blossom which we cannot identify. Next come wonderful purple violets as large as pansies, growing on stems 10 or 12 inches long. Following these comes almost every variety with which we were familiar back in New England, except the Goldenrod and the White and Ox-eyed Daisy.

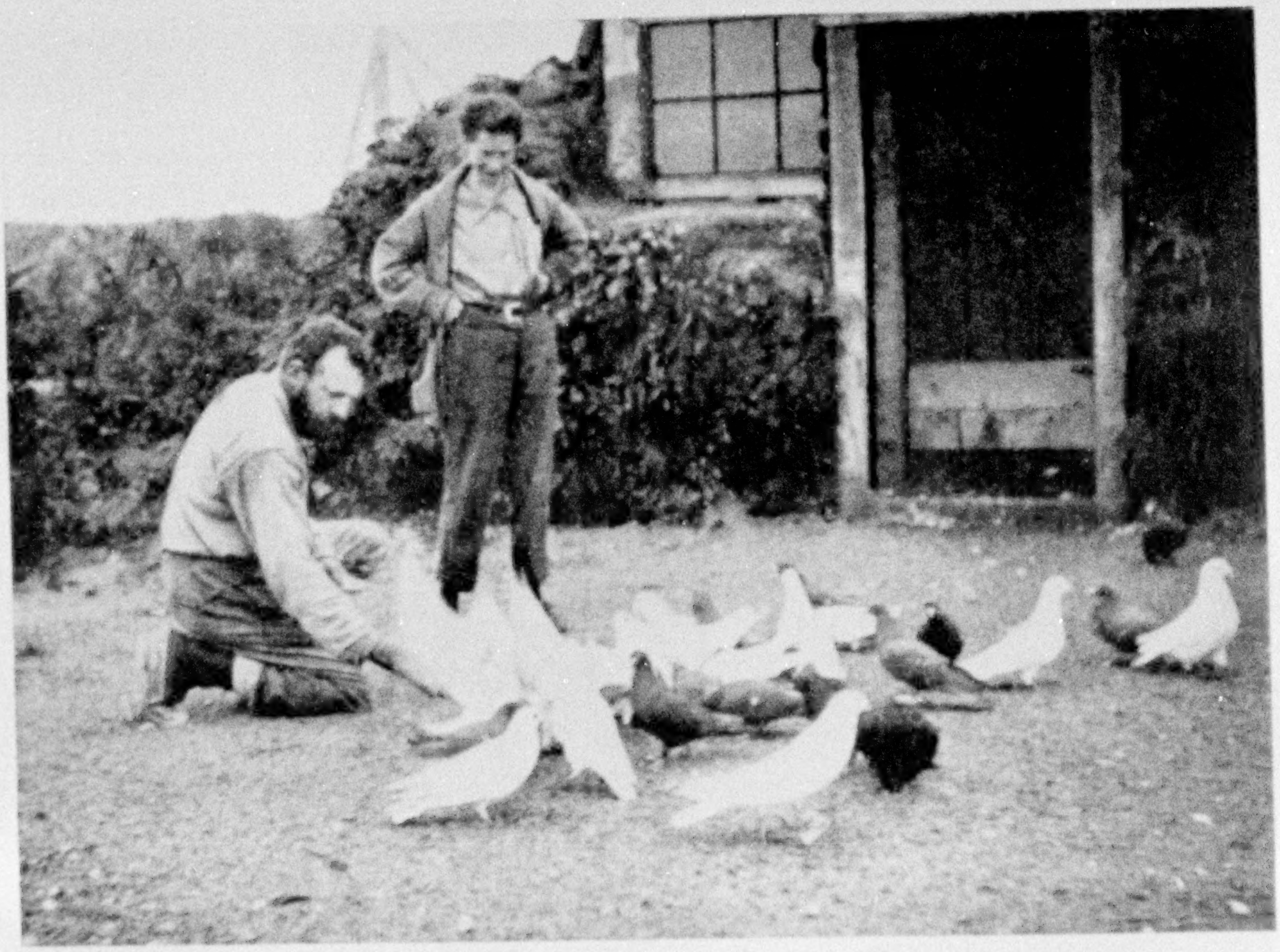
We have the Anemone, Spring Beauty, Lily of the Valley, Solomon's Seal, white and purple Hyacinths, Harebell, August Aster, Yarrow, Larkspur, Columbine, Monkshood, Wild Geranium, Blue-eyed Grass, Lupine, Sweet Pea. We have recorded 72 kinds in a season. All are odorless except the wild Hyacinth, which grows in great profusion and fills the air with a delicious fragrance.

"Long after autumn frosts have taken all other flowers, patches of fleecy Alaska Cotton are still scattered over the low places, like small banks of snow. In addition to the wild flowers, we have a bit of garden around the house, where Pansies, Nasturtiums, and English Poppies bloom luxuriantly.

"Once a storm deposited on our beach

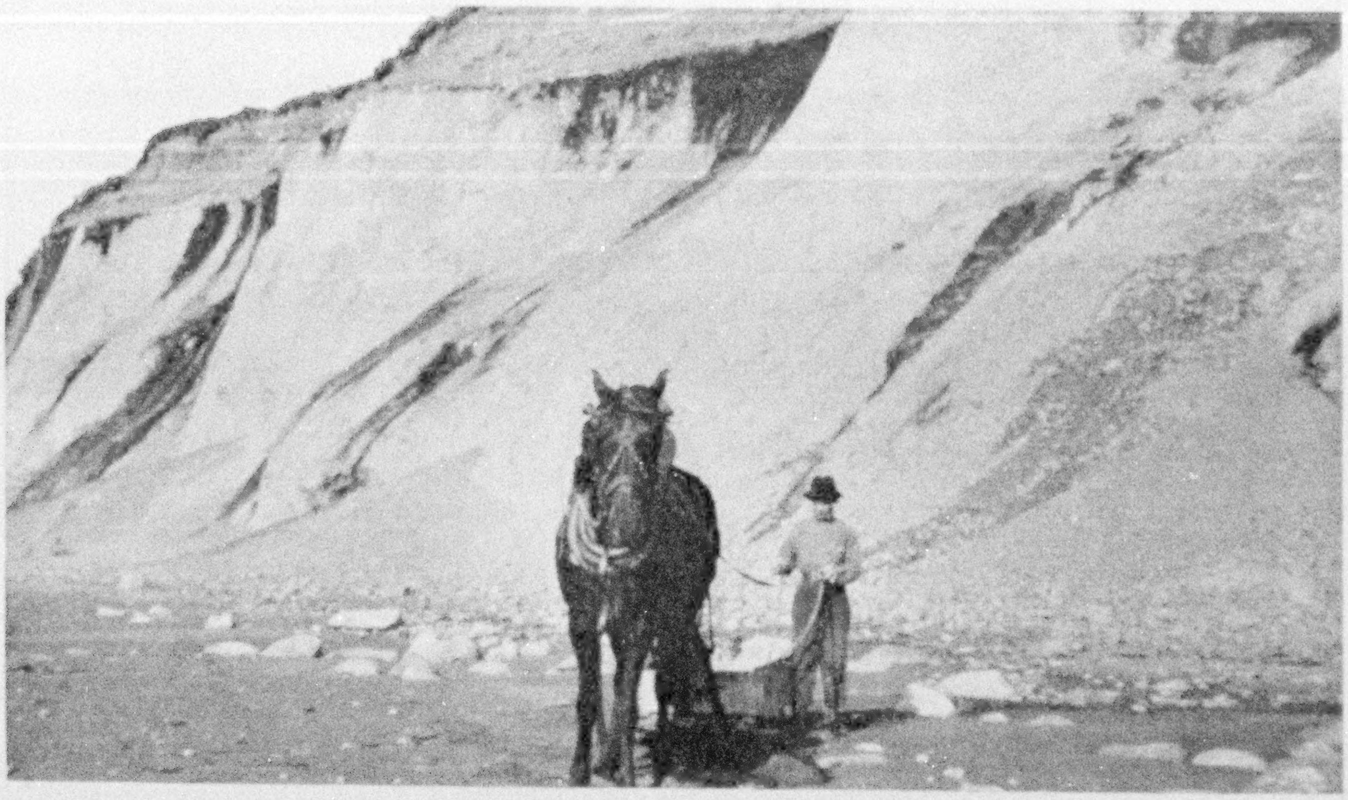
Photograph by Mrs. Fred C. Schiller

THE STEMS OF THE VIOLETS ON MIDDLETON ISLAND ARE FROM 10 TO 12 INCHES LONG



MR. AND MRS. CRUSOE IN THEIR ILL-FATED PIGEON YARD

"We took some pigeons with us the first year, hoping to raise squabs for fresh meat, but the foxes got into the pigeon house at night and killed pigeons as well as squabs, thereby cutting off our meat supply."



Photograph by Fred C. Schiller

SETTING OUT ON THE DAILY ROUND TO CARRY FOOD TO THE FOXES

The cart drawn by the good horse Friday is fashioned like a big sled. Note the ledge or shelf on which the birds build nests and which the foxes can reach very easily. In severe storms tons of earth break off from the cliffs, carrying nests and young birds to destruction.

a carved table leg, which, topped by a green bucketful of glowing Nasturtiums, constitutes one of our most cherished ornaments. Amid this wilderness of flowers it would seem natural to find hordes of butterflies and bees. Whether it is due to the leagues of salt water between us and the mainland, we do not know, but we never have seen a butterfly here, and only an occasional lonely bee booms among the Pansies.

A CAMERA, BINOCULARS, AND A FLAG ARE TREASURED GIFTS

"Three gifts from friends are sources of pleasure to us. Our good little camera registers some of our varied and uncommon experiences, which will be entertaining to remember when we two old folks, like Darby and Joan, sit in the chimney corner recalling the past. A pair of excellent binoculars is constantly useful, particularly in bird study, and when we sight a speck on the horizon it is not long until the glasses are trained upon it, to determine whether it is a boat, and thus a possible caller, or just another piece of driftwood.

"Once, before we had the glasses, when we had begun looking for the schooner which comes each January to take us to Cordova, we sighted a boat a long way out, but apparently headed in our direction. In wild excitement we hustled things into our suitcases, carefully closed the house, and, hitching Friday to the sledge, trundled the baggage down to the beach. Then, looking out to sea for the first time since our mad rush began, behold, no boat was to be seen! A faint trail of smoke on the horizon told us that she was only one of the 'ships that pass in the night!'

"The gift which, perhaps, pleased us best of all, in point of sentiment, at least, was a four-by-six American flag which we brought back one January. We hung it on the wall of the living room and admired it there, but regretted that there was no pole from which to fly our colors properly.

"Finally, one morning in June we found that the storm of the previous night, while bringing disaster to some ship, had fulfilled one of our dearest wishes, for there on the beach lay a beautiful, tapering mast, 50 feet high! It was soon planted firmly in the earth near the house, and on July 4th, with appropriate feelings, if not ceremonies, Old Glory was flung to the breeze. On every holiday now, we look

Photograph from Biological Survey

FEEDING BLUE FOXES ON BROTHERS ISLANDS, SOUTHEAST OF MIDDLETON

up at its folds floating bravely over the lonely little isle, with a warm sense of security which only our national emblem can give.

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS AND BIRTHDAYS CELEBRATED

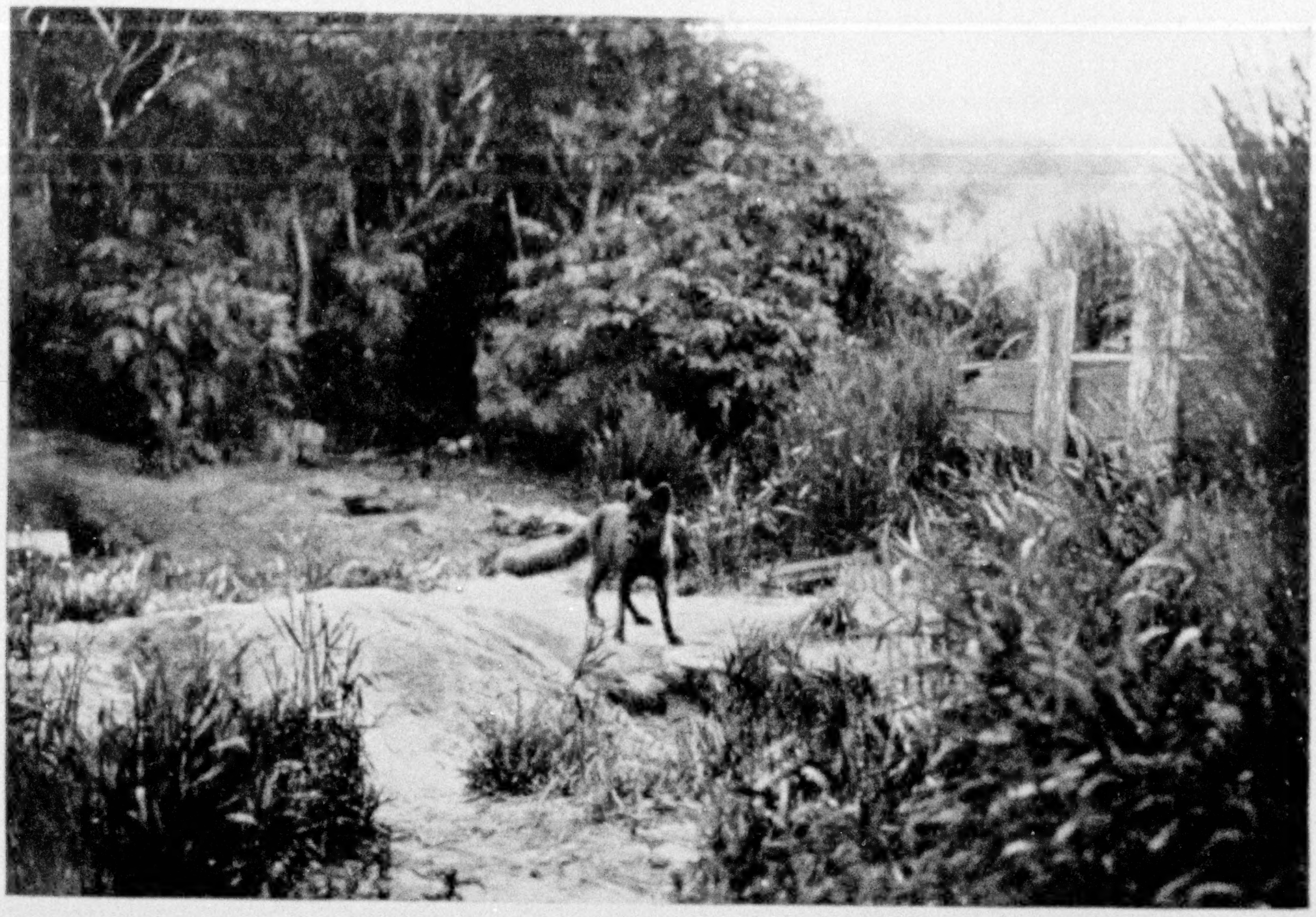
"We never allow Memorial Day, July 4th, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, or our birthdays to pass without doing something to give the day an air of festivity. On May 30 it is likely to be an evening of Victrola music, with stress on patriotic airs played by good bands; on July 4th, perhaps a picnic on the lake shore. A dinner as "special" as the larder will permit graces our table on Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas candles glow in our windows.

"And what do you suppose we do on New Year's Eve? Shove the furniture back against the wall in the tiny living room, turn on the dance music, and 'trip the light fantastic toe' as long as it pleases us. When one of us has a birthday, he dons his most joyous raiment and sits in state while his partner builds a lofty cake topped by one lone candle; candles are not too numerous and, besides, we don't care to be more explicit!

THE DAILY PAPER IS READ REGULARLY

"Our beach would be a joy to the geologist, so full are its sands of curious and interesting things—lovely shells, petrified woods, and minerals of many sorts. We have a wee bank account which we dug out of the beach. The finest gold, such as made the Nome beach famous, is occasionally found here in small quantities.

"When the garden produce is all gathered and the short days are with us, it is very pleasant to turn to the two bookcases Mr. C. has made, with their welcome store of reading. Besides our small library of books, they are well stocked with files of magazines saved for us by thoughtful friends on the mainland. No matter if they are a year old or more, we read them from cover to cover with huge enjoyment. And every day of the year, directly after breakfast we read our daily paper. How do we get it? Why, in January we bring from Cordova our year's file of the *Boston Transcript*, each number of which is



Photograph from Biological Survey

A BLUE FOX ON AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA

The origin of the blue foxes on the Alaskan islands is traced either to the Pribilofs or to animals brought from Siberia by the Russians.

eagerly read, just one year after publication! Of course, it is a deprivation not to know the news up to date; during the World War it was particularly hard.

NOT LONELY AND NO WILD ADVENTURES

"One would expect such a situation as ours to be productive of thrilling tales of loneliness, wild adventure, and all manner of crises. We are not lonely and we have had no wild adventures, but each January, when we leave the island and return to it, we take our lives in our hands in the passage of the terrific surf.

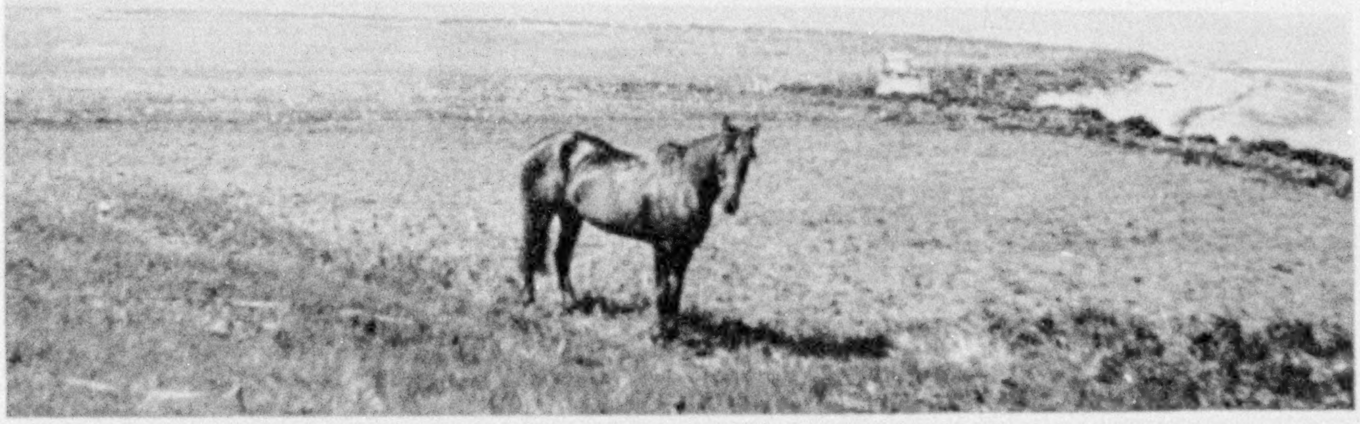
"Every day life here is full of potential dangers: a furious winter storm, a fall from the cliffs, a shooting accident—any of these might bring upon us the suffering and sorrow which we have so far escaped. Long ago we learned that we must not dwell on these painful possibilities, if we were to live the healthy, sane, and cheerful life which is the human birthright.

"The most serious situations which have confronted us have been shortages of food. The first year we came here we were inexperienced in provisioning and did not bring as ample supplies as we now know we shall need in a year. The men from the schooner, in haste to return while the surf was navigable, deposited our stores on the beach, and before we could get them to the house everything was soaked by a terrible downpour of rain.

"A large part of the flour and cereals spoiled; consequently we had none after the first of November. About the same time our ammunition became exhausted, and, with an empty gun, we could only sit and groan as we watched hair seals sporting in the ocean and hundreds of game birds on the lakes. We muddled through on potatoes, rutabagas, and canned stuff; but those were lean weeks and convinced us that it would be possible to starve in the midst of plenty.

ENTERTAINING HONEYMOONERS AND SHIPWRECKED SAILORS

"We had nearly as critical a time when my brother and his bride came to visit us, to our great delight. Being wholly unaccustomed to the needs of frontier life, however, they brought no supplies, and



FRIDAY HAS BEEN A RESIDENT OF MIDDLETON ISLAND FOR 10 YEARS

He is standing in a garden patch which will yield rutabagas weighing 20 pounds each. The horse was deserted by the former residents on the island, and had to shift for himself summer and winter until the Boston couple arrived and adopted him (see text, pages 313 and 315).

the commissariat was pretty well depleted before the Cordova boat came. Worst of all, the two smokers were tobaccoless for a fortnight, to the decided detriment of their tempers; it surely was a trying test for the honeymooners.

"The greatest thrill we have had was when a shipwrecked crew of 26 men managed to make a landing on Middleton, half dead from hunger, thirst, and exposure. Some of them were able to stagger to the house; others lay on the beach until revived by the hot coffee and soup which we brought to them. Their famishing hunger was tragic to behold. So was the rapidity with which our meager supplies disappeared, and our boat for Cordova was not due for two months! Fortunately a liner, off her course, came near enough to see our signals, took the poor fellows away, and restocked our larder.

BACK TO CIVILIZATION FOR A MONTH

"The first pleasant weather in January sees us on board the schooner *Rolfe 2nd* on our way to Cordova for a month's stay. Our most important business there, after seeing our furs off for London, is the buying of our equipment for the next year—food, clothing, tools, ammunition, reading matter, and a hundred and one sundries, all essential. Though we keep a careful list for months beforehand, something is sure to be forgotten; but when the thing you need is nearly 200 miles away—well, you don't need it!

"Then for days we are engaged in the absorbing occupation of reading and answering the letters which have been coming to our Cordova address for a year. Can you vision the possibilities of both comedy and tragedy in going through a year's mail all at once? Sometimes, if the Seattle boats run on schedule time, we can send letters to the States and get a reply before our departure—a gratifying event indeed.

"The amusements and social life of the town, which was our home for several years, delight us anew each year; to mix with crowds and feel again the pulse beat of the world is vastly stimulating and agreeable. We find entertainment in the stores, restaurants, and movies; we miss none of the jolly weekly dances; and, most of all, we enjoy the homes of our friends, where we receive a welcome that warms the cockles of our hearts.

"As our holiday draws to a close, we begin to think about the island, and the cosy little house, and the wonderful sunsets, and good old Friday—in short, we are quite ready to turn our backs on the joys of urban life and go home to our work. And when the *Rolfe* steams out of Cordova Bay, on the return trip, she bears two cheerful and contented passengers back to the fox farm on Middleton Island."

THE HAIRNET INDUSTRY IN NORTH CHINA

By H. W. Robinson

THE people of China are, and have been for centuries, primarily farmers. Their chief essentials of life—food, fuel, and clothing—are mostly of home production. Even in North China, where the winters are cold, clothing comes principally from cotton raised by the northern farmers, and fuel still consists largely of the grain stalks from the fields that provide the food. The people require but little from the outside world and produce little that they do not consume themselves.

But the old order is changing. Although the northern people are less progressive than their southern brothers, even among them modern industries are gradually springing up. Perhaps none of these infant industries has had a more phenomenal growth than that of making hairnets, which now gives employment to thousands who are providing these articles for millions of women in America and Europe.

Although the industry was introduced in China by the Germans only 15 years ago, in 1920 more than 140,000,000 hairnets were shipped to America from a single Chinese city, and the total annual exports of this product are valued at more than $10,000,000.

The nets are made by hand and the workers receive about one cent each for making them. The average person can hardly make ten a day.

THE CHINESE HAIRNET INDUSTRY WAS A WAR BABY

Before the World War, Italy and Galicia shared with China the responsibility for producing most of the hair used in hairnets, while their manufacture centered in Alsace-Lorraine, Galicia, and Bohemia. During the period of hostilities, however, the industry gradually drifted to China and hairnets are now practically an exclusive product of that country.

The province of Shantung has been the largest producer, but during the famine of 1920-21 the industry spread to other provinces, especially to the Chihli cities of Peking, Tientsin, and Paotingfu.

While the hairnet industry centers in the cities, the nets are actually made in country villages. A tourist in China can visit a match factory, a rug shop, a cotton mill, or an egg-drying establishment in some large city and see the whole process; but if he wants to study the hairnet industry, he must get out into the country and visit village homes. To be sure, there are a few workshops in some of the cities, like Chefoo, where exporting houses collect the nets and prepare them for shipment, but the actual making goes on in the home.

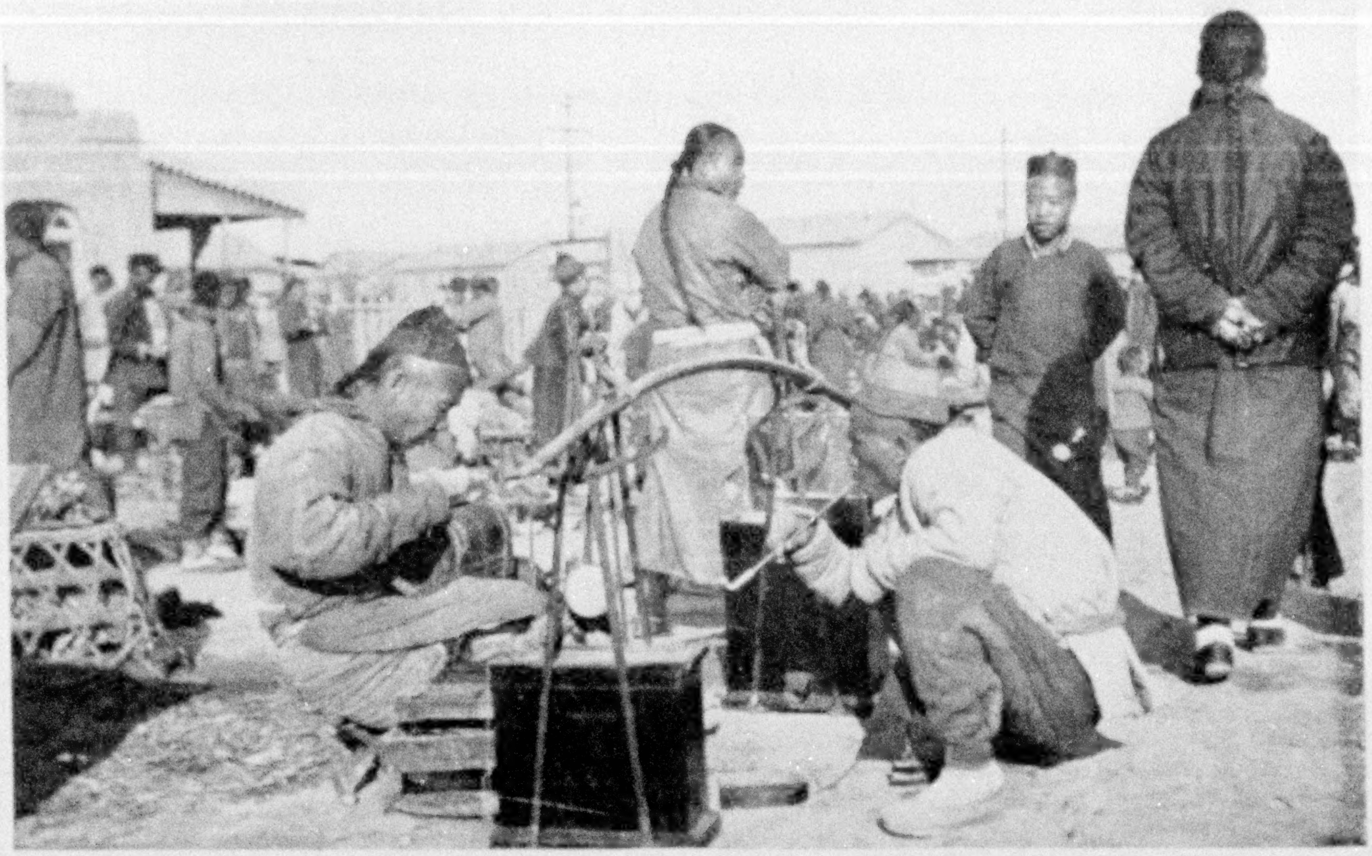
WHY THE INDUSTRY HAS CENTERED IN NORTH CHINA

There are three important factors that have made the hairnet industry almost exclusive to North China: first, a large supply of hair is found there; second, cheap labor is plentiful, and third, the industry requires no machinery and can be carried on in the home.

Where will you find more human hair than in North China? Before the rule of the Manchus, the Chinese men let their hair grow rather long and tied it in a knot on top of the head. When the Manchus came, in the 17th century, they wore their hair in long braids down their backs, and as an indication of subjection forced the Chinese to adopt the same custom.

Thus began the history of the world-famed Chinese pigtail, and for two and a half centuries China has not only had the greatest number of heads, but she has also had more hair per head than any other country.

Probably no other land has a more distinctive national peculiarity than the Chinese pigtail, and, like so many other social customs, it persists long after the cause for which it stood. The revolutionists of 1911 tried to do away with it and ordered that all queues be cut off. Those who objected were in danger of losing head as well as pigtail, and the queues provided a handy means of suspending the heads along the city streets as an effective suggestion that the revolutionists meant business in their attempt

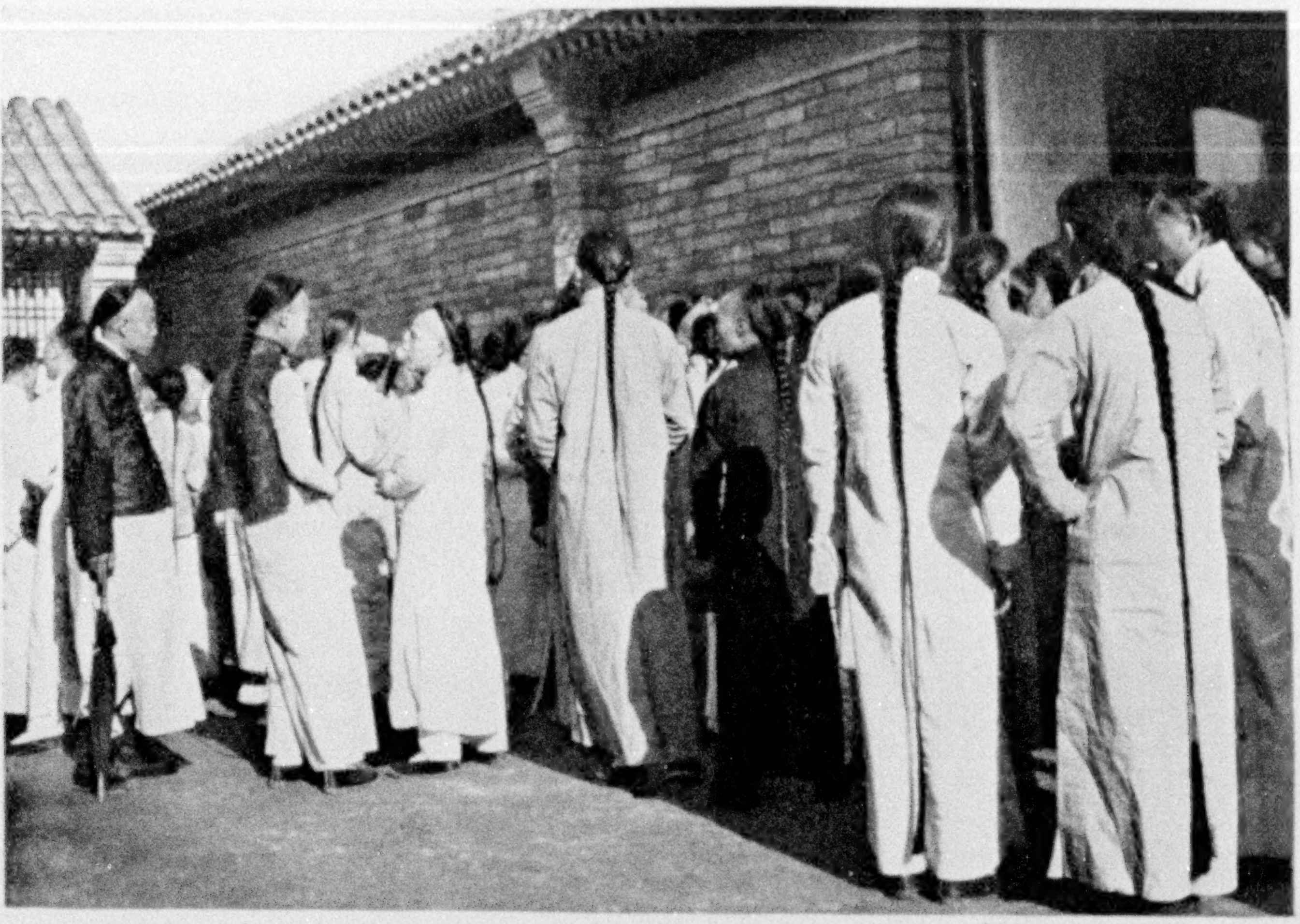


Photograph by M. Hartung

A STREET SCENE IN NORTHERN CHINA: QUEUES LIKE THESE HAVE MADE THE HAIRNET INDUSTRY POSSIBLE

Photograph by Robert Scheindlenger

A BARBER PLYING HIS TRADE IN TIENTSIN



Photograph by M. Hartung

A GROUP OF CHINESE GOVERNMENT STUDENTS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

In those days students were proud of their long queues and even braided silk in with the hair to make them look longer. At present a student with a queue in a Chinese middle school or college would be as much out of place as he would be in an American college. The students are the most patriotic class in the Chinese Republic and would be the last to return to the Manchu régime. They no longer grow hair for the hairnet industry, but have done much to promote new industries.

to do away with the badge of the victorious Manchus.

In the south, and in large cities in general, the queues did disappear to a great extent, and for a time there was a flood in the human hair market.

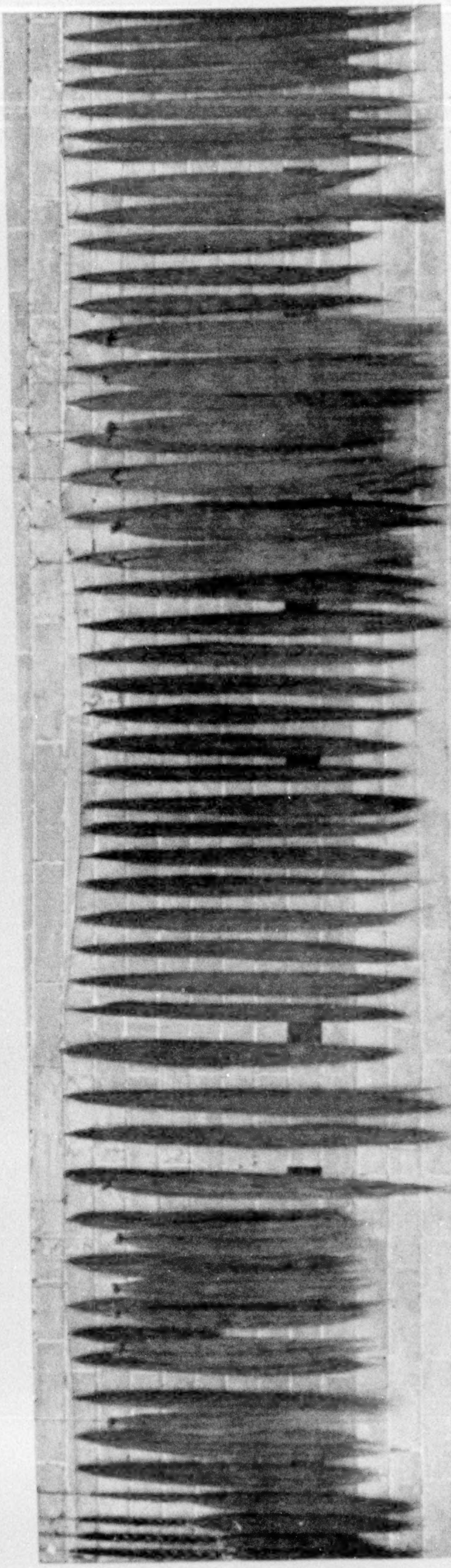
But in North China the law forbidding the wearing of queues was not enforced, and they are still plentiful in Peking and Tientsin, while in some country villages away from the coast there are nearly as many boys and men with queues as without.

Some of these wearers of queues hope that the Manchus may one day be restored to power. The Chinese Republic has not been very satisfactory to the peasant class of China. One revolution has followed another, and the spendthrift methods of military rulers have made it harder and harder on the laboring people. The people do not care so much about the form of government in Peking as they do about the price of grain. Many would gladly go back to prerevolution days, and their queues are ready to welcome the return of their former rulers.

In July, 1917, when Chang Hsun staged his little farce in Peking and put the Boy Emperor back on the Dragon Throne, his soldiers all wore queues and were known as the Pigtail Army. Of course, Chang Hsun was in sympathy with the Manchus and naturally would follow the customs that they had established; but there is many a peasant who has the same respect for the Manchus that Chang Hsun manifested.

CHINESE HAIR IS BEST FOR HAIRNETS

I am told that there are no queues in Shansi, for the progressive governor of that province enforced the no-queue law. In most places of North China, however, the raising of hair continues, and no other region can well compete with this in



Photograph by Alexander Stewart

QUEUES FOR SALE AT FIFTY CENTS AN OUNCE: SHANTUNG

providing raw material for hairnets. It is claimed that Chinese hair is especially suited for hairnets because it is stronger than the fine hair of European women, and therefore stands bleaching and dyeing much better.

BARBERS SAVE AND SELL COMBINGS

Perhaps one reason why queues have not disappeared more rapidly is because of the many barbers, who depend on combing queues and shaving heads for a living. Whatever hair they can comb out belongs to them and becomes a source of income; so, naturally, they are not in favor of a queueless country.

In the cities there are barber shops, but in the rural districts barbers travel about from place to place and carry on their trade in the open streets. Market places and fairs are their favorite haunts, and wherever crowds congregate, there you will find the itinerant barber.

Both he and the stationary barber spend their odd moments unsnarling their combings and arranging the hair according to length. Sometimes they also weave it into switches, to be sold either at the shop or at the market places and fairs.

Chinese women do not patronize the barbers, but comb their own hair at home. Nothing is wasted, however; the combings are saved from day to day and, when a sufficient quantity is collected, it is sold or exchanged for small household articles. In some places venders travel from house to house, calling out, "Needles, thread, and matches exchanged for hair combings."

This raw hair is sold very cheaply, and, when girls are learning to make nets, is used for practice purposes.

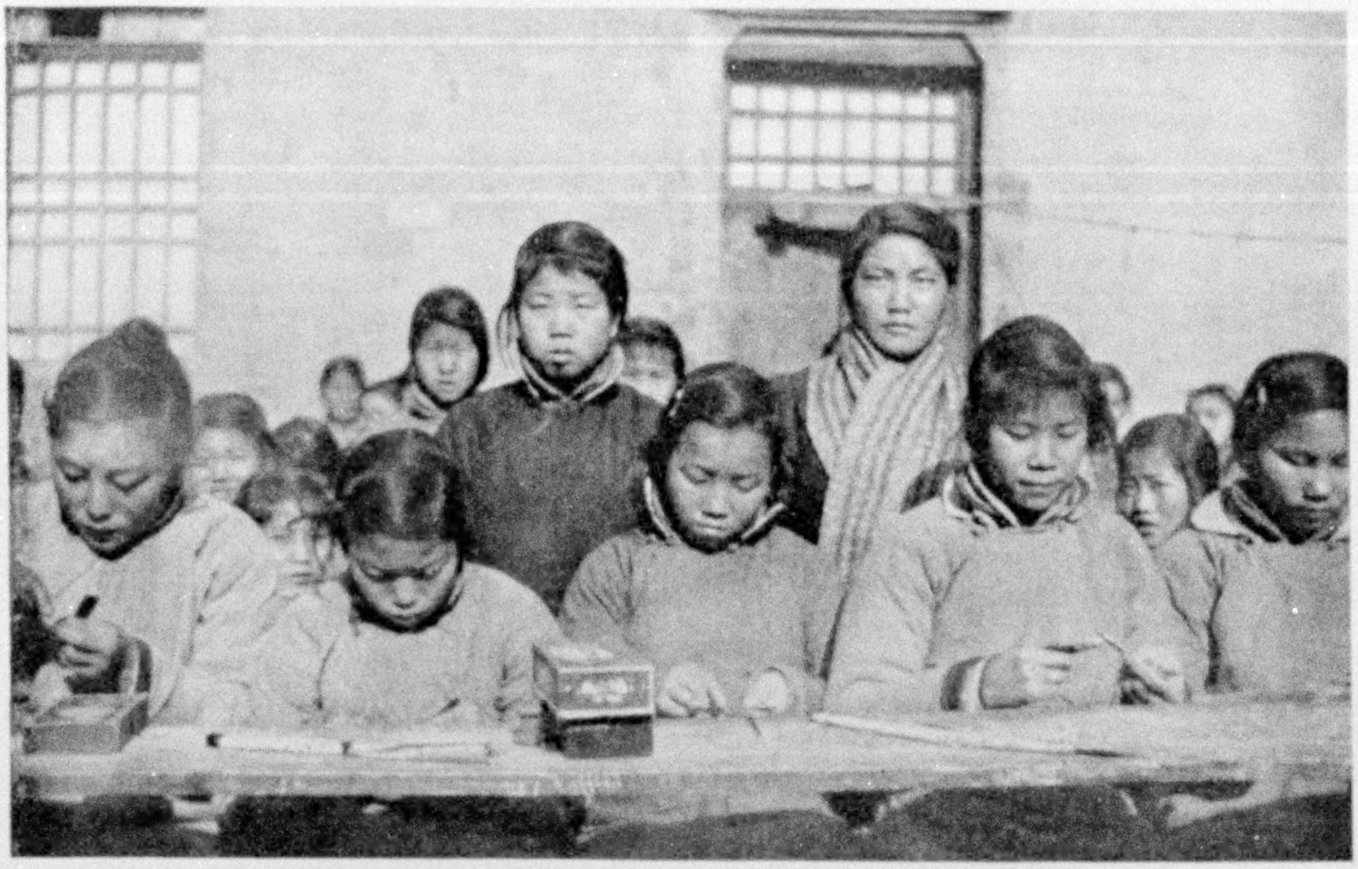
Enough hair can be purchased for 50 cents to last a class of 60 or 75 girls a month, while they are learning to make nets. As soon as they are able to make salable nets, they use prepared hair, which costs as much as several dollars a pound, depending on length and other qualities. A pound of hair will make over 2,000 nets, for a whole gross of hairnets weighs only about one ounce.

The processes of bleaching and dyeing the hair are the most difficult parts of the hairnet industry. All the raw hair was formerly shipped from China to Europe or America, where it was bleached and

Photograph from Eastern Products Company

REPAIRING HAIRNETS IN THE WAREHOUSE OF A LARGE EXPORTING FIRM

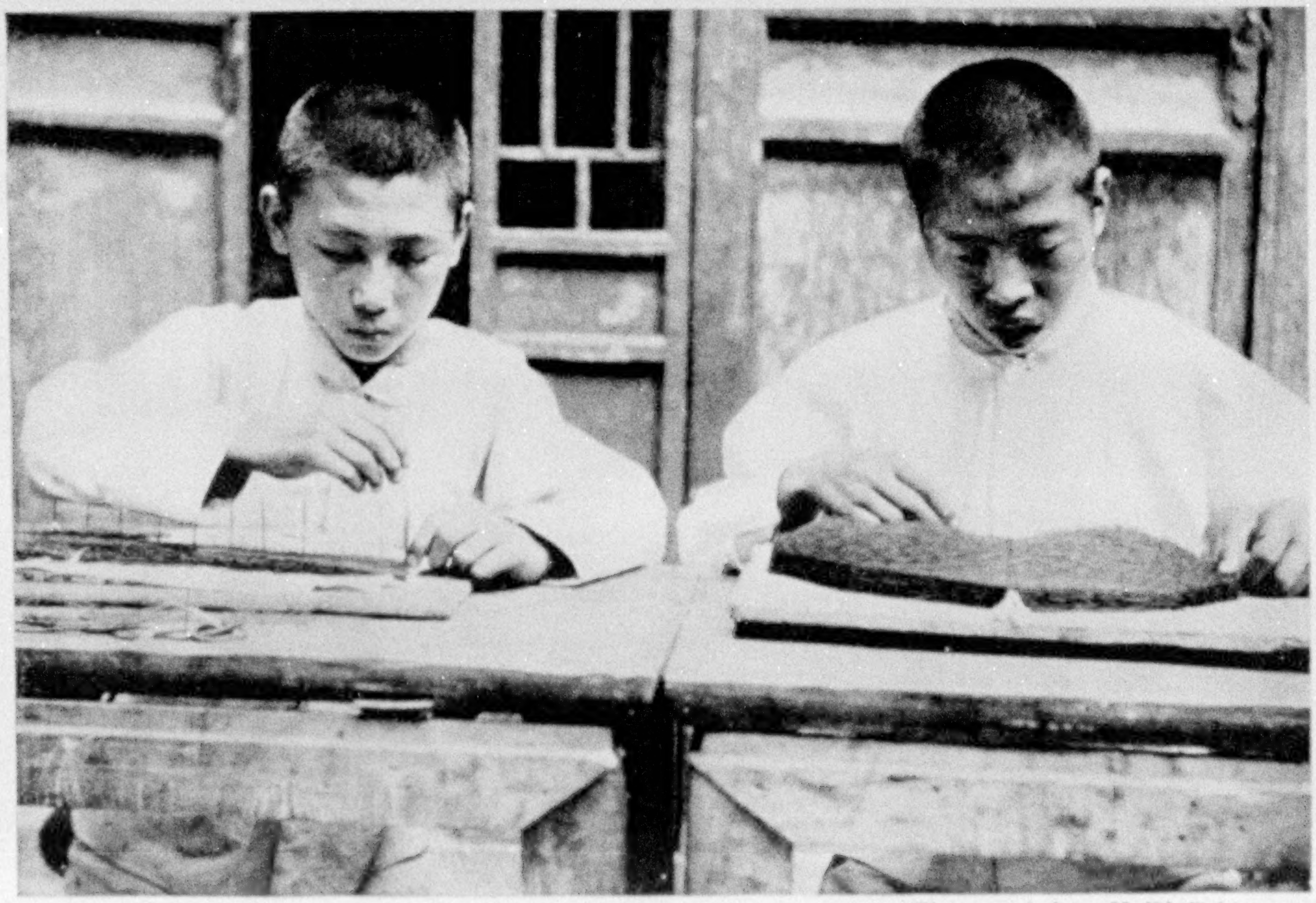
Nets made in the village homes are often imperfect and each one has to be looked over carefully. Many of them must be repaired before they are shipped abroad. The black bundles on the table in the foreground are one-gross bundles of hairnets. The hair for repair work is hanging on the lines strung across the room.



Photograph by Margaret Smith

VICTIMS OF THE GREAT FAMINE OF 1920-21 LEARNING TO MAKE HAIRNETS

These girls learned the trade in about a month and then were in a position to earn their own living (see text, page 336).



Photograph from H. W. Robinson

TYING THE NETS UP IN ONE-GROSS LOTS

The nets are stretched on a board into which nails have been driven. Occasionally boys do this work, but it is done chiefly by women and girls. The long nets on the left are the fringe type and the round ones on the right are the cap nets.

dyed by experts, and then sent back to China for manufacture. But as the industry has developed, the preparation of the hair has also been transferred in great part to China.

Probably nine-tenths of the hairnets exported from China at present are made from hair that has been prepared in that country. Chinese firms are undertaking this work, but as they have not yet mastered the scientific processes, their product is somewhat impaired by crude methods and careless treatment. At least one American firm has already completed arrangements to prepare its own hair in China under the supervision of expert American chemists.

Contrary to general belief, nets are never made of split hair. Only whole hair is used, and sometimes double strands are utilized to make a stronger net, but the lighter weight is usually preferred.

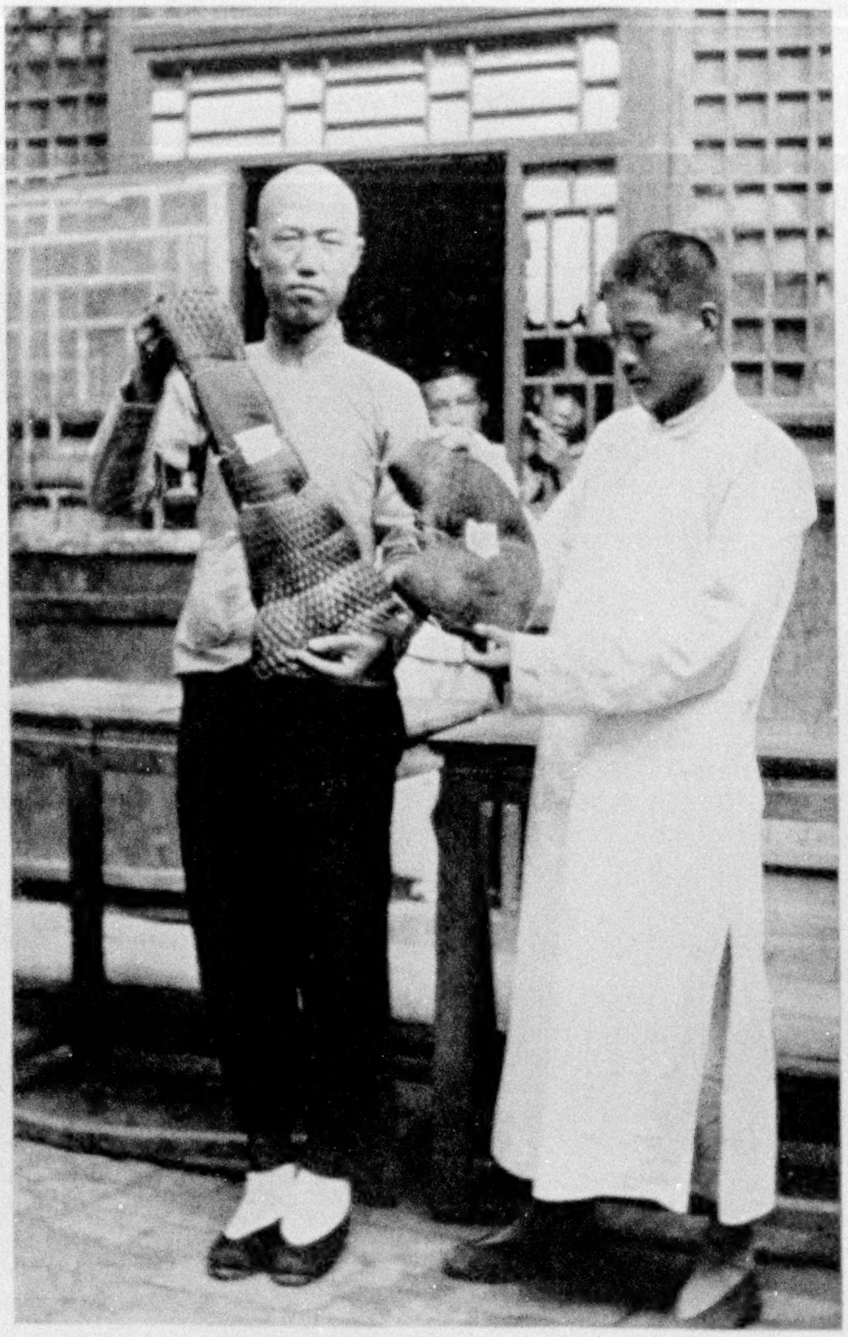
LABOR IS PLENTIFUL

The second factor in the success of the hairnet industry in North China is the almost unlimited supply of cheap labor. Tell a carpenter in this part of the world that his fellow-journeymen in America get from $10 to $15 a day and he will probably inquire at once how much it costs to go to America. He gets 15 or 20 cents a day in United States currency, and other workmen get about the same.

While the American farmer has difficulty in getting satisfactory help at $50 or $75 a month and keep, John Chinaman is willing to dig in the fields for $3 a month, and to find his own keep.

However, it is not men, but young girls, who make hairnets, and of course a girl's wage is much less than that of a man. In fact, there is very little in North China that a girl can do to earn money. Few have a chance to go to school, and except during harvest season, when they help to bring the grain onto the threshing-floors and thresh it, they find it hard to obtain work. Consequently, when a hairnet company enters a region and calls for girls, candidates are numerous.

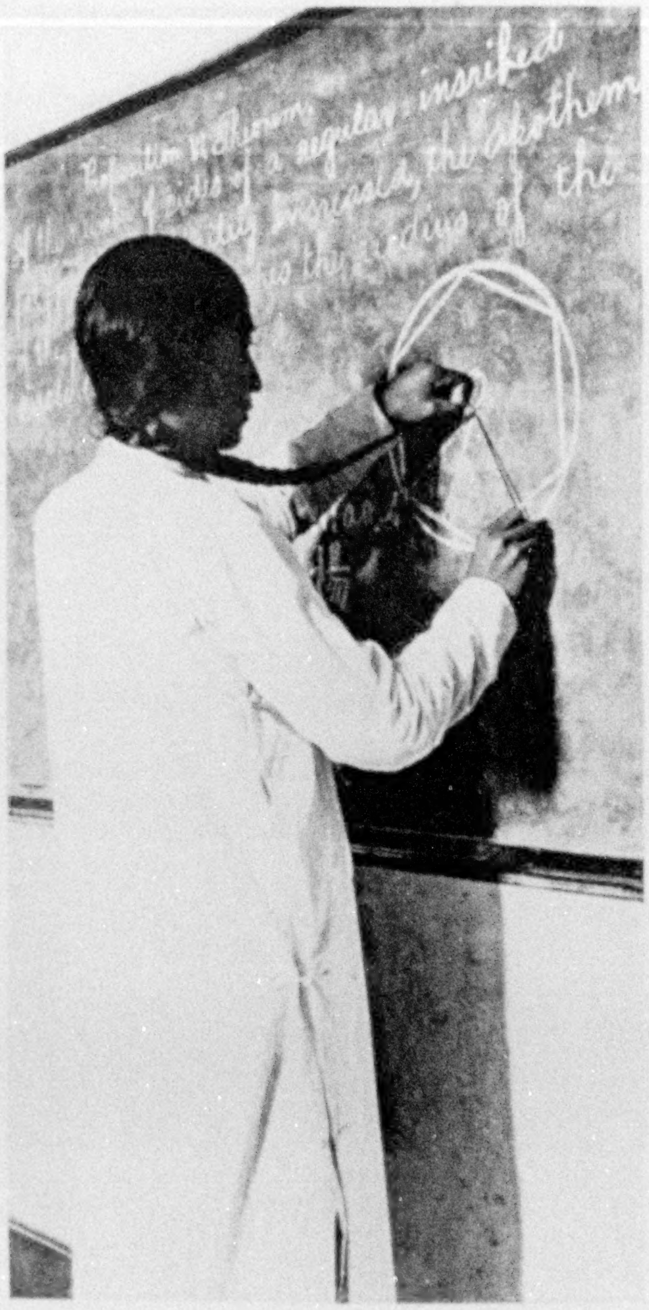
The fine lace and embroidery which they have made so successfully is evidence that these girls are clever and skillful with their fingers. So, when the hairnet industry was introduced into Shantung a few years before the War, they learned quickly, and those who mastered it first began teaching others. Of course, there have been firms which have promoted the industry; but, once started in a region, it grows of its own accord and spreads from one village to another.



Photograph from H. W. Robinson

HAIRNETS AS THEY ARE SHIPPED

This picture shows the fringe nets and the cap nets. Each lot contains one gross and weighs about one ounce.



Photograph by H. S. Elliott

A LESSON IN GEOMETRY

A boy of the old régime in Peking University used his queue in drawing a circle for his problem (see also illustration, page 329).

One concrete illustration will suffice to show how the industry expands. About four years ago a native firm was organized in Paotingfu for the purpose of engaging in hairnet manufacture. Seventy-five girls were called in from the country and formed into a normal class.

Trained teachers were brought from Chefoo and the girls were given instruction free of charge for one month. There was only one requirement: that they promise to sell their product exclusively to the company which taught them the trade.

As soon as the first class was finished, the girls went back to their homes to begin their new trade and teach it to others. (No doubt they received a bonus from those whom they taught.) The company kept starting new classes, and its agents took the hair out into the regions where the girls lived, collected the completed nets, and paid the makers.

To be sure, the girls at first earned only a few coppers a day, but it was better than any other employment they had ever had. Some had once tried spinning thread and weaving straw braid, but they could not make a living at those tasks.

ONE CENT FOR TYING 1,000 KNOTS

The hairnet company also undertook to do tatting and to make lace and embroidery, but the demand for the nets in America and Europe increased so rapidly that the production of the other articles has been discontinued, and work is now concentrated on hairnets. When many nets are accumulated, they are taken to Chefoo to be sold to exporters.

Some of these exporting firms, which are mostly American, would be glad to make long-term contracts with Chinese buyers. This method of selling is not very attractive to the Chinese trader, however, for it lacks the element of chance, of which he is so fond. Rather than sell his nets at a good price on a long-term contract, he prefers to take them to Chefoo and sell to the highest bidder on the day he happens to be in town.

This means that the market is somewhat irregular, and consequently the girls never know how much they will receive for their work until the agent comes to collect. However, during the last few years the price paid has not varied much from two or two and a half coppers, or about one cent in United States currency.

A single net requires the tying of a thousand knots or more, but if a girl is clever she can make as high as twenty coppers a day; and, as she can live on much less than that, she often not only supports herself, but helps other members of the family as well.

NEITHER MACHINERY NOR CAPITAL IS REQUIRED

Is it any wonder, then, that fathers and mothers are glad to see the hairnet industry enter their villages? Their daughters, heretofore a burden, are now becoming the breadwinners of the family.

One might naturally ask, "Why are other industries not developed more rapidly in North China, if there is such a supply of cheap labor?"

Part of the answer is that most industries require considerable capital, expensive machinery, and large factories, and, with political conditions as they are in China to-day, capitalists are slow to take the risks.

With the hairnet industry there is no such obstacle. The girls work in their own homes, where they have always been secluded. The only tools needed are a small brass shuttle and a bamboo splint. On a nail driven into a table or chair the first loop of the net is fastened. The hair is wound into the shuttle, like thread into a bobbin, and as each new loop is tied it is slipped onto the bamboo splint like a stitch on a knitting needle. Thus, with shuttle in one hand and bamboo splint in the other, the maker adds knot to knot and loop to loop until the net is completed.

Then the nets are tied together in bunches of one gross each. For this a piece of board, into which nails have been driven, is provided, and the loops on the edge of the net are slipped over the nails until a pile of 144 nets is made. They are then tied with thread and are ready for the agent when he comes to collect, pay for making, and to leave more hair.

Tying into one-gross bunches, as well as tying the hair into one long thread and putting it in the shuttle, is often done by some member of the family who is not able to make the nets. Mothers whose fingers are no longer nimble or whose eyes have lost their keenness help with this part of the work.

Thus the industry fits in well with Chinese home life. It can be done at odd moments by those who have other duties, or it can furnish steady employment to those who would otherwise be idle.

SOME OF THE DISADVANTAGES OF HOME MANUFACTURE

The homes are rather cold for this kind of work in the winter, and the makers' fingers become too numb to be quick. But that only means a few less coppers, and, fortunately, the cold weather does not last long. The homes are very poorly lighted, and as hairnet-making requires clear vision, it becomes a great strain on the eyes. To avoid this difficulty, when the weather permits, the nets are often made in the open courts, where there is good light.

Photograph by R. W. Clack

NOT A HAIR-TONIC ADVERTISEMENT

A Chinese man servant just after he has had his queue combed out.

Home manufacture has its serious disadvantages as well as its merits. Nets made by the piece, with no chance for supervision, naturally are not as well made as in a factory, where the work can be supervised by experts. Many of the nets bought by the exporting firms are imperfect and have to be gone over carefully, one by one, before shipment. This is done in the workshops run by the exporting firms in such cities as Chefoo (see illustration, page 331).

In some cases the nets are also fumi-

gated in these workshops; but, since the hair has to pass through several strong chemical baths in the process of preparation, some firms think this is not necessary.

HAIRNET-MAKING AS A FAMINE-RELIEF MEASURE

The great famine of 1920-21 was a blessing in disguise to many a North China home. When relief workers investigated conditions and began to look around for ways to aid the destitute people in helping themselves, many learned for the first time of the hairnet industry, which was spreading rapidly in Shantung. Money was obtained and in some cases loaned as capital to trustworthy Chinese, who formed companies for promoting the industry in the famine-stricken regions. In other places, companies were already working in the famine areas and they coöperated with the relief workers.

When these workers had found 60 or 75 girls who needed help, a normal class in hairnet-making was organized. Of course, these girls could not provide their own food while away from home, but the relief committees were glad to assume that responsibility, and the hairnet companies furnished teachers free of charge.

It usually took about a month for a class to graduate, and $1.50 would cover all expenses for a girl during her period of instruction. She was then in a position to go back home and become a wage-earner instead of a burden to her parents. She might not be able to earn many coppers a day at first, but if she could earn seven, even with grain at famine prices, she could live on that, and many of them did so.

Oftentimes girls were found who had actually been sold, or for whose sale arrangements were being made, because their parents had no way of supporting them.

It is to these families, especially, that the famine was a blessing in disguise. The girls have a trade now, whether famine or flood comes. So long as American and European women demand hairnets, the girls will have a means of "getting over the days," as they express it in the Chinese language.

Unfortunately, the hairnet companies do not continue to distribute hair in all places where girls who have learned to make nets live. In most cases the companies will receive only lots of one gross or more, and it takes some of the girls two or three weeks to make a gross. Some buyers go from one market place to another, just as the barbers do, and buy up nets in small quantities of less than a gross. This makes it possible for girls to sell their nets every few days, and the buyers tie them up in one-gross lots and sell to the larger firms.

Whether or not the wearing of hairnets is a passing fad, who can say? I am told by one who is in the business that the article in the United States is no longer considered a luxury, but a necessity, by most women.

If it continues to be in style for many years, it looks as if North China will continue to be the center of the hairnet industry. Human hair is there in large quantities and growing all the time; nimble fingers are waiting to tie it into nets, and American firms are in a position to handle all that American and European women are likely to need.

Notice of change of address of your GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE *should be received in the office of the National Geographic Society by the first of the month to affect the following month's issue. For instance, if you desire the address changed for your November number, the Society should be notified of your new address not later than October first.*

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Campbell's Soups

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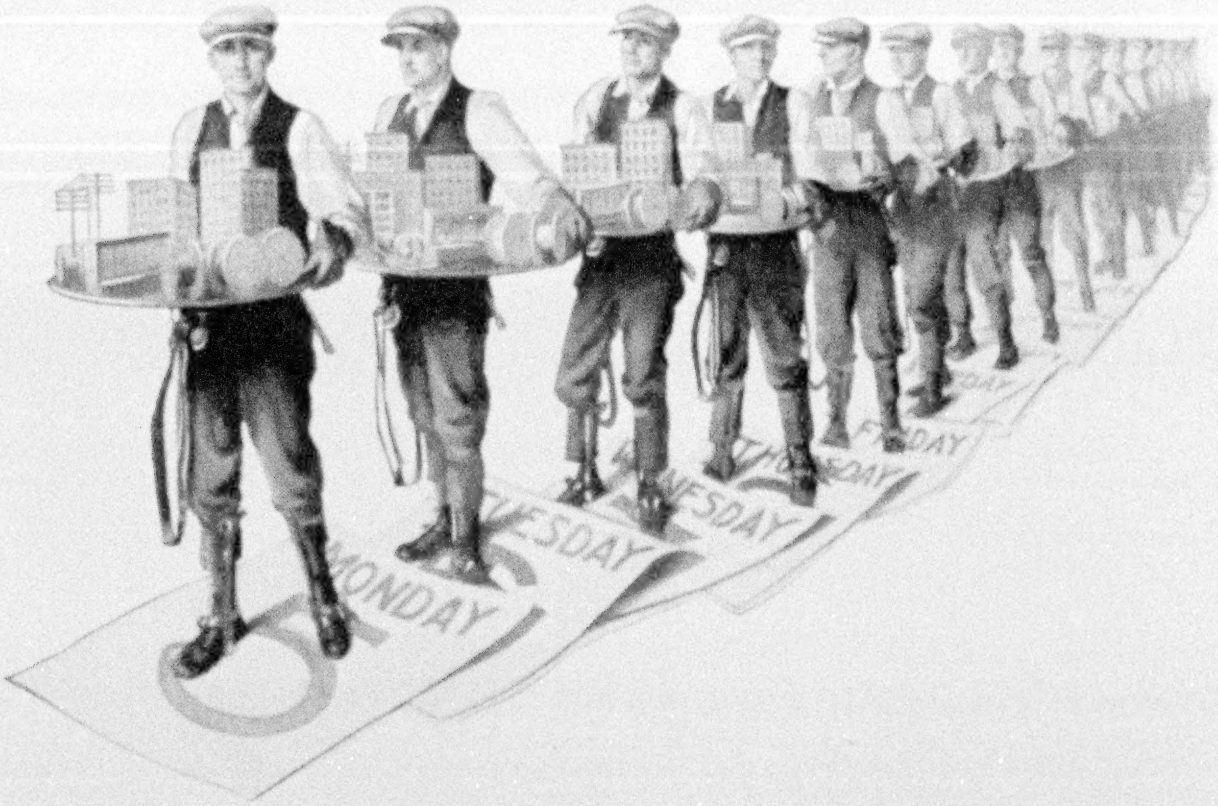

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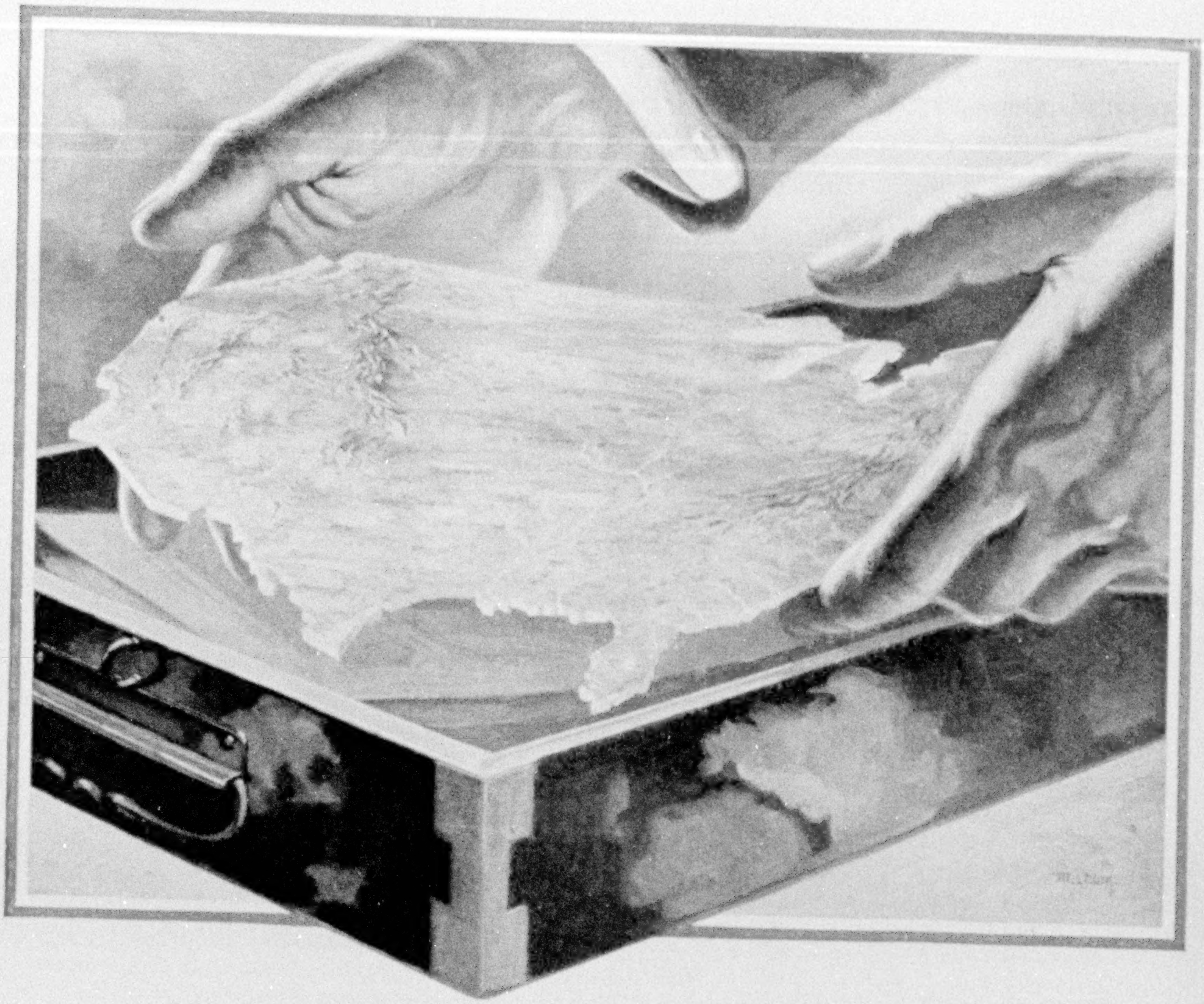

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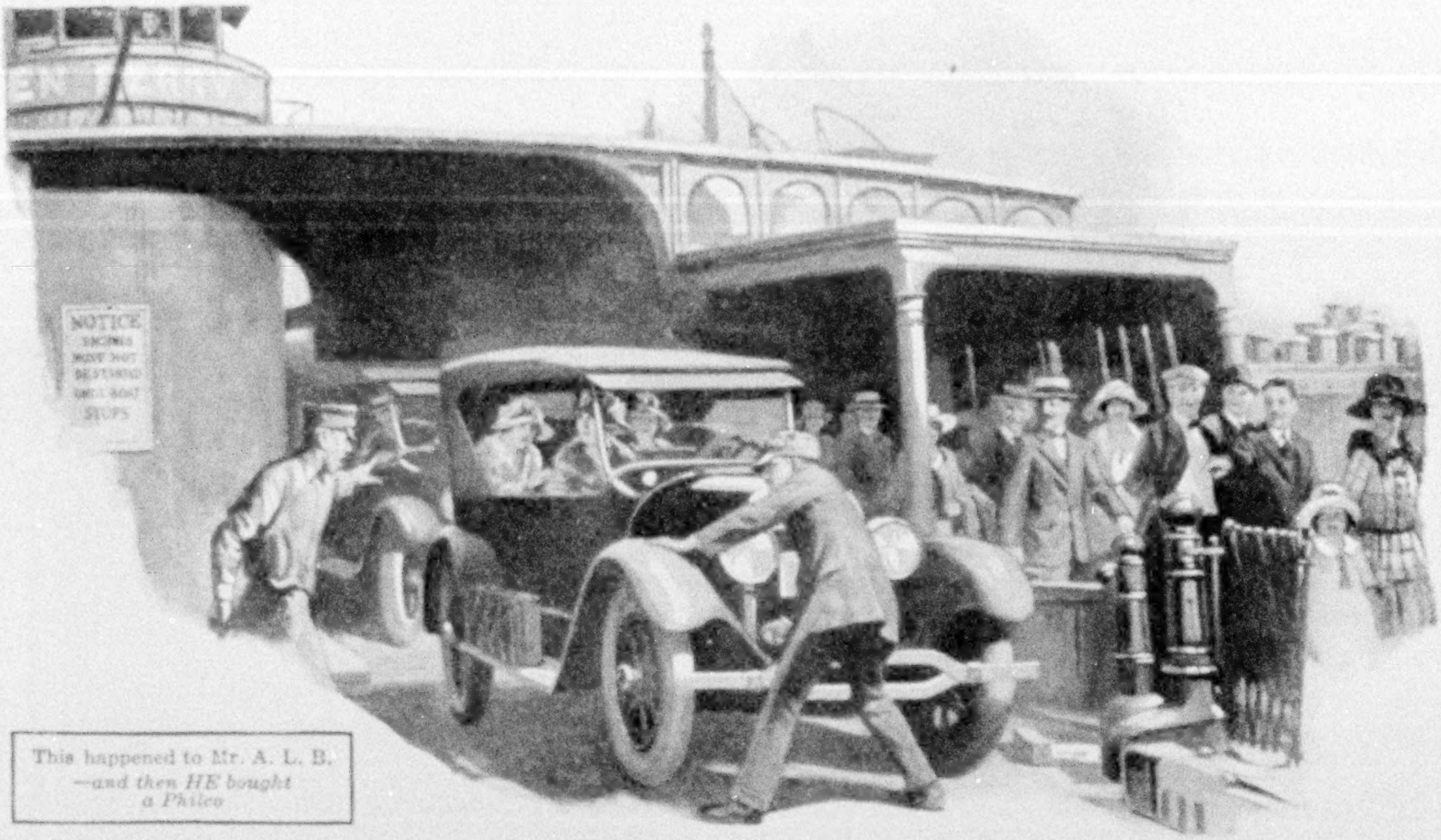

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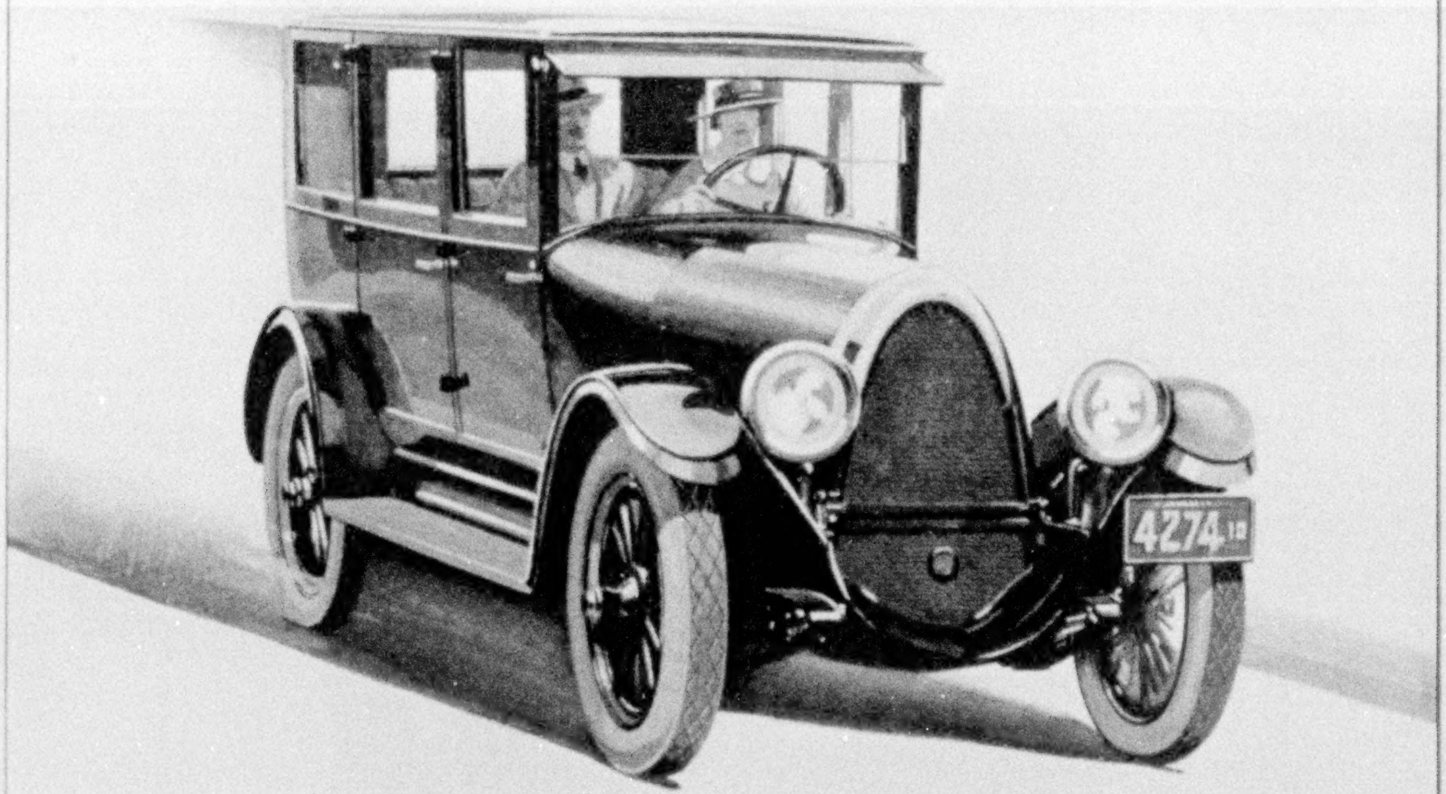

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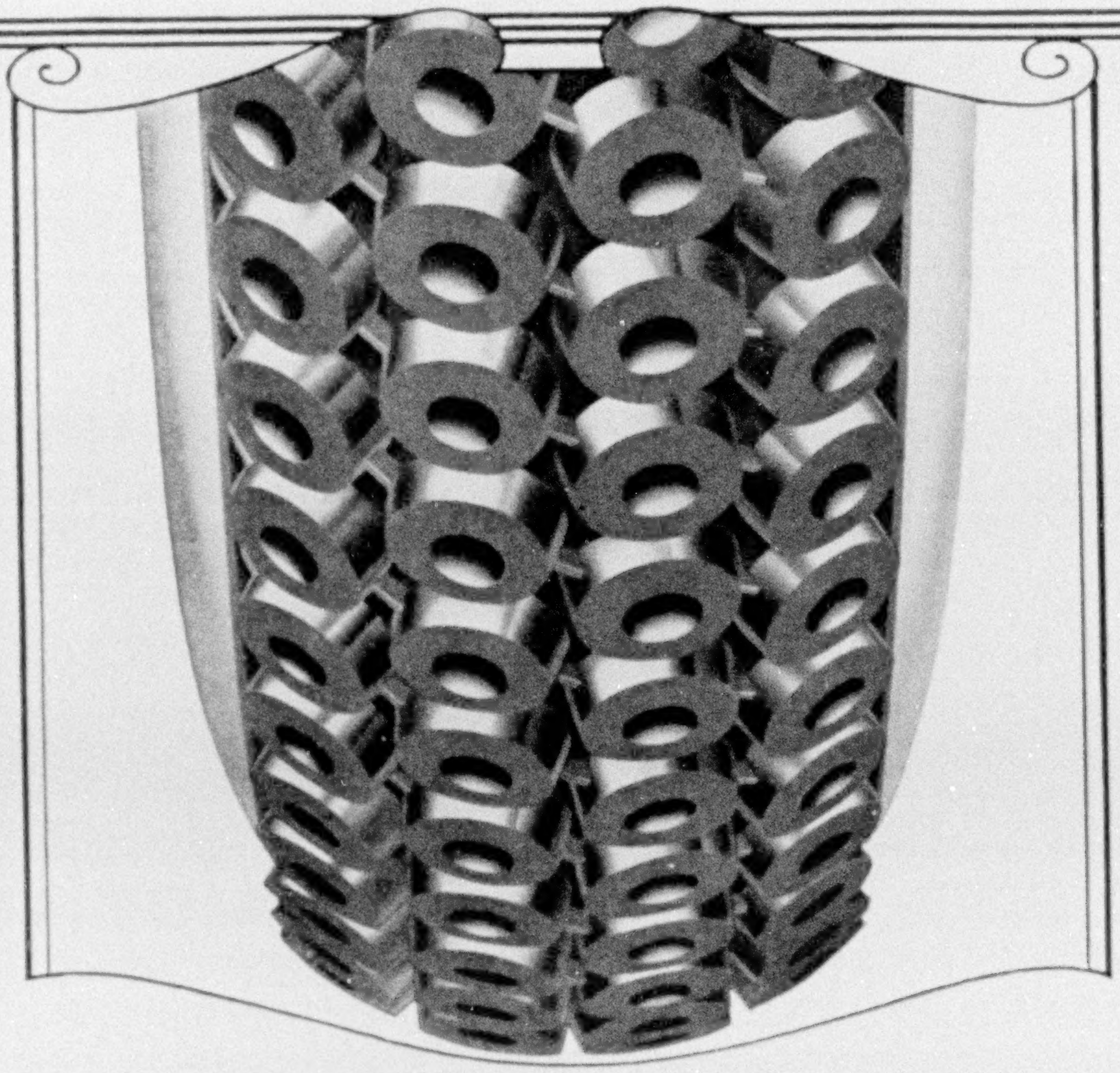

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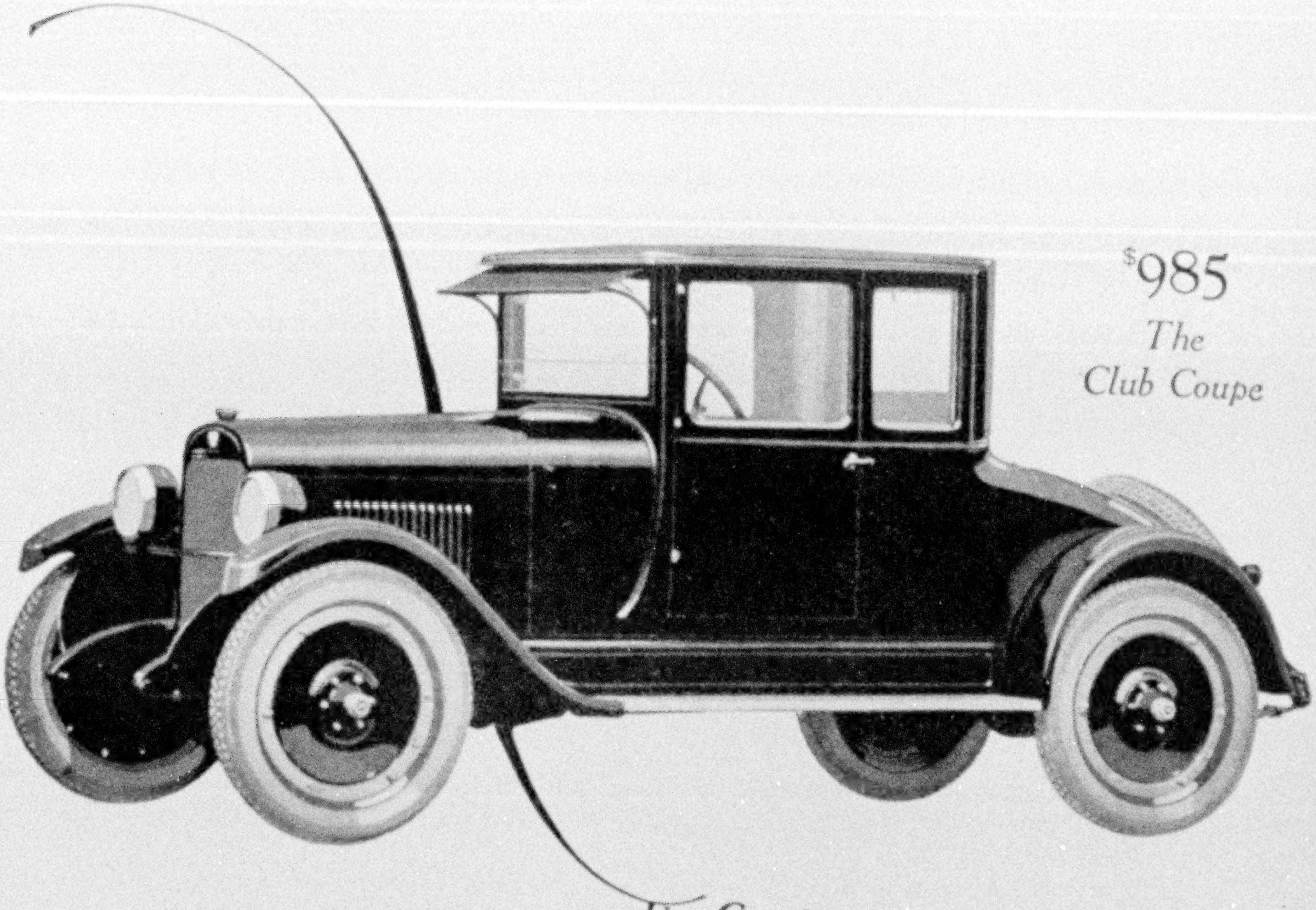

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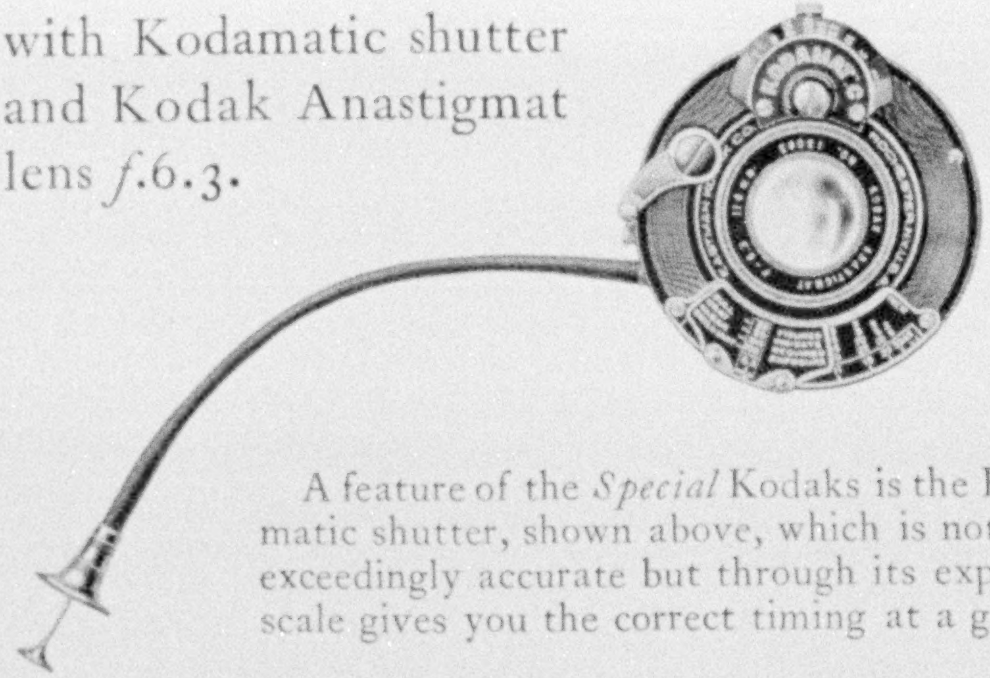

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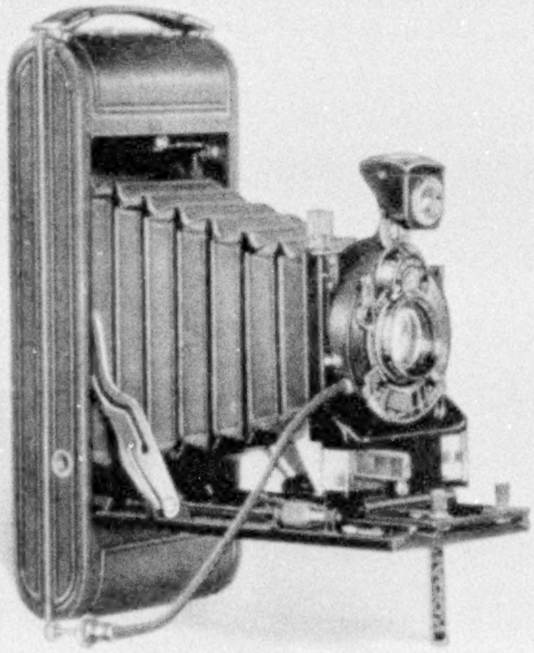

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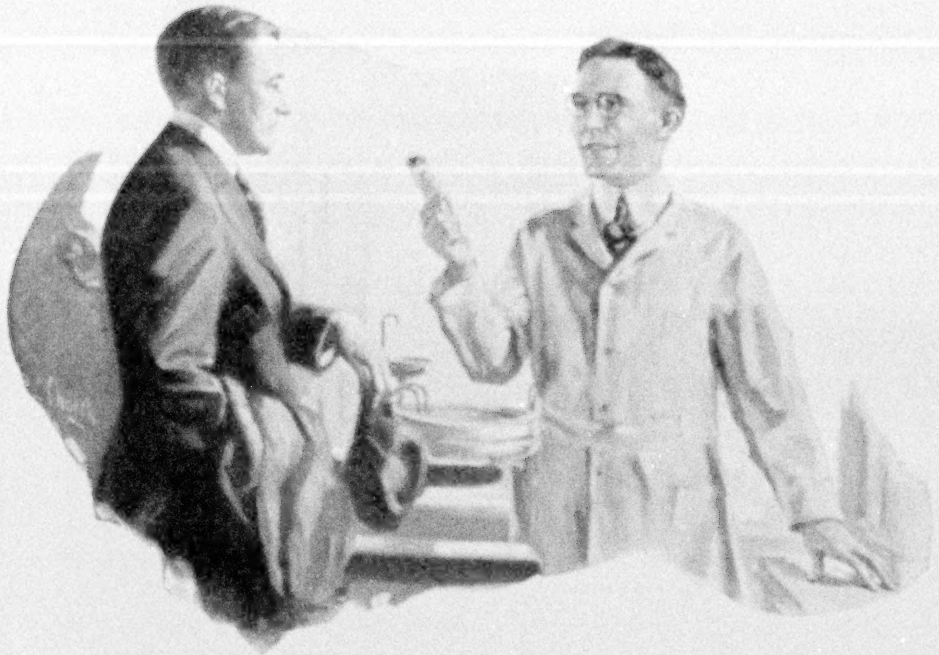

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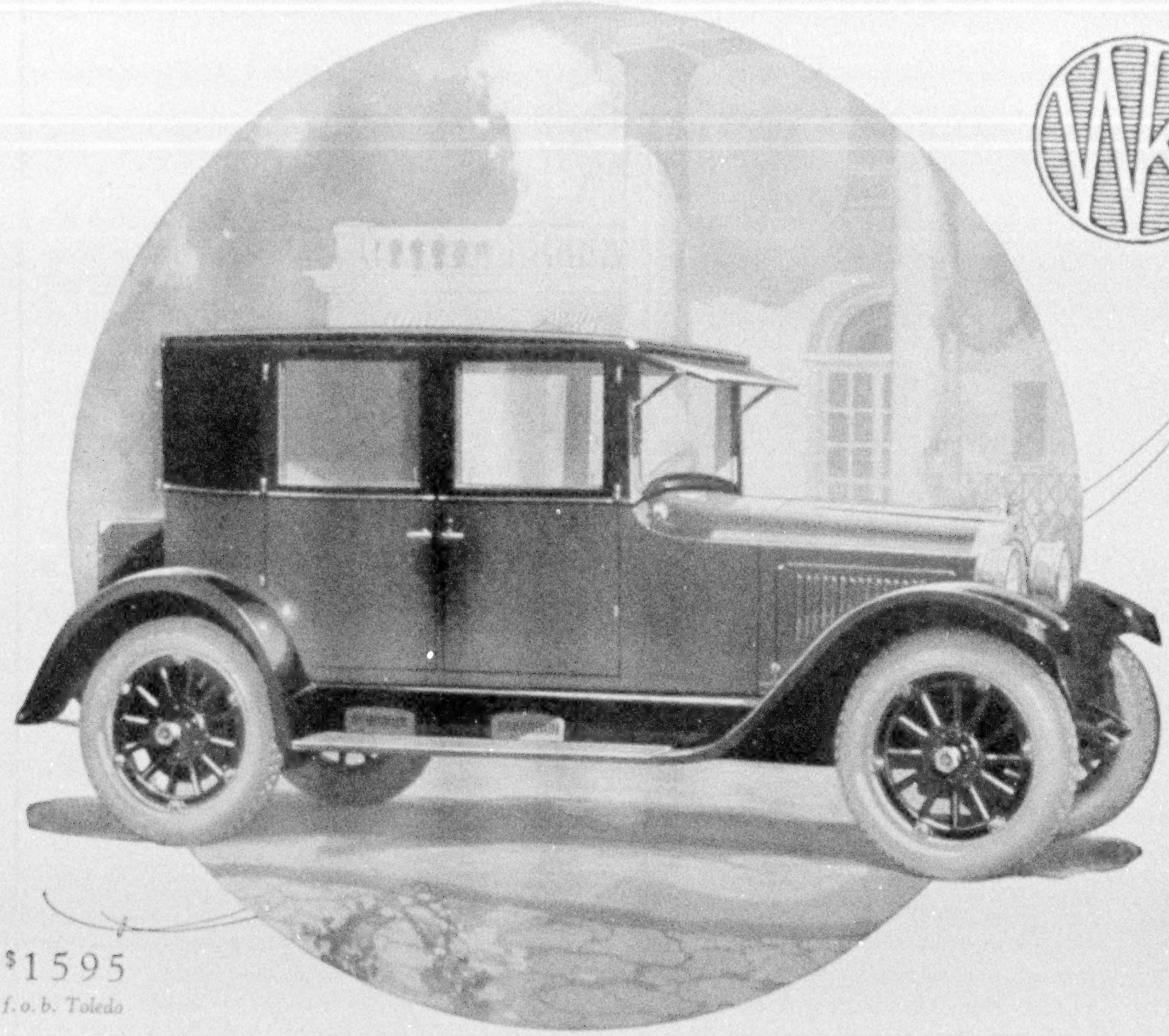

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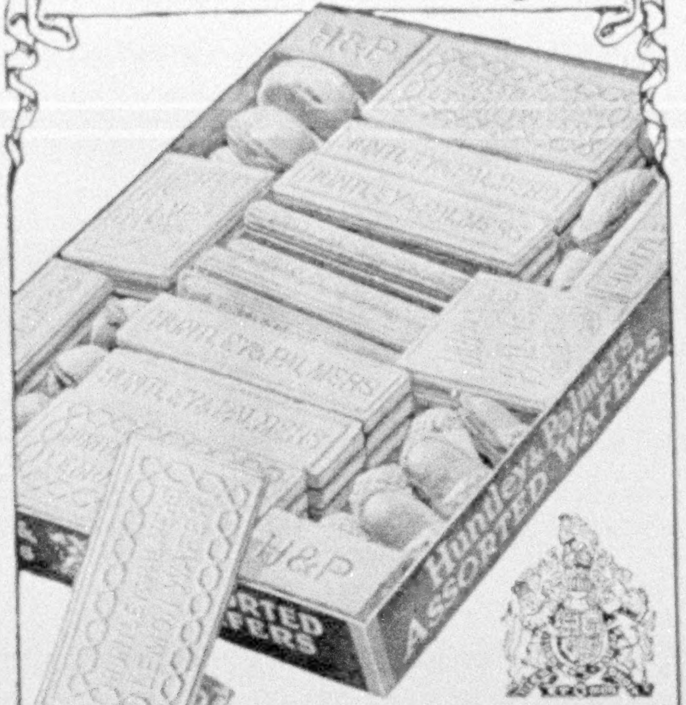

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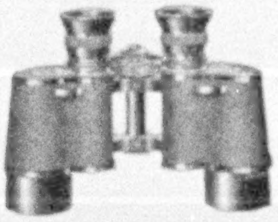

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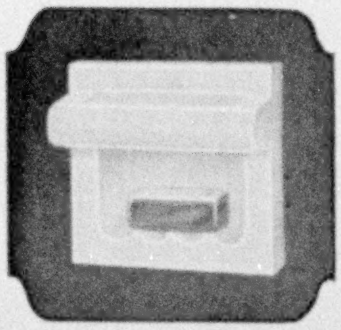

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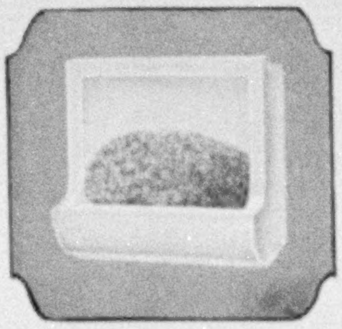
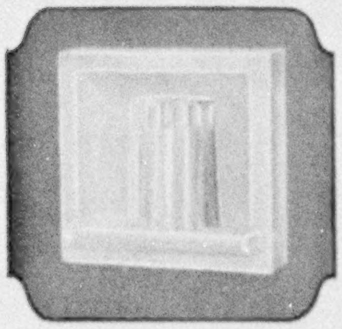


Sponge Holder



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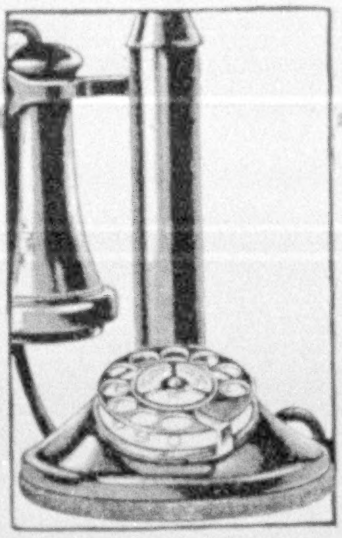

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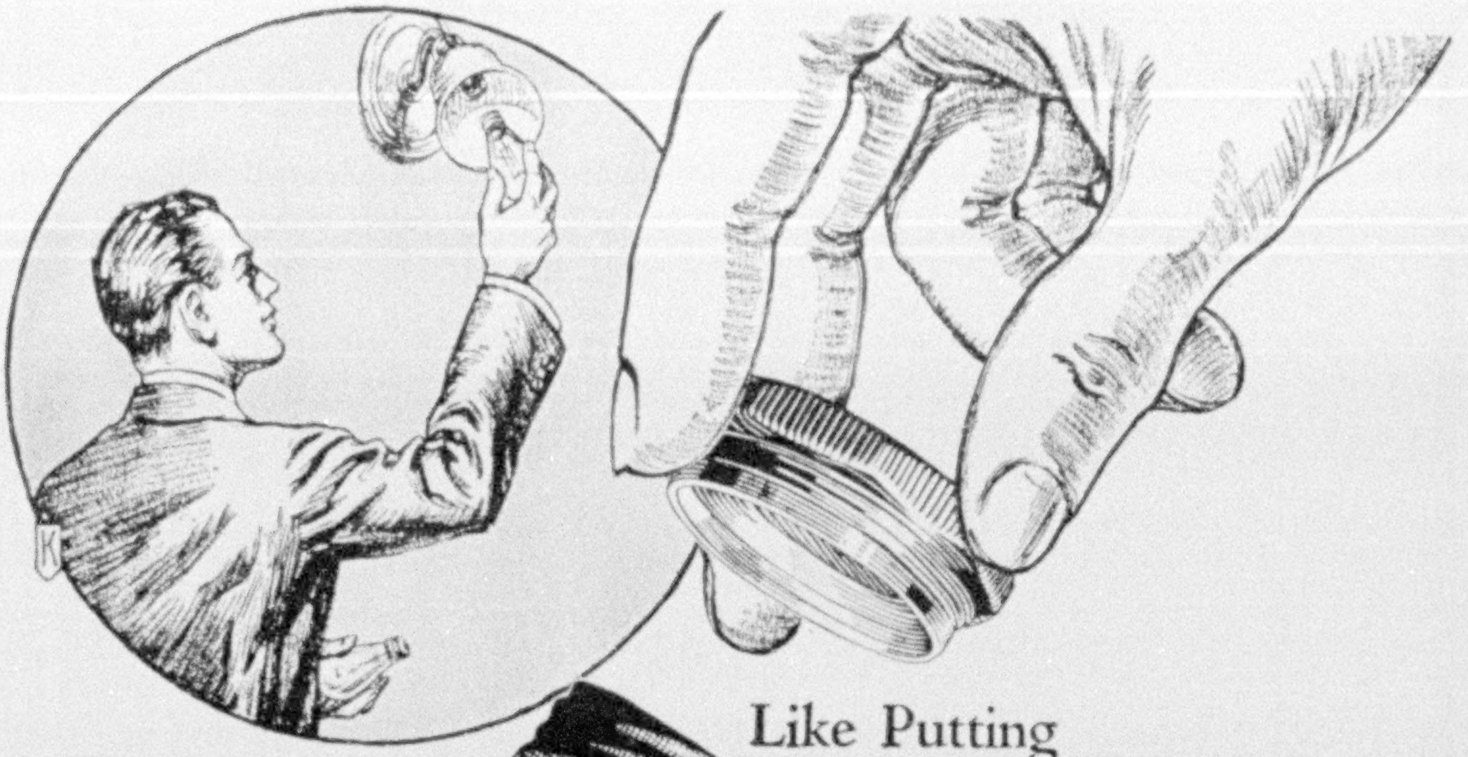

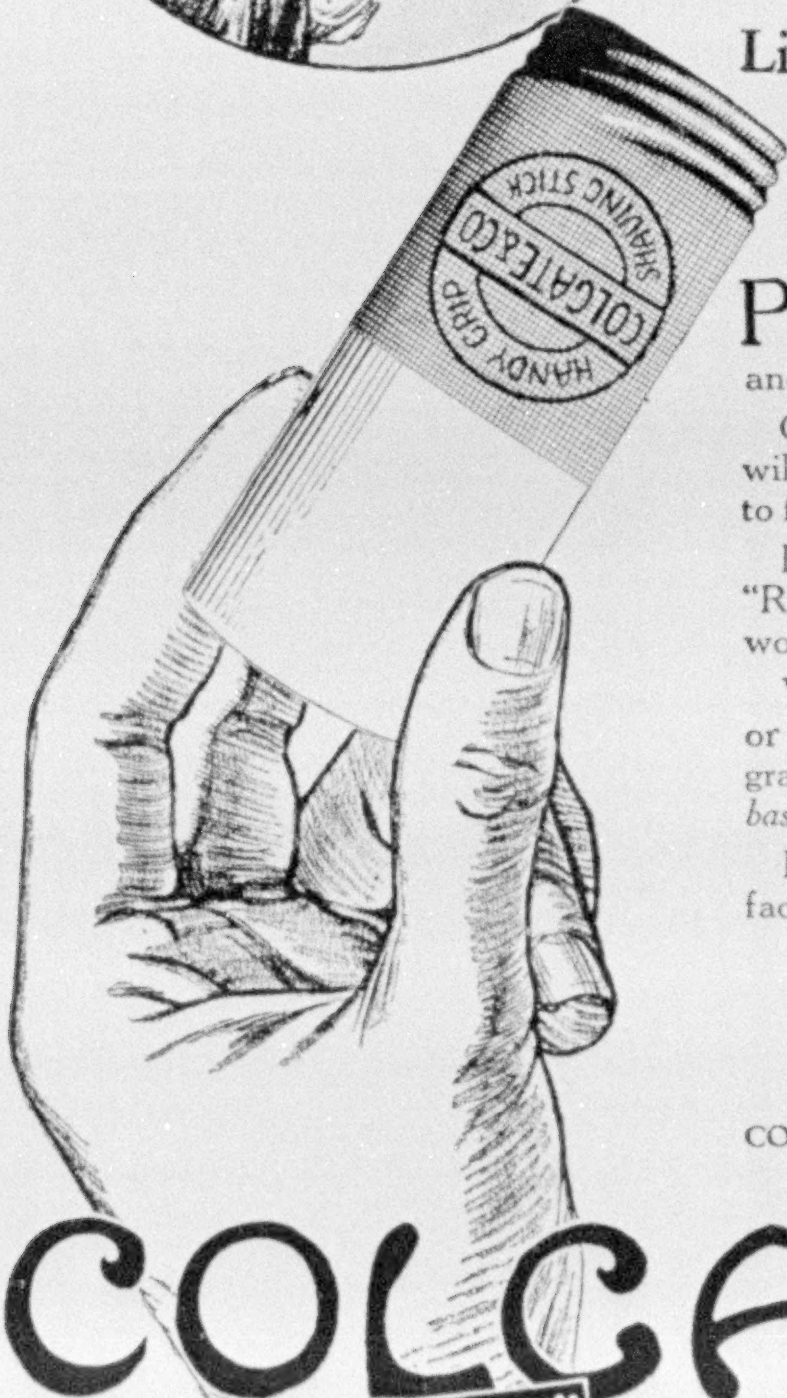

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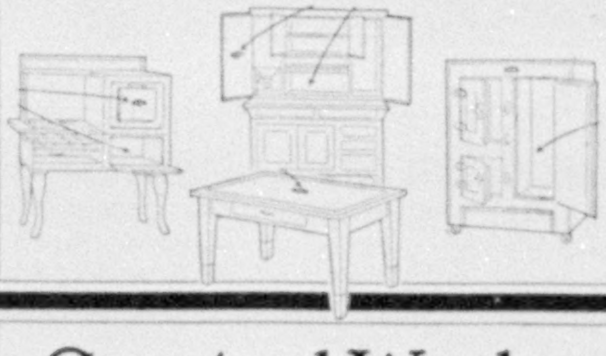

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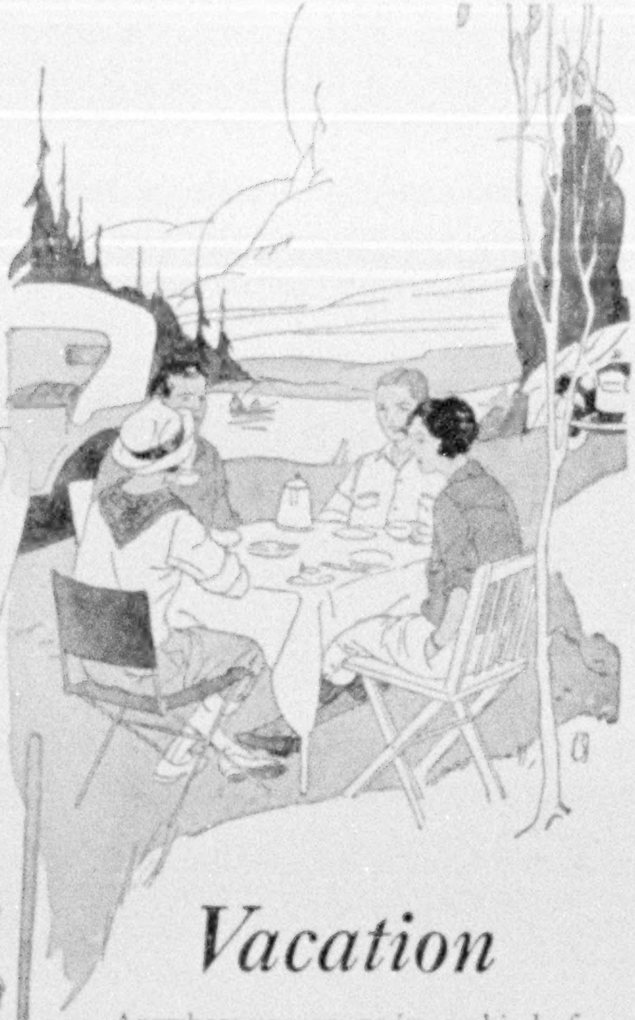

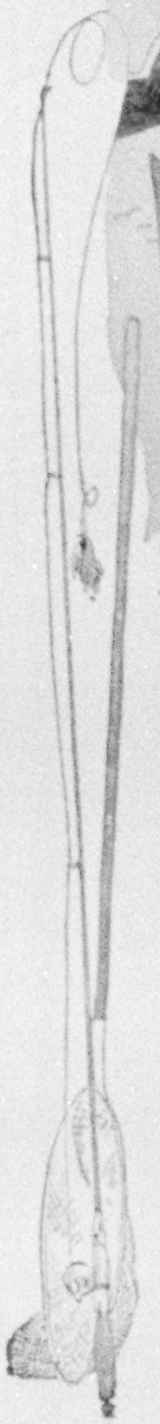

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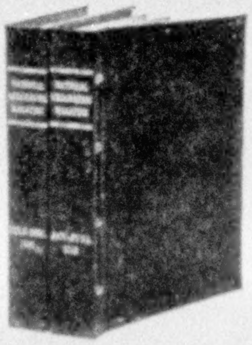

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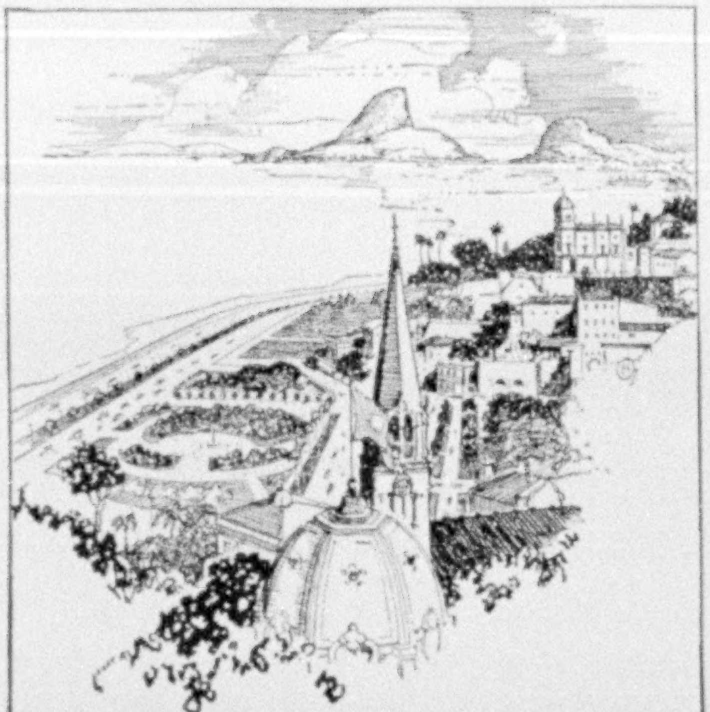

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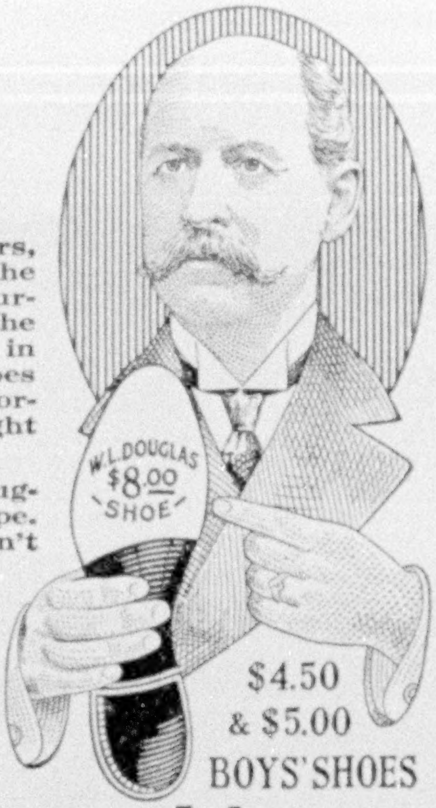

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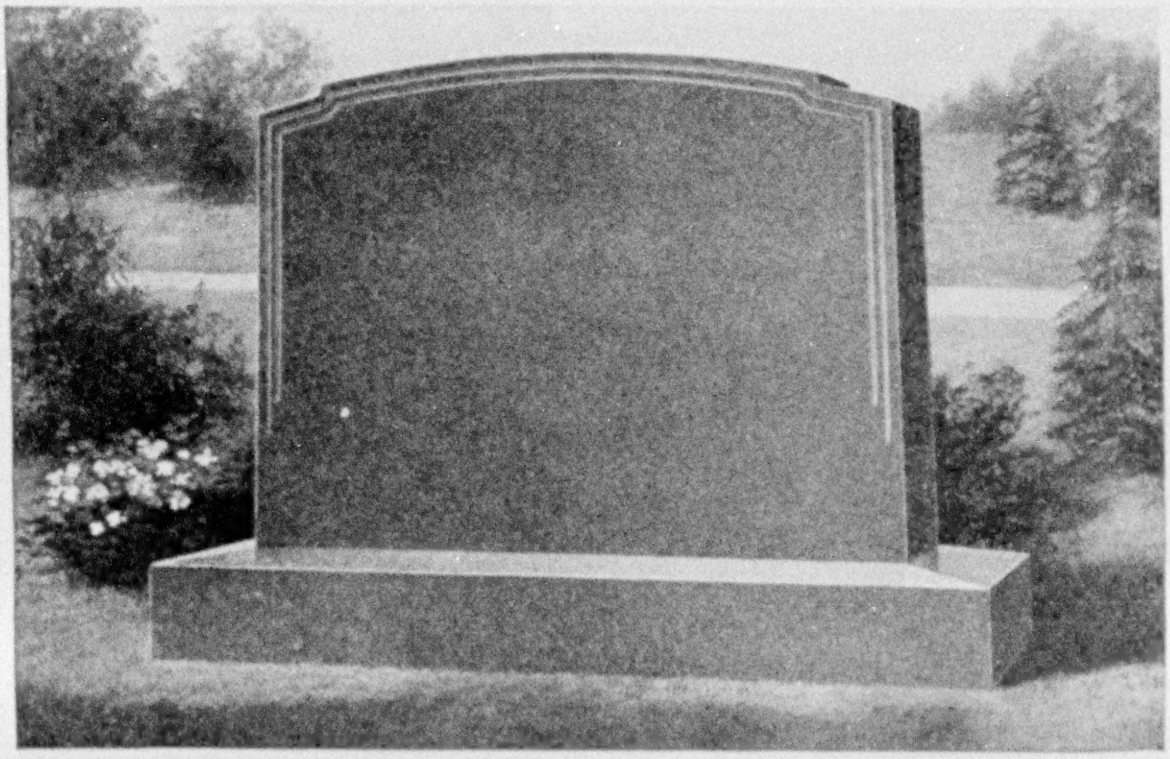

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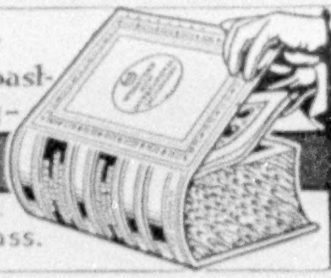

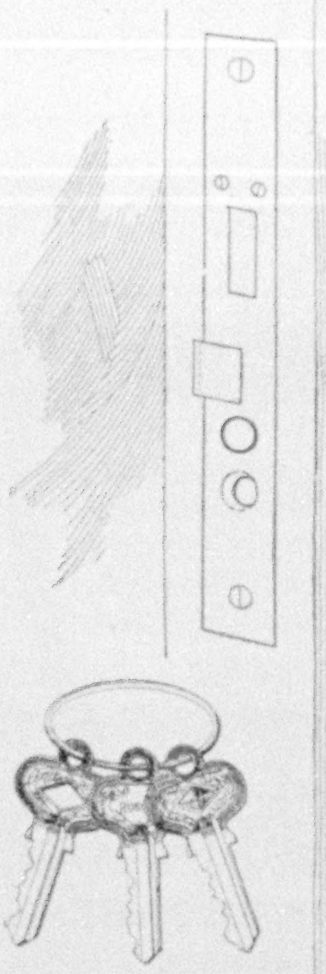

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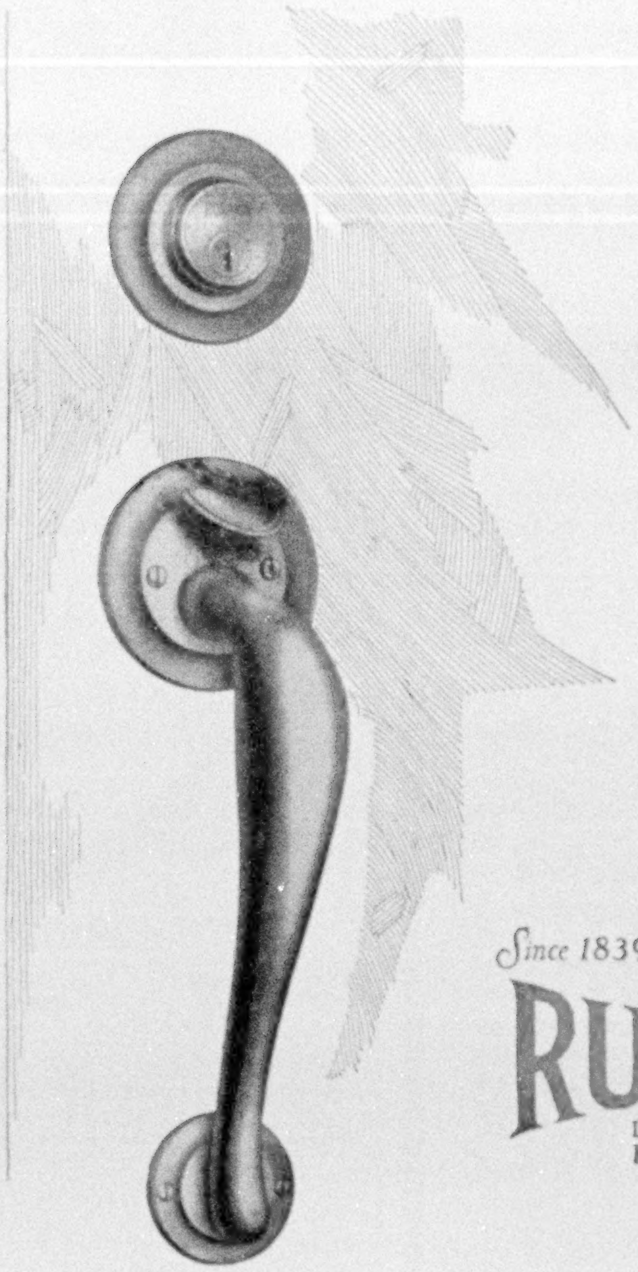

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It means hardware that will always *act right,* as well as *look right,* and that will insure you against repair worries.

Hardware that proudly makes the distinctive claim, "The economy of the best."

Whether you install a Russwin nightlatch, or make your house secure and beautiful with Russwin Hardware throughout, you can always be confident that the name *Russwin* symbolizes security, trouble-free service and lasting beauty of design and finish.

"To Russwin-ize is to Economize"

Russell & Erwin Manufacturing Company

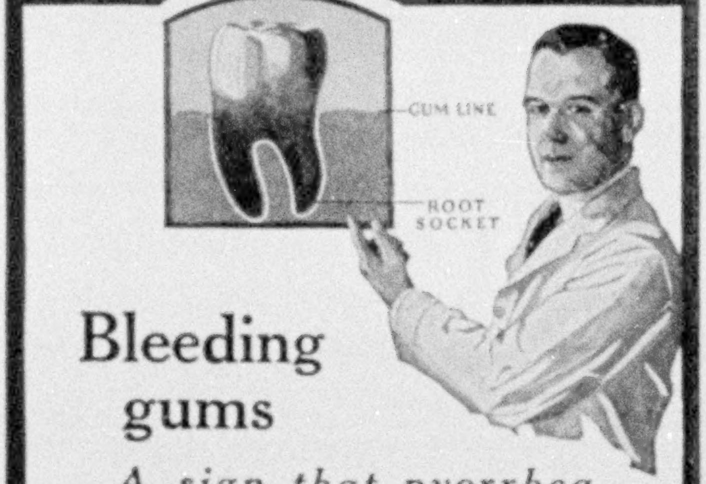
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

New Britain, Connecticut

New York   San Francisco   Chicago   London

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

keeps the gums healthy



Bleeding gums

A sign that pyorrhea threatens the root sockets

PYORRHEA works *under the gum line* where you cannot see it. From the gum tissue, the infection spreads to the root sockets which hold your teeth in place. Then the teeth loosen and fall out—or must be pulled—because their support is weakened.

Dental clinics since 1908 have proved the effectiveness of Pyorrhocide Powder as an aid in *correcting*, as well as in *preventing*, pyorrhea. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by the dental profession in the treatment of pyorrhea at the dentist's chair.

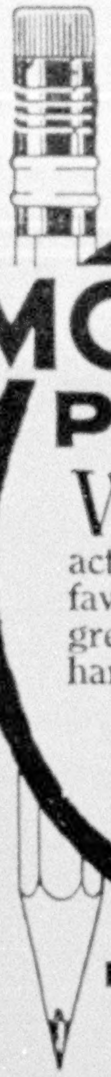
Pyorrhocide Powder keeps the teeth white and clean. It has a tonic and healing effect upon the gums. It corrects bleeding gums—strengthens tender gums—hardens soft gums. It helps healthy gums to *keep* healthy.

Use this dentifrice daily—see your dentist regularly—and you can avoid pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists.

FREE SAMPLE

Write for free sample and booklet on causes, effects, and prevention of pyorrhea.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.
Sole Distributors
1478 Broadway
New York City



Look for the Black tip with Gold band!

MONGOL PENCIL

WRITES smoothest—lasts longest. By actual service it has won favor. In five perfect degrees—very soft to very hard. At all stationers.

Send 5c for full length sample

The NATION'S STANDARD

EBERHARD FABER
NEW YORK

Watch It Clean the Toilet

Watch its work! Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush!

Watch every discoloration disappear. See how the porcelain shines. No scrubbing. No scouring.

Sani-Flush is made for just this purpose. It cleans closet bowls. It cleans and purifies the hidden, unhealthful trap. It destroys all odors. It will not harm plumbing connections. There is nothing else like Sani-Flush.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

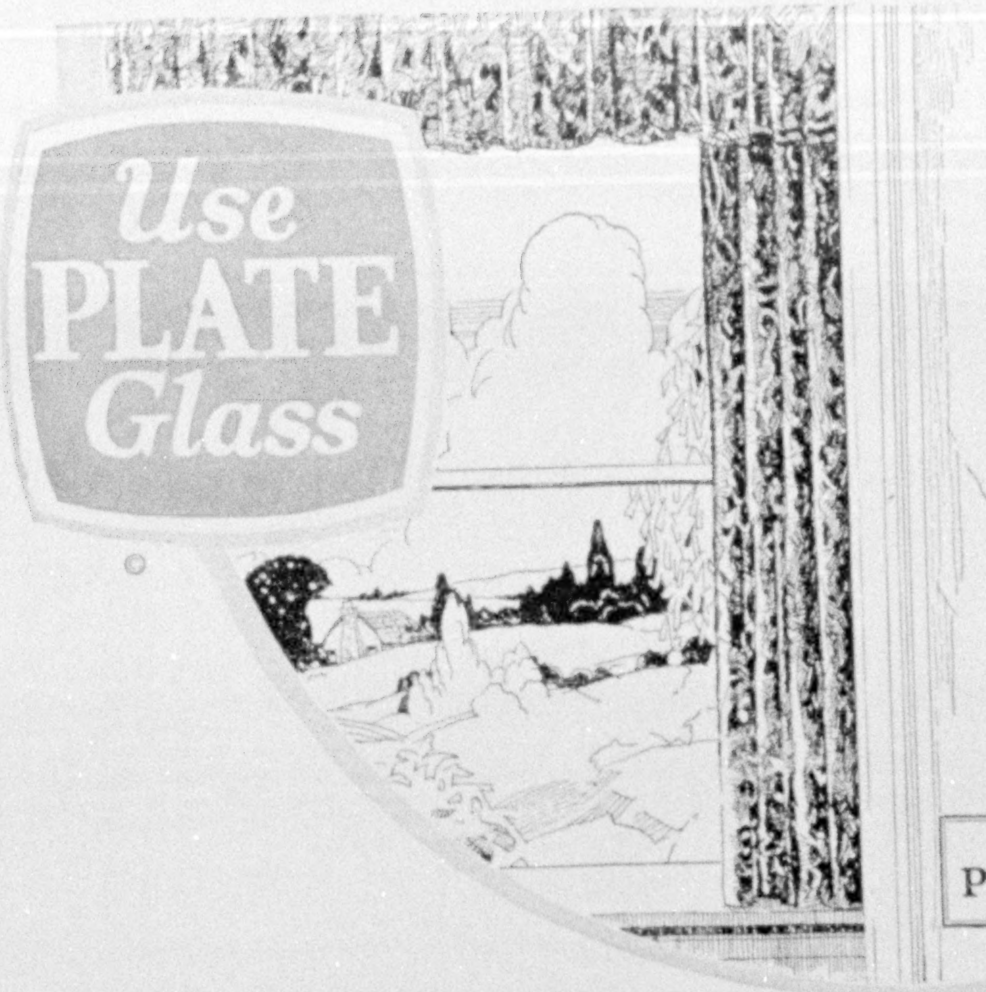
Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price, 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Foreign Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada
33 Farringdon Road,
London, E. C. 1, England
China House,
Sydney, Australia

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Clear as the open air

Genuine
PLATE GLASS
MADE IN U.S.A.

LOOK through a Plate Glass window. You will see every object within your field of vision as clearly as if the Plate Glass were not there—as clearly as through the open air itself.

Observe the Plate Glass windows of a house from the outside. Note the clear lustre of its polished surfaces, and the clean-cut reflections of lights and shadows.

These are the properties of Plate Glass that make it the best glass for windows in residence, hotel, apartment house, business building or school.

Plate Glass is worked down and polished like a fine mahogany panel. It is free from the imperfections of common sheet glass—the ripples and swirls that distort objects and annoy the eye.

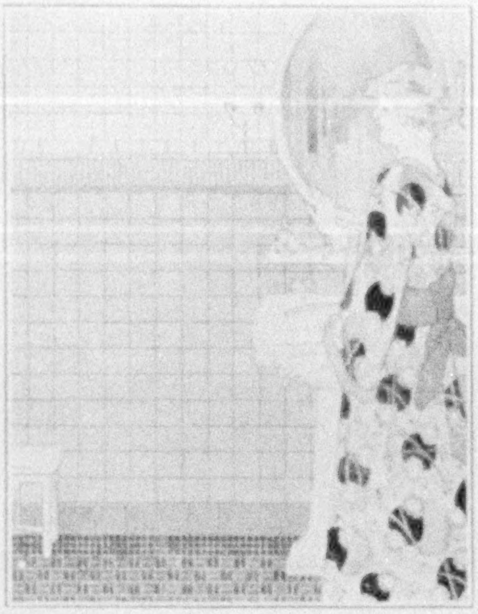
Plate Glass costs slightly more than common sheet glass, but in any residence or building, the difference is more than compensated by the enhanced value, increased rentability and salability. See that Plate Glass is written into the specifications by your architect.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS
of AMERICA

Nothing Else
is Like it

Now! every cake in a metal soap box

PACKER'S TAR SOAP



Beautiful TILES

In the best sense, there is no bathroom but the TILED bathroom.

Because of utility and lasting attractiveness, Tiles are accepted as the proper thing. The Tiled bathroom LOOKS its cleanliness. No upkeep—no outlay for refinishing or resurfacing. First cost is the last. Countless cleanings do not damage.

Tiles afford unlimited freedom of design, patterns, color combination. Each installation as distinctive as desired.

Consult your architect and dealer about Tiles, or write to

The Associated Tile Manufacturers
350 7th Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pa.

A Garden Full of Darwin Tulips for $2.00

In anticipation of again placing before our customers a collection of Darwin Tulips we have had a sufficient quantity grown so that we can offer

50 Giant Darwin Tulip Bulbs, Finest Mixed, for $2.00
selected from fifteen named varieties

Few spring flowering plants rival the Darwin Tulip for brilliance of bloom. Borne on strong stems often exceeding three feet. They are a wonderful addition to the flower garden.

Plant any time before the ground becomes frozen, and they will bloom from the middle of May to Decoration Day

Mail this advertisement, or present at our store, with check, money order, cash or stamps and secure this exceptional collection, sent prepaid to any point in the U. S. east of the Mississippi. For points west and Canada add 25c ($2.25.)

Our 1923 Fall Bulb Catalogue sent on request

Stumpp & Walter Co
30 and 32 Barclay Street New York

SPRATT'S DOG FOODS

Make Happy, Healthy Dogs

Your dog will enjoy SPRATT'S OVALS, the new pocket dog biscuit for all sizes and breeds. They make an ideal change from the steady diet of SPRATT'S Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits.

Write for sample and send 2c stamp for new catalog G9 on feeding

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., Newark, N. J.
San Francisco St. Louis

Travel Pictures For Home Decoration

Brighten up the living room, the parlor, library or den by filling the walls with pictures, photographs, and maps. It is easy to hang pictures, small or large, without injuring wall-paper, plaster, or wood-work, when you use

Moore Push-Pins
"Glass Heads—Steel Points"

Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"

10c pkts. Sold everywhere. In Canada, 15c.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

The initials of a friend

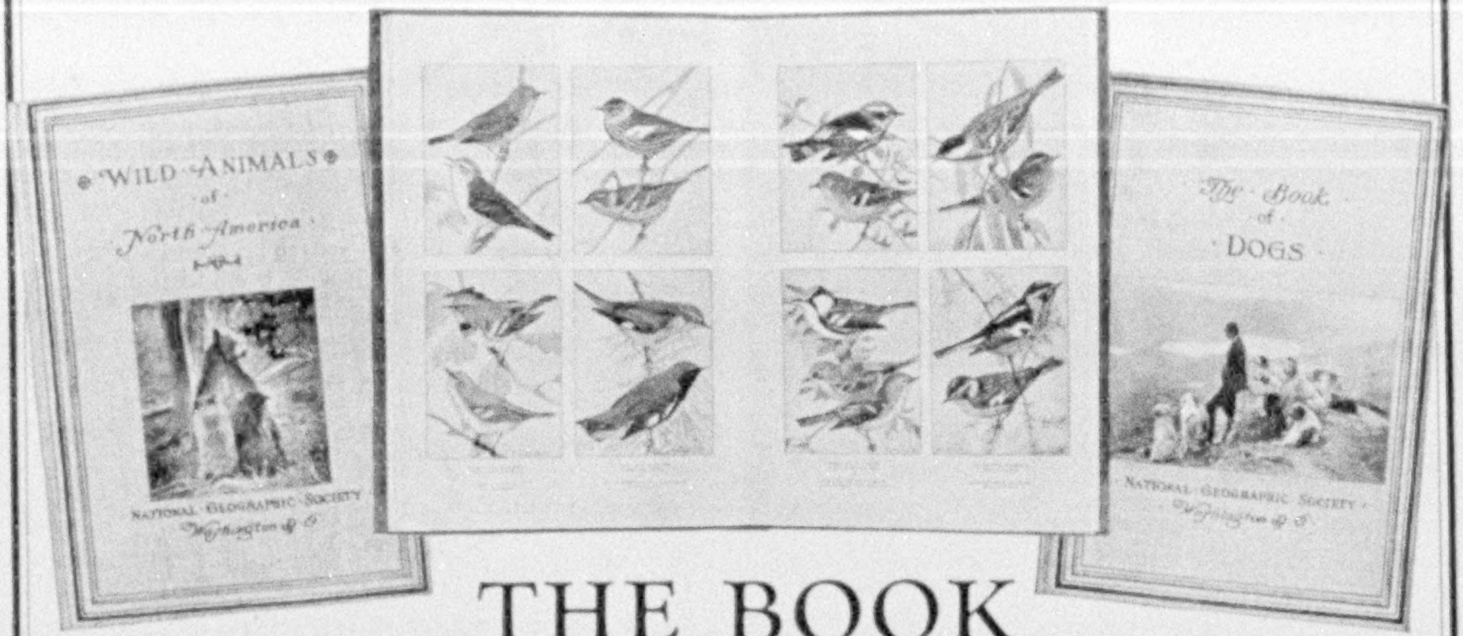
You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies; and on lamps that light millions of homes.

They are on big motors that pull railway trains; and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy.

By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens from human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trademark. They are an emblem of service—the initials of a friend.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

XUM



THE BOOK OF BIRDS

WILD ANIMALS

THE BOOK OF DOGS

346 Full-Color Plates; 189 Engravings; 536 Pages; Text by Recognized Authorities

The First Thought of Nature Lovers

BEGIN a delightful fall and winter hobby by securing these three out-door books—*de luxe* in all save price. The solid foundation of a Nature library. They enable even a child to identify and enjoy our winged and four-footed friends.

BOOK OF BIRDS

WHO'S Who of the Birds; this charming and ever useful book, with its 250 full-color portraits of Song, Game and Water Birds, by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, is a veritable open sesame to bird life for adult, child, sportsman, or teacher. The principal text sections, "Common Birds of Town and Country," "Game Birds," and "Warblers," are by the gifted ornithologist, Henry W. Henshaw. Other chapters tell how to feed, protect, and photograph birds and to attract them to one's own trees. The book gives an imperishable love of birds to boys and girls.

200 pages, 268 plates. $3.00, postpaid in U.S.

WILD ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA

ADULT, child or hunter who would identify animals in yard, park or forest wild, will find this book which Roosevelt recommended, delightfully informing. Edward W. Nelson, Chief, U. S. Biological Survey, here places at your service the fascinatingly told result of forty years' close scientific study of and intimate friendship with these 127 animals. Louis Agassiz Fuertes in the 127 color portraits gives both appearance and inner character of his four-footed subjects. Ernest Thompson Seton contributes studies of animal tracks.

240 pages, 213 plates. $3.00, postpaid in U.S.

BOOK OF DOGS

THIS Bench Show, in pictures and text, helps one to choose hunting aide, dog guardian or playmate for home or farm by character as well as for looks. Leading authorities give complete information about breeds and points, and write charmingly of the loyalty, sagacity, and courage of "Man's Best Friend." Louis Agassiz Fuertes, artist-naturalist, who painted the 100 dog color portraits, was a collaborator in preparing the text—useful in the kennel and yet appreciated by non-technical reader and a never-failing delight to big and little owners or lovers of dogs.

96 pages, 72 plates. $2.00, postpaid in U.S.

Royal Octavo (7 x 10 inches), Fine Paper, Bound in Art Buckram. Obtainable only from the

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY,
Washington, D. C.

Enclosed find $........................ for which send

..................copies Book of Birds; ....

copies Wild Animals; ....copies Book of Dogs.

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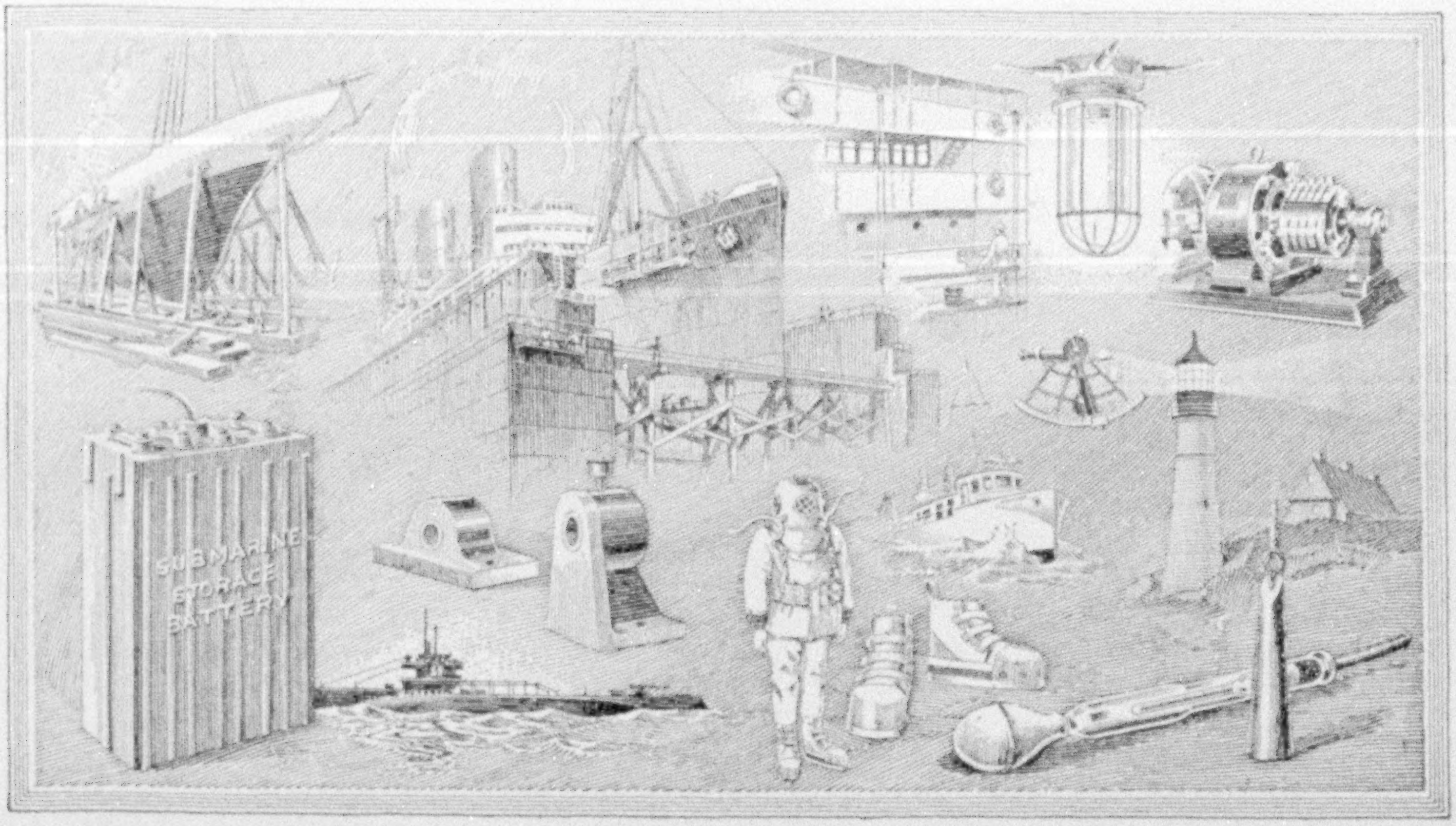
9-23

Fall Motorists: These books, taken on your fall rambles, will add zest and interest to your trip to countryside, mountain, lake, or ocean. The children, too, will thank you for thus making Nature their playmate. Order them to-day.



Lead sails the seven seas

TAKE away the lead used in steamships and they would drift perilously on unknown seas. Passengers would be in danger. Commerce between continents would halt.

Keeping the liner on its course

Lead is used in making the glass telescopic lens of the sextant which helps the navigating officer determine latitude and longitude. It is in the lenses of the binoculars the ship's officers use constantly.

Down in the bowels of the ship lead is working day and night in the bearings of the machinery, helping to eliminate friction and keep the vessel moving steadily through the waves.

Down to the floor of the ocean

This ship again uses lead in feeling its way through strange waters. The sounding lead directs the ship along a safe channel by measuring the depth of water under the keel and telling the navigator the nature of the bottom.

Lead weights that do not rust are on the back and breast plates of the diver's armor, while shoes weighted with lead help to carry him below the surface and keep him there.

Lead in the submarine

Lead is used inside the submarine. Storage batteries, mostly all lead, help to propel the undersea craft when it gets below the surface.

Hydrometers, which measure the specific gravity of the battery acid, are weighted with leaden shot.

In the generators which charge these lead storage batteries are bearings of babbitt metal which often contain lead. The windings of wire are held in place with lead-and-tin solder. Hard and soft rubber insulation, electric light bulbs, and various electrical devices also have lead in them.

Keels of racing yachts are weighted with lead because it takes up little room for its weight and does not corrode.

"Save the surface and you save all"

The protection paint gives

But it is as paint that you are probably most familiar with lead. You have seen a steamship with its hull a bright red from the first coat of red-lead paint. Such a paint sticks firmly to metal and prevents moisture and salt spray from corroding it.

White-lead, on the other hand, is invaluable as a protective coat for other surfaces, such as wood and plaster. The professional painter uses pure white-lead, mixed with pure linseed oil, for exterior surfaces, and mixed with flatting oil, for interior walls.

Property owners who never seriously considered before the importance of the phrase, "Save the surface and you save all," are now protecting their houses with white-lead paint.

Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of *Dutch Boy white-lead.* The figure of the Dutch Boy is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

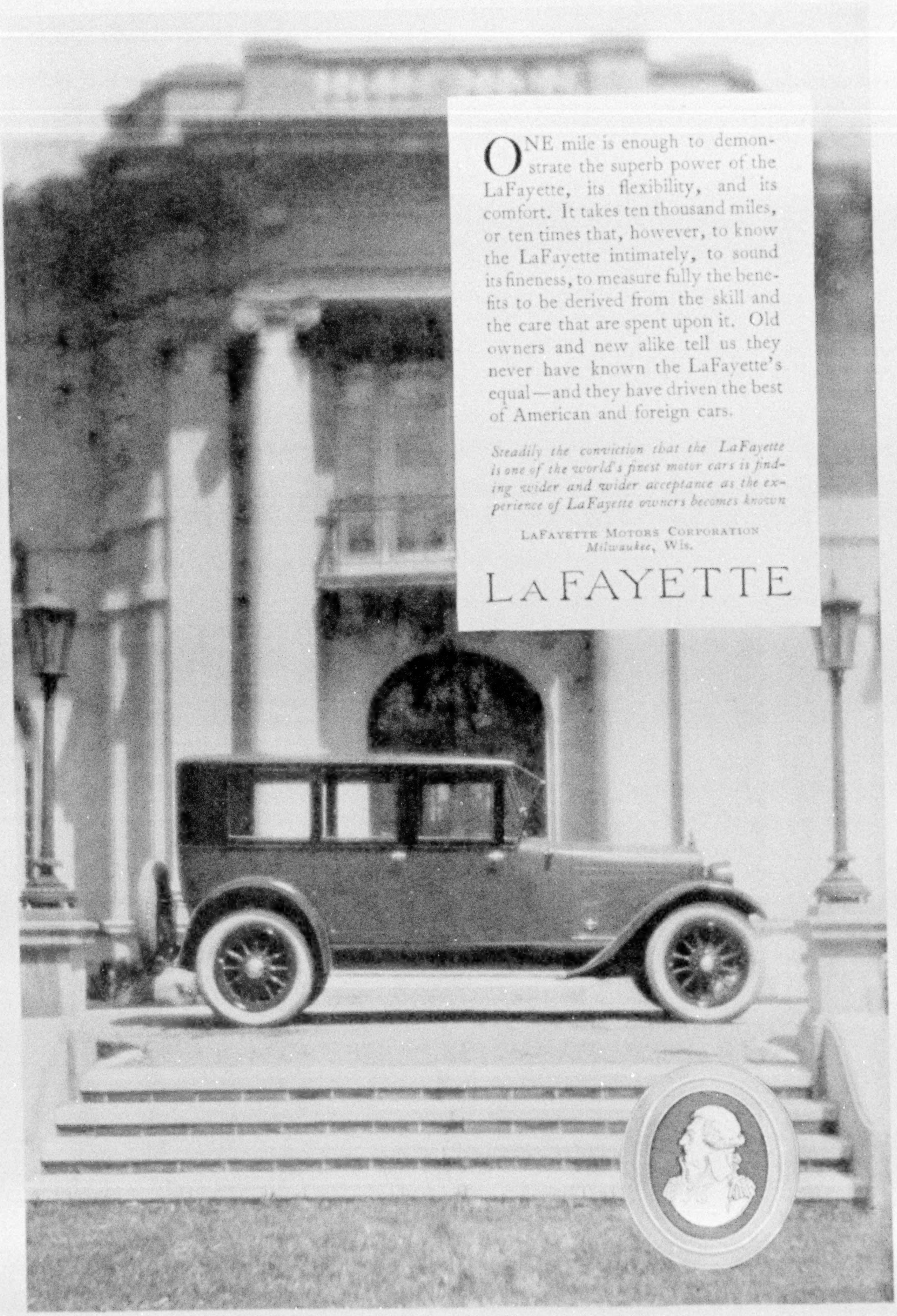
Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

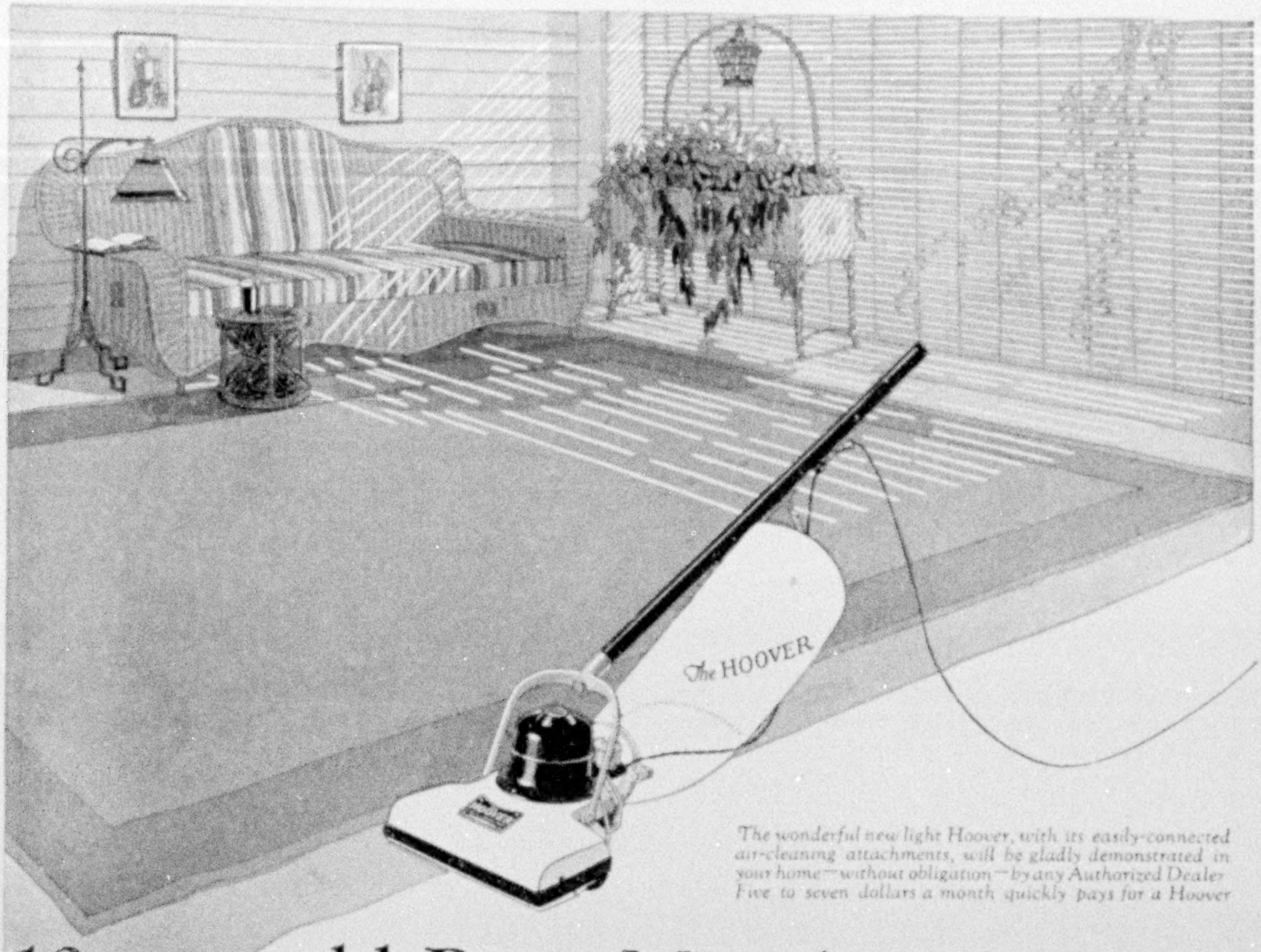
More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write us for specific information.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.


ONE mile is enough to demonstrate the superb power of the LaFayette, its flexibility, and its comfort. It takes ten thousand miles, or ten times that, however, to know the LaFayette intimately, to sound its fineness, to measure fully the benefits to be derived from the skill and the care that are spent upon it. Old owners and new alike tell us they never have known the LaFayette's equal—and they have driven the best of American and foreign cars.
Steadily the conviction that the LaFayette is one of the world's finest motor cars is finding wider and wider acceptance as the experience of LaFayette owners becomes known
LaFayette Motors Corporation
Milwaukee, Wis.
LaFAYETTE



The wonderful new light Hoover, with its easily-connected air-cleaning attachments, will be gladly demonstrated in your home—without obligation—by any Authorized Dealer. Five to seven dollars a month quickly pays for a Hoover

13-year-old Rugs Mistaken for New

In Haddon Hall, the exclusive private hotel of thirty rooms conducted by Mrs. Lawrence Hussey at San Diego, California, are thirty handsome rugs—Wiltons, Brussels, Orientals—which look so new that it has astonished many people to learn they were purchased thirteen years ago.

"The rugs are not worn," says Mrs. Hussey. "They have been regularly beaten, swept and suction-cleaned by The Hoover since 1915.

"It is amusing to be told by agents for other cleaners that a Hoover wears off nap. Why on some of our rugs The Hoover is used *every day* and they are in perfect condition! I credit The Hoover with doubling their life."

Mrs. Hussey adds that The Hoover removes dirt so thoroughly, brightens colors and erects nap so nicely that she does not even have to send out her rugs for an annual washing.

If anyone ever tries to tell *you* that a Hoover has anything but a beneficial, life-prolonging effect on rugs, remember that such statements have been proved false by more than a million satisfied Hoover users, many of whom have regularly used Hoovers on their rugs for the last ten to fifteen years.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners

The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

PRESS OF JUDD & DETWEILER, INC.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Three new Victrola models

Victrola No. 400
Mahogany, $250
Electric, $290

Victrola No. 405
Walnut, $250
Electric, $290

Victrola No. 410
Mahogany, $300
Electric, $340

The three new Victrola models illustrated herewith incorporate Victrola musical quality in cabinets reflecting all the skill of the master designers of other generations—a perfect combination of art and utility with moderate cost, resulting from our unequalled facilities and long experience.

Fully equipped with albums, Victrola No. 2 sound-box, new improved Victor tapering tone-arm and goose-neck sound-box tube, full-floating amplifier, speed indicator and the simple, reliable Victor motor.

Built entirely in the Victor factories, which are the largest devoted entirely to the production of one musical product.

In buying a talking-machine consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more.

A selected list of Victor Records illustrating Victor quality

Lucia—Sextet	Galli-Curci, Egener, Caruso, de Luca, Journet, Bada	95212	$3.50
Berceuse from Jocelyn	McCormack and Kreisler	89106	2.00
Elégie—Mélodie	Caruso and Elman	89066	2.00
Song of the Volga Boatmen	Chaliapin	88663	1.75
Whispering Hope	Gluck and Homer	87524	1.50
Ave Maria (Schubert)	Heifetz	74563	1.75
Minuet in G (Paderewski)	Paderewski	74533	1.75
La Capinera (The Wren)	Galli-Curci	64792	1.25
Traviata—Prelude / Waltz of the Flowers	Victor Symphony Orchestra	35717	1.25
National Emblem March / Lights Out March	U. S. Marine Band / Arthur Pryor's Band	18493	.75

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Victrola

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks.
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.